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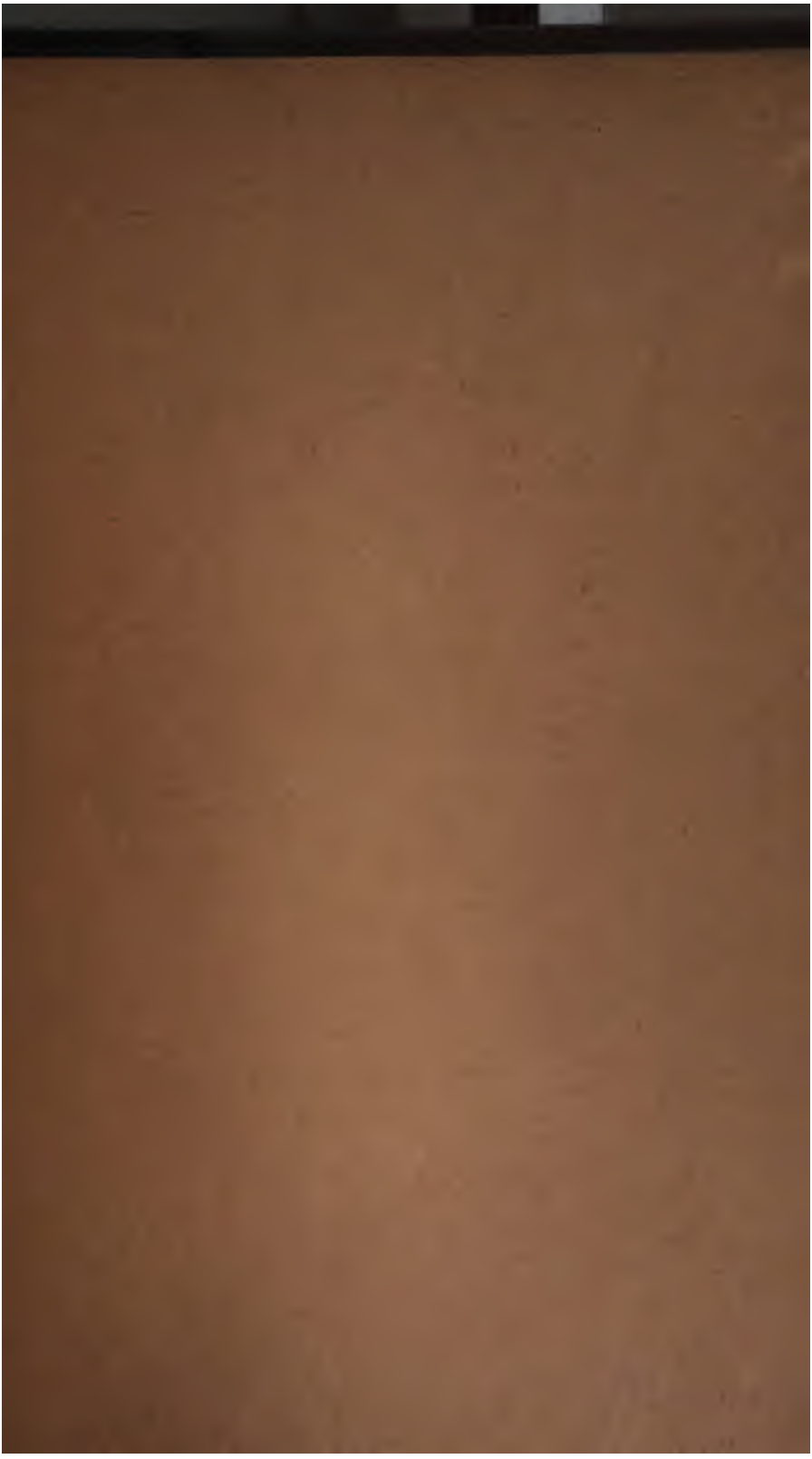

NIH

# RESTITUTA.

# Restituta;

OR,

## TITLES,

## EXTRACTS, AND CHARACTERS

OF

## Old Books

## *IN ENGLISH LITERATURE,*

## REVIVED.

BY

SIR EGERTON BRYDGES, BART. K.J. M.P.

VOL. II.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY T. BENSLEY,
*Bolt Court, Fleet Street,*
FOR
*LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN,*
PATERNOSTER ROW.

1815.

# RESTITUTA.

" *The Cuckow. at etiam cubat Cuculus: surge amator, i domum. Richardus Nicols in Artibus Bac. Oxon. Aulæ Mag. At London printed by F. K. and are to be sold by W. C.* 1607."

4to. 56 pages.

The few particulars that now are known of this ingenious writer have been printed before one of his poetical productions in the Harleian Miscellany, vol. x. The present very scarce, and probably earliest publication of Nicols, is inscribed to his worshipful good friend Master Thomas Wroth, "an affecter and favourer of the Muses," to whom he expresses a hope

———that in future time,
When as my wit with riper fruit shall grow,
My Muse may speake to thee in sweeter ryme,
And for thy worth some graver poem show."

In an advertisement, the writer gives notice to the world, that he does not make Poetry the chief part of his profession, but rather places it among those things of accomplishment, required in a scholar or gentleman. This would not seem as though he *sought* any employment; though Wood tells us he *obtained* one, suitable to his faculty. Quere, What this *faculty* was? In a

short address to the reader he says—" I submit myself to the censure [opinion or judgment] of him, that is more than a meere reader, to whom I do impart part of my poore poeticall skill, upon which I have bestowed some idle houres: idle I call them, not in disgrace of so famous a skill; but to give the world notice that I make it not the chiefe part of my profession." His profession was not, and therefore his faculty could not be *Poetry*.

His present performance originated perhaps by *Drayton's Owl*, is loosely allegorical, and consists of a singing contention between Dan Cuckow and the Ovidian Philomel, or Casta, which somewhat resembles that between Pan and Apollo: while Phœbe, or Cynthia, and her nymphs (the Midases) are made umpires in the controversy. Vanity, the usher, or esquire to Dan Cuckow, conducts the rivals within a rural porch to the bower of bliss, and convenes the nymphs to sit in judgment, and pronounce which they should esteem most fit—

> ———for chiefe in words to sing,
> As harbinger unto the joyfull Spring.

Foremost of these nymphs came " Mechafasto hight," a meretricious dame, and in her syren train a set of wantons, clad in habiliments of sundry fashion, and assumiug the garb of different sexes and nations, like courtesans at a masquerade.

> Some in the antique Roman lord's attire
> Did shape themselves, as seeming to aspire
> Some Captaines place; or, as if they had been
> Semiramis, that man-like monster-queene.

In Persian loose aray some did delight,
Or rather disaray, so loosely dight;
In the French doublet some again did jet,
Wanting but slops, to make a man compleat.
Some on their heads did beare the fatall signe,
Which of fooles' future fortune did divine.
Others again Morisko caps did weare,
Maid-Marian like, with brooches in each eare;
And Indian like did paint inch-thicke in view,
Though Nature's red and white were angels' hew.
Thus, with their fashions' strange varietie
They did bewray their mind's enormitie:
For things externall, sought with strong affect,
Internall thoughts both good and bad detect.

The motley appearance of these chosen arbitrators alarms the little Casta, and makes her timid heart turn cold. After a proclamation for silence, however, she perches aloft in sight of her auditors, and warbles the mythological history of her cruel fate. Having breathed this forth, in the sweetest lays that ever ear did hear,

———all other birds about the place
Did tune their divers notes to do her grace;
As in approvance of her worth to sing,
As chief in woods to welcome in the Spring.

Dan Cuckow, though somewhat daunted at this result, yet knowing that he had "friends in place," sets forth his boastful tale; and although he admits the lays of his rival to be sweet, yet he deems them too sadly pathetical to welcome in the Spring, and fitted rather to become the Winter's chorister, and, with the redbreast, to bemoan the Summer past.

This said—he chaunted out his Cuckow's song
Which laughter bred amongst the thickest throng:
Nor any prittie bird about the place
Would in their song vouchsafe to do him grace.

Notwithstanding this discouraging symptom, the chief of the nymphs decrees the palm to Dan Cuckow, whose voice had no variety, no change, no choice,* and proclaims her unjust sentence to the woodland quire:

————and thereupon,
Such murmur as we heare in woods that grone,
When winds rouz'd up through hollow grounds do break;
Such noise was heard 'mongst those that heard her speake:
And all the quier of birds about the place
Did droope and hang the head, for such disgrace
To wronged Philomel, and for her sake
A mournfull melodie did seeme to make.

Poor Philomel, deprived of future hope, and overcome with grief, now falls into a sudden swoon. Her sister Progne raises and revives her, aided by the gentle Redbreast, the Titmouse, and the Wren, with whom she takes her flight (as a voluntary exile) to desert woods; where her sequestered dwelling is thus poetically described:—

'Twas in a rocke, whose head itselfe did shroud
In mistie cloake of many a wandring cloud,
And whose thicke mossie sides and hollow wombe
To many a bird did yeeld much building roome:

* Greene says, in his *Quip for an upstart Courtier*, 1620, "The Cuckold's Quirister began to bewray April-Gentlemen with his *never changed notes*."

It seated was downe in a valley low,
Where many a silver gliding streame did flow;
And leavie woods in arbor-wise did stand,
As made by art, and not by nature's hand.
From right side of this rocke there issued out
A crystall spring, which flowed round about
The bottome of the rock; whose upper brim,
Thick set with hearbs and flowers, smelt sweet and trim.
[Here] many prettie birds did seeme to sing,
Hovering about the rocke with painted wing.
This was the place of Philomel's abode,
With her companions in the desert wood.
Whereby faire Philomel did find no misse
Of wonted pleasure in the bower of blisse.

This 'wonted pleasure,' however, only continued during the pleasant Spring and gentle Summer; for when 'raging Hyems' came, (whose personification is depicted with much appropriate imagery, and who enters into an elemental conflict with Auster, Zephyrus, and Eurus,) poor forlorn Philomel, who now 'in hollow rocke *inconsolate* did dwell,' is advised by the Redbreast, aided by the persuasive speech of her neighbours Wren and Titmouse, to take their gregarious flight to Troynobant, where Progne dwelt, and to drive Dan Cuckow out. Progne encounters them on the way, and dissuades most eloquently from such a perilous enterprize. The Redbreast thus replies:

Certes, dame Progne, you have wisely said:
For better 'tis to live, we all agree,
In meane estate content, from danger free,
Then in the blind world's deem'd felicitie,
In trouble, care, and mind's perplexitie:

But we to Troynobant not only come,
For that we grieve at Winter's blasts at home;
But seeing many a bright cheek'd gentle dame,
Dwells here in Troynobant, we hither came.
That so thy sister Philomel might trie
If they, for love to honor'd chastitie,
Would drive Dan Cuckow from this place with shame,
And raise again sad Casta's dying name.

Progne exposes the futility of such an expectation, by representing that plenty, pleasure, ease, and idleness, had produced a voluptuousness of sensual indulgence, a degeneracy of mind, and a sordid profligacy, which sets shame and decorum at defiance. The gentle Philomel laments this wanton degradation of these fair nymphs,—erewhile,

——whose beautie's blaze
Did decke the world with like to Phœbus' raies;
Who with the flower of heavenly chastitie,
Their beautie's garland did so dignifie.

At the close of this parley, and while Philomel was indeed still speaking,

——they did espie
How proud Dan Cuckow to and fro did flie;
Who vaunting in the ayre, with outstretch'd wing,
His bastard-note triumphantly did sing.

Enraged by this assurance, the Swallow, Robin Titmouse, and Wren, assailed him in the air, flew after him from place to place, flapt him with their pinions, and peckt him with their bills,

Untill from out of sight he quite was fled,
And in some covert place had hid his head.

The feathered friends then return to comfort Casta, and the Wren happens to recollect that near the lowly bowers where she builds, to shroud herself from the Winter's storms,

There wonnes [dwells] a vertuous nymph of goodly grace,

who demeaned herself with such goodly governance, that Philomel might be likely in her humble cottage to meet with a gracious and welcome reception. This gentle nymph

—hath to wit hight Virgina to name,
Who though of meane, yet of exceeding fame:
For loe! that *Squier* that lives in deep despaire
Of gaining grace of *Columbel* the faire,
Unto an endless taske by her being tied
To wander each where through the world so wide,
To prove how many damsels he could find
That chastely did retaine a constant mind,
Did of three hundred dames find but this one.

Here is an obvious allusion to the "Squyre of Dames," and to the "Damzell of low degree," in Spenser's *Faire Queene*, book iii. canto 7. (which theme has been expanded into an ingenious episodic canto by Moses Mendez. See Dodsley's Collection.)

Philomel accedes to the Wren's proposal of retreat into retirement, bids a sad farewell to her sister Progne, to the bower of bliss, and Troynobant; and in the escorting company

Of little Redbreast, Titmouse and the Wren,
Did take her way, far from the abodes of men,
Unto that place where dwelt that gentle dame,
Of whom the Wren did speake:—where when she came,

Of that faire nymph she found such intertaine,
That never more she thence return'd againe.

*FINIS.*

¶

## *Remarks on the Poets in the Reign of K. James I.*

OLD Thomas Churchyard just survived the accession of K. James to the English throne; and was buried in the church of St. Margaret, Westminster, April 4, 1604—and William Warner, the author of *Albion's England,* died 9 March, 1608-9. The illustrious Sackville, (Lord Buckhurst) whom K. James created Earl of Dorset, lived till 1608: but he had deserted for nearly half a century the paths of poetry for the more thorny road of ambition. Anthony Mundy, Gervase Markham, Nicholas Breton, Thomas Lodge, Thomas Bastard, Matthew Roydon, Sam. Daniel, Michael Drayton, Bishop Joseph Hall, Sir John Davies, Lord Brook, Sir John Harington, Edmund Fairfax, George Chapman, Francis Davison, and Sir Walter Raleigh, and Sir Henry Wotton also survived; to say nothing of dramatic writers.

It would be curious to examine whether those poets who first emerged in the reign of K. James, originated the new character which was given to the productions of that reign, or whether the established authors commenced it by a conformity to the taste and manners of the age. The EPIGRAM, in its familiar and doggerel style, which now became so multitudinous, had been

begun before the death of Q. Elizabeth. The printed fragment of Warton's 4th volume contains a very laborious and interesting account of these. While we despise and wonder at the execrable style in which most of them are written, we search them with eager curiosity for cotemporary notices of men and manners, now almost forgotten, and difficult to be revived. When we find an obscure versifier registered and praised by those, who have themselves enjoyed some fame, we are encouraged to be more confident in the value of the discovery of a volume, that has been buried in oblivion.

Daniel and Drayton, who had shewn the historical habits of their minds, under the sway of a more romantic monarch, were not less inclined to indulge in the same track, while ruled by a cold and philosophic king. This, with the legends of Christopher Middleton, Sir Francis Hubart, and Richard Niccols, was the expiring voice of the school that had been produced by the numerous editions of the *Mirror for Magistrates:* a school in which, with the exception of Sackville's sublime and unimitated portion, there was but little of the spirit or diction of true poetry.

But how can we expect the Historian and the Poet to be leagued in so close an union? It is probable that the brilliant and ardent character of Sackville's mind would have made but a doubtful Historian!

The metaphysical subtlety, and tasteless and unfeeling ingenuity of Donne, produced execrable distortions in him and his imitators so opposite to all that is attractive or valuable in the Muse, that more than half a century did not rid the common versifiers of its disgusting effects. A freedom from these faults, and a

strong disapprobation of them clearly expressed in many of his Prefaces, at a time when no one else entirely escaped the infection, and when fashion made the cultivation of them the path to fame, distinguishes George Wither, and has endeared his memory to me, and convinced me of the strength of his taste, and the original powers of his mind. William Browne, though a partaker of the same cast, is, in my opinion, by no means equally pure; nor, though he has had the good fortune to enjoy a better fame, is he by many degrees equally entitled to it.

The two Fletchers, Giles and Phineas, lived in this reign; and the poem of the former was now published. They were both men of genuine poetical endowments: but to characterize them properly, and to shew how it has happened that their works have long ceased to be popular, would require a minute and laborious discussion.

No complete list of the verse-writers of King James's reign has yet appeared. Ritson has given us those who started into public before the Queen's death; and has constructed, by unexampled attention to minutiæ, an useful book of reference, though it must be confessed to be the driest and most barren volume upon an entertaining subject that ever was produced.

Perhaps the following articles may not be either unentertaining or uninstructive, as they bring into one view many obscure poetical authors of this æra.

## *Twenty-nine Epigrams, addressed to Cotemporary Poets, by John Davies of Hereford, about* 1611.*

### I.

*To my worthily much esteemed Friend, Thomas Hawkins,† Esq.*

Thou lov'st the Muse; then thee she needs must love,
Who dost converse with her at idle times;
Yet all thy motions do but chastely move,
Her Grace to grace thy well-composed rhymes:
Then still she graceth thee as thou dost her,
These lines shall stay thy name while Time doth stir.

### II.

*To my dear frend Mr. J. H.‡ Epigrammatist, for a farewell to him and his remembrance.*

Thou lovd'st thine Epigrams for being chaste:
No marvel: for the dead are ne'er embrac'd;
And penal 'twere to offer light abuses
'Mong Doctors, Proctors, and grave Heads of Houses.

* From his *Scourge of Folly*.
† Afterwards knighted, and Translator of Horace.
‡ John Heath, between whom and the author several squibs passed.

III.

*To mine honest as loving Friend, Mr. Michael Drayton.*

Michael, where art thou? what's become of thee?
Have the Nine Wenches stol'n thee from thyself?
Or from their conversation dost thou flee,
Sith they are rich in science, not in pelf?
Be not unconstant, Michael, in thy love
To girls so graceful in the heart and face,
Altho' thereby thou mayst a poet prove,
(That's poor as Job) yet ever those embrace,
By whom thou dost enjoy a heaven on earth,
And in this vale of tears a mount of mirth.

IV.

*To the truly noble Lord, deservedly al-be-loved, the Lord North.*

Most noble Lord, that truest worthiness
Which in thy nature and thy carriage shines,
Doth press me now to make them pass the press,
Led thereto by these too-slack-twisted lines.
Thou art a subject worthy of the Muse,
When most she reigns in height of happiness;
Into whose noble sprite the heavens infuse
All gifts and graces, gracing nobleness.
In few there are so many parts in thee,
All wholly noble, as thus fix'd shall be,
On Fame's wings when she past herself doth flee.

V.

*To the most judicious and excellent Lyric Poet, Doctor Campion.**

Upon myself I should just vengeance take,
Should I omit thy mention in my rhymes,

* Tho. Campion. See *Excerpta Tudoriana.*

Whose lines and notes do lullaby awake
In heavens of pleasure, these unpleasant times,
Never did Lyrics more than happy strains,
Strain'd out of art by nature, so with ease
So purely hit the moods, and various veins
Of music, and her hearers, as do these.
So thou canst cure the body and the mind,
Rare Doctor, with thy two-fold soundest art;
Hippocrates hath taught thee the one kind;
Apollo, and the Muse the other part:
And both so well, that thou well both dost please,
The mind with pleasure, and the corpse with ease.

## VI.

### *To the right well deserving Mr. Matthew Royden.*

Matthew, thou hast ta'en custom now so long
Of arts abstruse, that I do inly long
To call thee loudly to attend on grace,
That leads to glory those that Art do grace.
Thou hadst a Muse as potent in her power,
As those in which the heavens all graces pour.
Then as my rhymes equivocally meet,
So double fame for thy like art is meet.

## VII.

### *To my kind friend Mr. Charles Best.**

Charles, thou hast law, and thou hast conscience too;
So dost in conscience what some others do,
That thrive not by it; but be rul'd by me;
Let law and conscience now so be in thee,
That thou may'st live by law, in lawful wise,
Sith Time now silenceth the too precise.
But if thou wilt be mute among thy letters,
Thou shalt be *best*, but worse shall be thy *betters*.

* The same probably who was a contributor to Davison's Poetical Rhapsody

## VIII.

*To the well-deserving Mr. John Fletcher.*

*Love lies a bleeding*, if it should not prove
Her utmost art to shew why it did love.
Thou being the subject now it reigns upon,
Reign'st in art, judgment, and invention:
For this I love thee, and can do no less,
For thine as fair, as *faithful Shepherdess*.

## IX.

*To the wittily pleasant Sir J. H.**

In Martial's time a pleasant poet liv'd,
Height Canius, whose spirit doth haunt me still:
If merry Martial be from death repriev'd
By thy mad Muse, Canius, reprieve I will:
If thou be Martial, and I Canius be,
Then all the world will laugh at thee and me.

## X.

*To our English Terence, Mr. William Shake-spere.*

Some say, good Will, which I in sport do sing,
Hadst thou not play'd some *Kingly* parts in sport,
Thou hadst been a companion for a King;
And been a King among the meaner sort.
Some others rail: but rail, as they think fit,
Thou hast no railing, but a reigning wit,
And honesty thou sow'st, which they do reap;
So to increase their stock, which they do keep.

* Sir John Harington.

## XI.

*To my well-accomplished friend Mr. Ben Jonson.*

I love thy parts; so, must I love thy whole;
Then still be whole in thy beloved parts:
Thou, art sound in body; but some say thy soul
Envy doth ulcer; yet corrupted hearts
Such censurers may have: but if thou be
An envious soul, would thou couldst envy me!
But oh! I fear my virtues are too dark,
For Envy's shadow from so bright a spark.

## XII.

*To my honoured friend, John Murray,* Esq. brother to Sir James, &c.*

Murray, I muse which colours I should use
To paint thy nature out, and deck thy name:
When I bethink me of thy *Phœnix Muse*,
I fear all colours will be found to blame.
She, like that rare Arabian Bird, is such,
That richest words by rhetoricians us'd,
Will be but shadows, or not all so much;
These need her painter's skill be heaven-infus'd.
Thy mother-wit and science are of power
To make self-fairness foul, and foulness fair.
Then sith my Muse too heavy is to tower,
I'll say no more but this; I do despair:
For art may paint the coals, or flames of fire,
But light and heat above all art aspire.

* Cousin to the Author of *Sophonisba and Cœlia*, 1611. T. P.

## XIII.

*To mine honoured friend, Sir James Murray,* Kt.*

Thou being Brother of my best-belov'd,
I must for that, and for thyself beside,
Rank thee among mine honour'd friends approv'd,
Wherein I range the power of all my pride.
Ye brothers were within your mother's womb
Made Muses' minions: for, from thence ye drew
Pure Helicon to that yet empty room
Your brain-pan, fill'd with air, ere art ye knew:
There virtually ye both rare poets were,
Here actually ye rarely shew the same;
That's seld, but bright; as that star did appear
To light the wise, to find out wisdom's aim:
Then sith the laurel's yours by right of birth,
My Muse must laurel-crown your fames on earth.

## XIV.

*To my worthily disposed friend, Mr. Sam. Daniell.*

I hear thy Muse in Court doth travell now:
Art speed her feet, and grace there speed her plough.
If they come short, then gain by other drifts,
The more thou getst, the more it's like thy gifts.
If yet too short, to add another size,
Get one foot's length, thou by thy feet shalt rise,
With Pegasus, from Parnass to the skies.

## XV.

*To my worthily beloved Mr. William Alexander† of Menstrie.*

Great Alexander, whose successful sword
Made him a God with men, achiev'd no more

* Author of a Poem on Prince Henry.

† Kd. 1613. Afterwards Earl of Stirling.

Than thy as happy pen hath well assur'd
Unto thy name, which glory doth decore.
I know thee not; but know I should do ill,
Not to take knowledge of what is in thee,
When thou hast publish'd it with so great skill,
Which makes thee o'er thy *Monarchs* sovereign be.
For they being happy, prov'd unhappy men,
Whom thou hast made most happy with thy pen.

## XVI.

### *To the ingenious Mr. Joseph Hall.**

Thy vows hath made me vow to honour thee,
And here they shall in part performed be.
Thy scourge of Vice, thy sin-afflicting Muse
Erst plagued them thoroughly, who the world abuse,
And made them groan between thy Satire's fangs,
As if for sin of hell they felt the pangs.
For that and for the wit, the grace, the art,
Thou shew'st in all that from thy pen doth part,
My pen thus dimly tricks thee; wherein thou
May see thy substance, shadow'd by a shew,
That scarce is seen; the reason is, thine ALL
For my slight lines is too substantial.

## XVII.

### *To my dear friend, Mr. Charles Fitz-jeffery.*

Great little Charles, great in thine art and wit,
But ever little in thine own esteem,
To thee, that now dost mind but holy writ,
These lines, tho' loving, will but loathsome seem.
Yet sith in Latin you on such didst fall,
In British now, for now we Britons be,

* Afterwards Bishop of Norwich.

I send in such: what? nothing but mine All:
That's less than nothing in respect of thee:
But, if thou tak'st in worth my less than nought,
I'll give thee more than all, when I am ought.

## XVIII.

*To most ingenious Mr. Francis Beaumont.*

Some, that thy name abbreviate, call thee Frank;
So may they well, if they respect thy wit:
For like rich corn, that some fools call too rank,
All clean wit-reapers still are griping it:
And could I sow for thee to reap and use,
I should esteem it manna for the Muse.

## XIX.

*To my highly valued Mr. George Chapman, Father of our English Poets.*

I know thee not, good George, but by thy pen,
For which I rank thee with the rarest men.
And in that rank I put thee in the front,
Especially of poets of account.
Who art the treasurer of that company;
But in thy hand too little coin doth lie.
For of all arts that now in London are,
Poets get least in uttering of their ware.
But thou hast in thy head, and heart, and hand,
Treasures of art, that treasure can command.
Ah, would they could! Then should thy wealth and wit
Be equal; and a lofty fortune fit.
But George, thou wert accurst; and so was I
To be of that most blessed company.
For, if they most are blest, that most are crost,
Then, Poets I am sure are blessed most.

Yet we with rhyme and reason trim the times,
Though they give little reason for our rhymes.
The reason is; else error blinds my wits,
They Reason want, to do what Honour fits.
But let them do, as please them, we must do,
What Phœbus, Sire of Art, moves Nature to.

## XX.

*To Mr. Thomas Bastard, and the Reader.*

Bastard, thine Epigrams* to sport inclines,
Yet I protest, that one delights me best,
Which saith the Reader soon devours thy lines,
Which thou in many hours couldst scarce digest.
So fares it 'twixt the reader, and my Muse:
For that, which she compiles with pain, Got wot,
This word she chooseth, that she doth refuse;
This line she interlines; that she doth blot:
Here's too much ornament, and there it lacks;
This figure's far-fetcht, out with it again;
That phrase of affectation too much smacks;
This reason rhyme doth rack, and too much strain;
That simile's improper, mend the same;
This application's harsh; harmonious make it:
Fie, out upon't, this verse's foot is lame,
Let it go upright, or a mischief take it:
Yet it runs ill, the cadence crabbed is;
Away with it for shame; it mars the rest:
Give it sweet accent; fie, fie, yet I miss:
Store makes me scarce, I know not which is best.
Here is a bodge; bot's on't; Farewell my pen;
My Muse is dull'd; another time shall serve;
To-morrow, she perhaps, shall to it again;
And yet to-morrow she perhaps may swerve.

* His *Christoloros*, printed 1598.

Well yet at last the Poem being penn'd,
The Printer it presents to Reader's view,
Some foul-mouth'd Readers then, which God amend,
So slop them up, that it would make one spew
To see how rudely they devour at once
More wit than e'er their head-piece held perchance;
As if my wit were minced for the nonce,
For them with ease to swallow with a vengeance.
Yet prithee, Reader, be not so unkind,
Though I am bold with thee, to eat me too:
I beg, being thy poor Cook, but thy best wind:
If thou wilt not do this, thou'lt little do:
But if I shall not be beholden to thee,
A rough rhyme choak thee; eat, and much good do thee.

## XXI.

*To mine ingenious and learnedly gamesome friend, Mr. John Owen, the short and sweet Epigrammatist.*

Lend me thine hand; thine head I would have said,
For my hand's firmer, though thy head's more staid,
To add some merry measures unto mine;
Then shall my book be prais'd at least for thine.
Thou in the tongue that scholars most approve,
About wit's centre dost so sweetly move;
Thine orbs of art, that wits, which them observe,
Make them for pleasure and for profit serve.
Pleasur'd by wit, and profited by skill,
So thine Art's heaven revolves thy glory still.

## XXII.

*To the right worthily beloved Sir John Davies,* Knight, Attorney General of Ireland.*

Good sir, your nature so affects my name,
That both your name and nature are mine own;
And in their love to both affect your fame,
Yet having not like fortunes, live unknown.
And, load-stone-like, did not your nature draw
Mine to the point, which yours did once project,
These hard rhymes to digest, as rude as raw,
No cause should ere have brought to this effect.
But yet to imitate our friends in ill,
Is much more ill, and too unkind accord.
Of ill you wrote too well, and so I will,
If so I can, to make ill more abhorr'd.
Then if you like these purgings of my brain,
I'll ne'er believe that ought it yields is vain.

## XXIII.

*To my much honoured Lord, worthy of all honourable Titles, for courage, wit, and learning, William Earl of Pembroke.*

Learn'd and judicious Lord, if I should balk
Thine honour'd name, it being in my way,
My Muse unworthy were of such a walk,
Where Honour's branches make it ever May.
O could my might with May proportion hold,
My May should be so glorious in effect,
That it should work what might and glory could,
Wherewith thy glory's style should still be deckt.
But tho' I may, I cannot, wanting might,
Which makes my May to work as cold as bare,

* Author of *Nosce Teipsum, &c.*

So then, like Winter, I must pinch thy right,'
Altho' to right thee be my Muse's care.
But when the Sun of Honour shines on me,
My May may then have might to flourish thee.

## XXIV.

*To the immortal memory and deserved honour of the Writer of the Tragedy of Mustapha (as it is written, not printed) by Sir Fulk Greville,* Kt.*

Swell proudly numbers, on words' windy seas,
To raise this buskin-poet to the skies;
And fix him there among the Pleiades,
To light the Muse in gloomy Tragedies.
Upon Time's scowling brow he hath indors'd
A Tragedy that shall that brow out-wear;
Wherein the Muse beyond the mind is forc'd
In rarest raptures to Art's highest sphere.
No line but reaches to the firmament
Of highest sense, from surest ground of wit.
No word but is like Phœbus luculent;
Then all yield lustre well-near infinite.
So shine, bright Scenes, till on the starry stage,
The Gods re-act you in their equipage.

## XXV.

*To the most noble, and all-worthily-commended Lady, the Lady Wroth.*

A letter in your name, dear Dame's, misplac'd,
By fortune else it had your nature hit:
The R, where now it stands, it would have raz'd;
And put past O, your genius so to fit.
For in the abstract you are WORTH, not *Wroth*;
By nature, blood, and by your nature's name.

* Afterwards Lord Brook, the friend and biographer of Sydney.

## XXVI.

*To the right noble, judicious, and ingenious Sister of the never-too-much renowned Sir PhilipSidney, Mary Countess Dowager of Pembroke.*

Gods me! how now! what present have we here?
A Book that stood in peril of the press:
But now it's pass'd those pikes, and doth appear
To keep the lookers-on from heaviness.
What stuff contains it? Fustian, perfect spruce,
Wit's gallimalfry, or wit fried in steaks,
From whom came it, a God's name? From his Muse,
O do not tell, that still your favour seeks.
And who is that? Faith, that is I.—What I?
I per se, I, great I, you would say. No:
Great I indeed, you well may say; but I
Am little *i*, the least of all the row.
You cannot choose, but know me now: no, do!
I am the least in yours, and world's esteem:
I am the same: Madam, go to, go to,
You know me now, I know, though strange you seem.
Not yet? why then, great Lady, I am he,
That maugre fate was, is, and still will be

The Triton of your praise,
J. D.

## XXVII.

*To the ingenious Mr. John Marston.*

Thy *Male-Content, or Male-contentedness,*
Hath made thee change thy Muse, as some do guess:
If time misspent made her a male-content,
Thou need'st not then her timely change repent.
The end will shew it: meanwhile do but please
With virtuous pains, as erst thou didst with ease:

Thou shalt be prais'd, and kept from want and woe,
So blest are crosses, that do bless us so.

## XXVIII.*

*To the right worshipful and most worthy Knight, Sir Edward Dyer.*

Though Saturn now with Jupiter doth sit,
Where erst Minerva and the Muse did reign,
Ruling the commonwealth of will, and wit,
Plac'd in the kingdoms of thy heart and brain;
Those planets I adore, whose influence
Infuseth wisdom, counsel, gravity;
Minerva, and the Muse, joys my soul's sense,
Sith soul-delighting lines they multiply.
In both respects for that that was and is,
I tender thee the service of my Muse,
Which shall not mar thy fame, tho' it may miss
To give the same that which to it accrues.
Yet this gift thro' thy gifts she gives to thee.
Time's future, Dyer, die shall never see.

## XXIX.

*Of Myself.*

Lord! my poor brains how busily I beat,
My temples toil with chafing of my hand;
My sleeps disturb; my meals cut short at meat;
My time consume: Why? not to purchase land;
Nor soul to save, nor goods to gain, do I
Indure this toil; but merely for the meed
Of Fame's frail blast, which with myself must die;
Or after death can stand in little stead,
When from my wits I draw the quintessence,
Subliming that too, to the highest height,

* This is from Davies's *Microcosmos*, 1603.

An airy word is all the recompence,
That to my lot for all my pains shall light.
Perhaps some Gull, as witty as a Goose,
Says with a coy skew look, its *pretty, pretty*;
But yet that so much wit he should dispose
For so small purpose, faith, saith he, it's pity.
Some fool else shoots his bolt, and hath his but;
He hath a pretty wit; *but* yet, saith he,
Herein methinks he is much overshut;
And then perhaps he cavils with a T,
That was misplac'd, or at the most mis-suited.
T ordur'd in his teeth, where it's well plac'd;
Fain would he flout, if ought were to be flouted;
And all but his own wit would have disgrac'd.
But if some other, better far affected,
Commend my lines, and relish my conceit,
Here's the reward, that all in all's expected;
And what is this but wind of mere deceit?
When Fame's fat fools of Fame have had their fill,
They stand on tiptoe, proud of praised skill;
Yet with one stroke Death both at once doth spill."

The Editor has little fear, that the number of Poets here commemorated will render these Extracts from a rare book not a little interesting to the curious.

## *Epigrams, &c. by and to Poets in the Reign of K. James I. and K. Charles I.*

### EPIGRAM* BY SIR JOHN HARINGTON.

*To Master Bastard, a Minister, that made a pleasant Book of English Epigrams.*

Though dusty wits of this ungrateful time
Carp at thy Book of Epigrams, and scoff it;
Yet wise men know, to mix the sweet with profit
Is worthy praise; not only void of crime.
Then let not envy stop thy vein of rhyme:
Nor let thy function make thee shamed of it;
A poet is one step unto a prophet:
And such a step as 'tis no shame to climb.
You must in pulpit treat of matters serious;
As best beseems the person and the place:
There preach of Faith, Repentance, Hope, and Grace;
Of Sacraments, and such high things mysterious,
That unto honest sports will grant no space:
For these our minds refresh, when those weary us,
And spur our doubled spirit to swifter pace.
The wholesom'st meats that are will breed satiety,
Except we should admit of some variety.
In music, notes must be, some high, some base.
And this I note, your verses have intendment,
Still kept within the lists of good sobriety,
To work in men's ill manners good amendment.
Wherefore if any think such verse unseasonable,
Their stoic minds are foes to good society,

* From his Witty Epigrams, 1625.

And men of reason may think them unreasonable.
It is an act of virtue and of piety,
To warn us of our sins in any sort,
In prose, in verse, in earnest, or in sport.

*Of Master John Davies's* Book of Dancing. To himself.*

BY THE SAME.

While you the planets all do set to dancing,
Beware such hap, as to the Friar was chancing,
Who preaching in a pulpit old and rotten,
Among some notes most fit to be forgotten,
Unto his auditory thus he vaunts,
To make all saints after his pipe to dance:
It speaking, which as he himself advances,
To act his speech with gestures, lo, it chances,
Down falls the pulpit; sore the man is bruised,
Never was Friar and Pulpit more abused.
Then bear with me, though yet to you a stranger,
To warn you of the like, nay, greater danger.
For though none fear the falling of those sparks;
(And when they fall, 'twill be good catching larks,)
Yet this may fall; that while you dance and skip
With female planets, so your foot may trip,
That in their lofty capriol and turn,
Their motion may make your dimension burn.

*Of old Heywood's Sons.*

BY THE SAME.

Old Heywood's sons did wax so wild and youthful,
It made their aged father sad and wrathful.

* Sir John Davis, author of *Nosce Teipsum.*

A friend one day the elder did admonish
With threats, as did his courage half astonish:
How that except he would begin to thrive,
His sire of all his goods would him deprive.
"For whom?" quoth he—"E'en for your younger brother!"
"Nay then," said he; "no fear, if't be none other.
My brother's worse than I; and till he mends,
I know my father no such wrong intends;
Sith both are bad, to shew so partial wrath,
To give the younger unthrift that he hath."

*Those that have greatest estates are not always the richest men.*

BY SIR THOMAS URCHARD, KNIGHT.*

They're richer who diminish their desires,
Though their possessions be not amplified,
Than monarchs, who in owning large empires,
Have minds that never will be satisfied:
For he is poor that wants what he would have;
And rich, who having nought, doth nothing crave.

*When a true friend may be best known.*

BY THE SAME.

As the glow-worm shines brightest in the dark,
And frankinsense smells sweetest in the fire,
So cross adventures make us best remark
A sincere friend from a dissembled lyar:
For some, being friends to our prosperity,
And not to us, when it fails they decay.

* From Epigrams Divine and Moral: London, 1646. 4to.

*How to support the contumely of defamatory speeches.*

BY THE SAME.

If men deservedly speak ill of you,
Be angry not at them, but at the cause,
Which you to them did furnish so to do:
But if they still continue, 'gainst the laws
Of truth and modesty, their bad report,
While with a valiant heart, and testimony
Of a good conscience you yourself comfort,
Contemn those rascals that insult upon ye:
For a reproach by honest means obtain'd,
Doth full of glory to the heavens ascend.

BY RICHARD TURNER, 1607.*

What give ten pounds for counsel? give a straw.
Do you think there's any so basely low-pric'd law?
Well: yet I'll take it, and somewhat I will do;
But 'twill not be above a word or two.
So foul a case as this has never pass'd,
Nay, I'm as sure as can be, you'll be cast.
With that the discontented client frowns,
And makes a rustling consort 'mongst his crowns;
The which no sooner (laugh not) Conscience hears,
But presently the case is chang'd, he swears.
Pardon me, Sir, I did mistake the course:
Assure yourself, the land is firmly yours.

*Lines before Christopher Middleton's Legend of Humphrey Duke of Glocester.*

BY MICHAEL DRAYTON.

Like as a man on some adventure bound,
His honest friends, their kindness to express,

* From *Nosce Te. (Humors)* 1607. The writer is recorded for this poem in *Phillips's Theatrum*, 159.

T' encourage him, of whom the main is own'd,
Some venture more, and some adventure less;
That if the voyage happily be good,
They his good fortune freely may partake;
If otherwise it perish in the flood,
Yet like good friends, theirs perish'd for his sake.
On thy return I put this little forth,
My chance with thine indifferently to prove,
Which though I know not fitting with thy worth,
Accept it yet since it proceeds from love;
And if this prosper, I may see
I have some share, though most return to thee.

*To George Chapman,* from Freeman's Epigrams,* 1614.†

George, it is thy genius innated;
Thou pick'st not flowers from another's field:
Stol'n similes, or sentences translated;
Nor seekest but what thine own soil doth yield!
Let barren wits go borrow what to write,
'Tis bred and born with thee what thou inditest;
And our comedians thou outstrippest quite;
And all the hearers' voice thou all delightest
With unaffected stile and sweetest strain.
Thy unambitious pen keeps on her pace,
And cometh near'st the ancient comic vein;
Thou hast beguil'd us all of that sweet grace;
And were Thalia to be sold and bought,
No Chapman but thyself were to be sought.

* Oldys, in his MS. notes to Langbaine, says, "Chapman was much resorted to latterly by young persons of parts, as a Poetical Chronicle: but was very choice whom he admitted to him; and preserved in his own person the dignity of Poetry, which he compared to a flower of the sun, which disdains to open its leaves to the eye of a smoaking taper."—*Steevens's Copy of Langbaine, at Lee Priory.*

† From a MS. Note by T. P.

## *Epigrams, by Sir Aston Cokaine*, 1658.*

*To my Cousin, Mr. Charles Cotton.*

I wonder, Cousin, that you would permit
So great an injury to *Fletcher's* wit,
Your friend and old companion, that his fame
Should be divided to another's name.
If Beaumont had writ those plays, it had been
Against his merits a detracting sin,
Had they been attributed also to
Fletcher. They were two wits, and friends, and who
Robs from the one to glorify the other
Of these great memories is a partial lover.
Had *Beaumont* liv'd when this Edition came
Forth, and beheld his ever living name
Before Plays that he never writ, how he
Had frown'd and blush'd at such impiety!
His own renown no such addition needs,
To have a fame sprung from another's deeds.
And my good friend, old *Philip Massinger*,
With Fletcher, writ in some that we see there.
But you may blame the Printers; yet you might
Perhaps have won them to do Fletcher right,
Would you have took the pains: For what a foul
And unexcusable fault it is (that whole
Volumes of Plays, being almost every one
After the death of Beaumont, writ) that none
Would certify them so much! I wish as free
Y' had told the Printers this, as you did me.
Surely you was to blame; a foreign wit,
Owns in such manner what an English writ:
Joseph of Exeter's heroic piece,
Of the long fatal war 'twixt Troy and Greece,

* From Poems of diverse sorts. 1658. 8vo.

Was printed in Cornelius Nepos' name,
And robs our countrymen of much of's fame.
'Tis true, Beaumont and Fletcher both were such
Sublime wits, none could them admire too much:
They were our English pole-stars, and did bear
Between them all the world of fancy clear;
But as two suns when they do shine to us,
The air is lighter, they prodigious.
So while they liv'd and writ together, we
Had Plays exceeded what we hop'd to see.
But they writ few; for youthful Beaumont soon
By death eclipsed was at his high noon.
Surviving Fletcher then did pen alone,
Equal to both (pardon comparison:)
And suffer'd not the Globe and Blackfriars stage
To envy the glories of a former age.
As we in human bodies see that lose
An eye or limb, the virtue and the use
Retreats into the other eye or limb,
And makes it double; so I say of him:
Fletcher was Beaumont's heir, and did inherit
His searching judgment, and unbounded spirit.
His plays are printed therefore as they were;
Of Beaumont too, because his spirit's there.

*To my Cousin, Mr. Charles Cotton the younger.*

BY THE SAME.

In how few years have you rais'd up an high
Column of learning by your industry,
More glorious than those pyramids, that old
Canopus view'd, or Cair doth yet behold!
Your noble Father, that, for able parts
Hath won an high opinion in all hearts,

May like the elder Scaliger look down
With admiration on his worthy son.
Proceed, fair Plant of Exc'llencies, and grow
So high, to shadow all that are below.

*To the Same.*

BY THE SAME.

D'Avila, Bentivoglio, Guicciardine,
And Machiavil the subtle Florentine,
In their originals I have read through,
Thanks to your library, and unto you,
The prime historians of late times; at least
In the Italian tongue allow'd the best.
When you have more such books, I pray vouchsafe
Me their perusal. I'll return them safe.
Yet, for the courtesy, the recompence
That I can make you will be only thanks.
But you are noble-soul'd, and had much rather
Bestow a benefit, than receive a favour.

*Another to the Same.*

BY THE SAME.

Donne, Suckling, Randolph, Drayton, Massinger,
Habington, Sandys, May, my acquaintance were:
Jonson, Chapman, and Holland I have seen,
And with them too should have acquainted been.
What needs this catalogue? They are dead and gone;
And to me you are all of them in one.

### *To his honoured Cousin, Sir Francis Burdet,* Bart.*

BY THE SAME.

The honest poet, Michael Drayton, I
Must ever honour for your amity.
He brought us first acquainted; which good turn
Made me to fix an Elegy on his urn.
Else I might well have spar'd my humble stuff;
His own sweet Muse renowning him enough.
In Warwickshire your house and mine stand near;
I therefore wish we both were settled there;
So we might often meet, and I thereby
Your excellent conversation oft enjoy.
What good should you get by it? Truly none!
The profit would accrue to me alone.

### *To Mr. Thomas Bancroft.*

BY THE SAME.

Sir, in your *Epigrams* you did me grace
T' allow me 'mong your many friends a place.
T' express my gratitude, if time will be
After my death so courteous to me,
As to vouchsafe some few years to my name,
Freely enjoy with me my utmost fame.

### *To Mr. Francis Lenton, refusing wine.*

BY THE SAME.

Dost thou endeavour, Frank, to leave thy drink,
That made thee such high raptures write and think?

* Ancestor of the present M. P. for Westminster.

Or art a weary of the Muses? For
What else could make thee Phœbus' sack abhor?
It is our grief, our mourning, and thy shame,
That the Queen's poet, and a man of name,
Should drive Apollo from his breast with a
Fine glass of six shillings, or a dish of whey.
Redress our sorrows, and return again
To wine, and make thy head like Charles his wain.

*To the truly noble Sir Arthur Gorges.*

BY THE SAME.

Those worthy Romans, that scorn'd humble things,
Created, and obliged after-Kings,
Amidst their thoughts of highest honour, ne'er
Conceiv'd imaginations 'bove your sphere.
The Babylonian Euphrates may
For ever run, and Tybris never stay;
The plenteous Rhine continually speed on,
And Danubie, each to its ocean,
And not outgo your fair and high repute,
Which doth amaze the world, and strikes me mute.

*To his ingenuous Friend, Mr. Alexander Brome, on his Essay to translate Lucretius.*

BY THE SAME.

I know a Lady that hath been about
The same design, but she must needs give out:
Your poet strikes too boldly home, sometimes,
In genial things, t' appear in women's rhymes.

The task is masculine, and he, that can
Translate Lucretius, is an able man:
And such are you; whose rich poetic vein,
And general learning perfectly can plain,
And smooth your author's roughnesses, and give
Him such a robe of English as will live,
Out-wear, and all such works exceed, and prove
This nation's wonder, and this nation's love.
Therefore proceed, my friend, and soon erect
This piramid of our best dialect.

## *To Mr. Humphrey Mosely and Mr. Humphrey Robinson.*

BY THE SAME.

In the large Book of Plays you late did print
In Beaumont and in Fletcher's name, why in't
Did you not justice? Give to each his due?
For Beaumont of those many writ in few:
And Massinger in other few: the main
Being sole issues of sweet Fletcher's brain.
But how came I, you ask, so much to know?
Fletcher's chief bosom-friend inform'd me so.
In th' next impression therefore justice do,
And print their old ones in one volume too:
For Beaumont's works, and Fletcher's should come forth
With all the right belonging to their worth.

# FUNERAL ELEGY

*On the Death of his very good Friend, Mr. Michael Drayton.*

BY SIR ASTON COKAYNE.

Phœbus, art thou a God, and can'st not give
A privilege unto thine own to live?
Thou can'st: But if that Poets ne'er should die,
In Heaven who should praise thy deity?
Else still, my Drayton, thou hadst liv'd and writ;
Thy life had been immortal, as thy wit.
But Spenser is grown hoarse; he, that of late
Sung Gloriana in her infant state;
And so is Sydney, whom we yet admire,
Lighting our little torches at his fire.
These have so long before Apollo's throne
Caroll'd encomiums, that they now are grown
Weary and faint; and therefore thou didst die,
Their sweet unfinish'd ditty to supply.
So was the Iliad-writer rapt away,
Before his lov'd Achilles' fatal day;
And when his voice began to fail, the great
Unequal'd Maro did assume his seat:
Therefore we must not mourn, unless it be
'Cause none is left worthy to follow thee.
It is in vain to say, thy lines are such
As neither Time nor Envy's rage can touch:
For they must live, and will, while there's an eye
To read, or wit to judge of poetry.
You, Swans of Avon, change your fates, and all
Sing; and then die at Drayton's funeral!
Sure shortly there will not a drop be seen,
And the smooth-pebbled bottom be turn'd green,

When the Nymphs that inhabit in it, have,
As they did Shakespeare, wept thee to thy grave.
But I molest thy quiet! Sleep, whilst we,
That live, would leave our lives to die like thee!

ENCOMIASTIC VERSES ON SEVERAL BOOKS.

BY THE SAME.

*To my friend, Mr. Thomas Randolph, on his Play called the Entertainment, printed by the name of* "The Muses' Looking Glass."

Some austere Cato's be, that do not stick
To term all poetry base that's dramatic:
These contradict themselves: For bid them tell
How they like Poesy, and they'll answer well.
But as a stately fabric raised by
The curious science of Geometry,
If one side of the machine perish, all
Participates with it a ruinous fall:
So they are enemies to Helicon,
That vow they love all Muses saving one.
Some supercilious humours I despise,
And like Thalia's harmless comedies,
Thy entertainment had so good a fate,
That whosoe'er doth not admire thereat
Discloseth his own ignorance; for no
True moralist would be suppos'd thy foe.
In the pure Thespian Spring thou hast refin'd
Those harsh rude rules thy author hath design'd:
And made those precepts which he did rehearse
In heavy prose, to run in humble verse,
The Stagirite will be slighted; who doth list,
To read or see't becomes a moralist:
And if his eyes and ears are worth thine ore,
Learn more in two hours than two years before.

Thou hast my suffrage, friend; and I would fain
Be a spectator of thy scenes again.

*To my friend, Mr Philip Massinger, on his Tragi-Comedy, called the* "Emperor of the East."

Suffer (my friend) these lines to have the grace
That they may be a mole on Venus' face:
There is no fault about thy Book but this,
And it will shew how fair thine *Emperor* is.
Thou more than Poet (our Mercury) that art
Apollo's messenger, and dost impart
His best expressions to our ears, live long
To purify the slighted English Tongue!
That both the Nymphs of Tagus and of Po
May not henceforth despise our language so:
Nor could they do it if they e'er had seen
The matchless features of the *Fairy Queen*.
Read Jonson, Shakespear, Beaumont, Fletcher, or
Thy neat-lin'd pieces skilful Massinger!
Thou known, all the Castellians must confess
De Vega, Carpio thy foil, and bless
His language can translate thee, and the fine
Italian wits yield to this work of thine.
Were old Pythagoras alive again,
In thee we might find some reason to maintain
His Paradox, that souls by transmigration
In divers bodies make their habitation:
And more; that all poetic souls yet known
Are met in thee contracted into one.
This is a truth, not an applause; I am
One that at farthest distance view thy flame,
Yet dare pronounce, that were Apollo dead,
In thee his Poetry might all be read.

Forbear thy modesty: Thy *Emperor's* vein
Shall live admir'd, when Poets shall complain,
It is a pattern of too high a reach,
And what great Phœbus might the Muses teach.
Let it live therefore, and I dare be bold
To say, it with the world shall not grow old.

*To my friend, Mr. Philip Massinger, on his Tragi-Comedy, called the* "Maid of Honour."

Was not thine *Emperor* enough before
For thee to give, that thou dost give us more?
I would be just but cannot; that I know
I did not slander, this I fear I do.
But pardon me if I offend; thy fire
Let equal Poets praise whilst I admire.
If any say that I enough have writ,
They are thy foes, and envy at thy wit.
Believe not them, nor me: they know thy lines
Deserve applause, and speak against their minds.
I out of justice would commend thy Play:
But friend forgive me, 'tis above my way.
One word, and I have done: and (from my heart)
Would I could speak the whole truth, not the part:
Because 'tis thine, it henceforth shall be said,
Not the *Maid of Honour*, but the honour'd maid.

*Of Mr. John Fletcher his Plays, and especially the* "Mad Lover."

Whilst his well organ'd body doth retreat
To it's first matter, and the formal heat
Triumphant sits in judgment to approve
Pieces above our candor and our love;

Such as dare boldly venture to appear
Unto the curious eye, and critic ear:
So the Mad Lover, in these various times,
Is prest to life t' accuse us of our crimes.
Whil'st Fletcher liv'd, who equal to him writ
Such lasting monuments of natural wit?
Others might draw their lines with sweat, like those
That with much pains a garrison enclose,
Whil'st his sweet fluent vein did gently run,
As uncontroul'd and smoothly as the sun.
After his death our Theatres did make
Him in his own unequal'd language speak:
And now (when all the Muses out of their
Approved modesty silent appear)
This Play of Fletcher's braves the envious light,
As wonder of our ears once, now our sight.
Three and fourfold best Poet, who the lives
Of Poets and of Theatres survi'st!
A groom or hostler of some wit, may bring
His Pegasus to the Castalian spring;
Boast he a race o'er the Pharsalian plain,
Or happy Tempe valley dares maintain;
Brag at one leap upon the double cliff
(Were it as high as monstrous Teneriff)
Of far renown'd Parnassus he will get,
And there t' amaze the world, confirm his seat:
When our admired Fletcher vaunts not ought,
And slighted every thing he writ as nought:
Whil'st all our English wondering world, in's cause,
Made this great city echo with applause:
Read him therefore all that can read, and those
That cannot learn, if y're not Learning's foes,
And wilfully resolved to refuse
The gentle raptures of his happy Muse!

From thy great Constellation, noble soul,
Look on this kingdom, suffer not the whole
Spirit of Poesy retire to Heaven,
But make us entertain what thou hast given.
Earthquakes and thunder diapasons make,
The seas' vast roar, and irresistless shake
Of horrid winds, a sympathy compose;
So that in these there's music in the close:
And (though they seem great discords in our ears)
The cause is not in them, but in our fears.
Granting them music, how much sweeter's that
Mnemosyne's daughter's voices do create?
Since heaven, and earth, and seas, and air consent
To make an harmony (the instrument
Their own agreeing selves) shall we refuse
The music that the Deities do use?
Troy's ravish't Ganymede doth sing to Jove;
And Phœbus' self plays on his lyre above.
The Cretan Gods, or glorious men who will
Imitate right, must wonder at thy skill,
Best Poet of thy time! or he will prove
As mad, as thy brave Memnon was with love.

*To my very good Friend, Mr. Thomas Bancroft, on his Worl*

Adone, my friend, lay pen and paper by,
Y'ave writ enough to reach eternity:
In soft repose assume thy happy seat
Among the Laureats to judge of wit:
Apollo now hath call'd you to the bench,
For your sweet vein, and fluent eloquence;
Whose many works will all rare patterns stand,
And deathless ornaments unto our land,

Belov'd admir'd, and imitated by
All those great souls that honour poesy.
Against th' approach of thy last hour, when
He thee shall call from the abodes of men,
In his own choir, for thy exceeding art
Among renowned wits to sing apart,
Nor you, nor any friend need to prepare
Marble or brass a pyramid to rear,
To thy continual memory, nor with
A Mausoleum hope to make thee live:
All such materials time may devour,
But o'er thy works shall never have a power.
While humble Derwen Trent augments, and while
The streams of Thames do glorify our Isle,
And th' English tongue whiles any understand,
Thy lines shall be a grace unto this land,
Our Derbyshire (that never as I knew
Afforded us a Poet until you)
You have redeem'd from obloquy, that it
Might boast of wool, and lead, but not of wit.
Virgil by's birth to Mantua gave renown,
And sweet-tongued Ovid unto Sulmo town;
Catullus to Verona was a fame,
And you to *Swarton* will become the same.
Live then, my friend, immortally, and prove
Their envy that will not afford thee love.

*A Præludium to Mr. Richard Brome's Plays.*

Then we shall still have Plays, and though they may
Not them in their full glories yet display;
Yet we may please ourselves by reading them
Till a more noble act this act condemn.

Happy will that day be, which will advance
This land from dirt of precise ignorance;
Distinguish moral virtue, and rich wit,
And graceful action, from an unfit
Parenthesis of Coughs and Hums and Haes,
Threshing of Cushions and Tautologies:
Then the dull zealots shall give way, and fly,
Or be converted by bright Poesy;
Apollo may enlighten them, or else
In Scottish Grots they may conceal themselves.
Then shall learn'd Jonson reassume his seat,
Revive the Phœnix by a second heat;
Create the *Globe* anew, and people it
By those that flock to surfeit on his wit.
Judicious Beaumont, and th' ingenious soul
Of Fletcher too may move without controul.
Shakespeare (most rich in humours) entertain
The crowded theatres with his happy vein.
D'avenant and Massinger, and Shirley then
Shall be cried up again for famous men:
And the Dramatic Muse no longer prove
The people's malice, but the people's love.
Black and White-Friars too shall flourish again,
Though here have been none since Queen Mary's reign:
Our theatres of lower note in those
More happy days, shall scorn the rustic prose
Of a Jack-Pudding, and will please the rout
With wit enough to bear their credit out.
The *Fortune* will be lucky, see no more
Her benches bare as they have stood before:
The *Bull* take courage from applauses given,
To echo to the Taurus in the Heaven.
Lastly, *Saint James* may no aversion show
That Socks and Buskins tread his stage below.

May this time quickly come, these days of bliss
Drive Ignorance down to the dark abyss:
Then, with a justly attributed praise,
We'll change our faded *Brome* to deathless *Bays*.

## *To my learned friend, Mr. Thomas Bancroft, upon his Book of Satires.*

After a many works of divers kinds,
Your Muse to tread th' Aruncan path designs;
'Tis hard to write but *Satires* in these days,
And yet to write good *Satires* merits praise:
And such are yours, and such they will be found
By all clear hearts, or penitent by their wound.
May you but understanding Readers meet,
And they will find your march on stedfast feet.
Although your honest hand seems not to stick
To search this Nation's ulcers to the quick.
Yet your intent (with your invective strain)
Is but to lance, and then to cure again,
When all the putrid matter is drawn forth,
That poisons precious souls, and clouds their worth.
So old Petronius Arbiter appli'd
Corsives unto the age he did deride:
So Horace, Persius, Juvenal, (among
Those ancient Romans) scourg'd the impious throng:
So Ariosto (in these later times)
Reprov'd his Italy for many crimes;
So learned *Barclay* let his lashes fall
Heavy on some, to bring a cure to all.
So stately *Withers* (whom your Muse doth far
Transcend) did strike at things irregular.
(But all in one t' include) So our prime wit,
In the too few short Satires he hath writ)

Renowned *Donne* hath so rebuk'd his crimes,
Attended by your *Satires* mounted on
Your Muses' Pegasus, my friend, be gone,
(As erst the Lictors of the Romans went,
With rods and axes for the punishment
Of all born with them that all vice may fly,
That dares not stand the cure when you draw nigh.

*To my learned Friend, Mr. Thomas Bancroft, on his Poem, entitled the* "Heroic Lover."

From your retir'd abode in *Bradley* town,
Welcome, my friend, abroad to fair renown.
Nova Atlantis and Utopia, you
Again repose unto the public view,
By your Heroic piece, unknown before
To all mankind, but Bacon and to More.
To the tripartite world Columbus erst
The Western India discover'd first:
Yet after his more curious survey,
Vesputius much on's glory took away,
By giving it his name: So (though those two
Most learned Lords did first those countries shew)
You by your Antheon and his fair delight
Far sought Fidelta, skilfully unite
Utopia and Atlantis: what they two
Owed singly to their pens, they both owe you.
Nor Belgium, Italy, nor France, nor Spain,
Nor Grecia, nor Sicilia could constrain
With their most tempting objects your brave knight
To yield submission to a false delight.
Although Sir Antheon did refrain to run
The monstrous courses of the Knight o' th' Sun,

(Whose fablers so strange tales of him rehearse,
That such untruths never appear'd in verse)
Those country Beauties he despis'd and pelf;
Others o'ercome others, but he himself:
And of all victories it is the best
To keep our own wild appetites suppress.
Hereby his prowess he did most discover,
And hence you term him the *Heroic Lover.*
Your fair Fidelta did not range about
Utopian cities to find suitors out;
A free well order'd house she kept, and there
Sir Antheon met with her, and married her.
Joy or long life, I need not wish them either;
They in your lines shall happy live for ever.
And you for penning their high Epic Song
With laurel crown'd shall live i' th' Poets' throng.

*An Epitaph on Mr. John Fletcher and Mr. Philip Massinger, who lie buried both in one Grave, in St. Mary Overie's Church, Southwark.*

In the same grave Fletcher was buried, here
Lies the stage Poet, Philip Massinger:
Plays they did write together, were great friends,
And now one grave includes them at their ends.
So whom on earth nothing did part, beneath,
Here in their fames they lie in spight of death.

*To his honoured Cousin, Mr Charles Cotton the younger, upon his excellent Poems.*

Bear back, you crowd of wits, that have so long
Been the prime glory of our English tongue;

And room for our arch-poet make, and follow
His steps, as you would do your great Apollo.
Nor is his inferior, for see
His picture, and you'll say that this is he;
So young and handsome both, so dress'd alike,
That curious Lely, or most skill'd Vandyke
Would prefer neither: Only here's the odds,
This gives us better verse, than that the Gods.
Beware, you Poets, that at distance you
The reverence afford him, that is due
Unto his mighty merit, and not dare
Your puny threads with his lines to compare;
Lest for so impious a pride, a worse
Than was Arachnè's fate, or Midas' curse,
Posterity inflicts upon your fames,
For vent'ring to approach too near his flames;
Whose all-commanding Muse disdains to be
Equall'd by any, in all Poesy.
As the presumptuous son of Clymene
The sun's command importun'd for a day,
Of his unwilling father, and for so
Rash an attempt fell headlong into Po;
So you shall fall or worse; nor leave so much
As empty names, to shew there once were such.
The Greek and Latin language he commands,
So all that then was writ in both those lands.
The French and the Italian he hath gain'd,
And all the wit that in them is contain'd:
So, if he pleases to translate a piece
From France or Italy, old Rome or Greece,
The understanding reader soon will find
It is the best of any of that kind.
But when he lets his own rare fancy loose,
There is no flight so noble as his Muse.

Treats he of war? Bellona doth advance,
And leads his march with her refulgent lance.
Sings he of Love? Cupid about him lurks;
And Venus in her chariot draws his works.*
Whate'er his subject be, he'll make it fit
To live hereafter Emperor of wit.
He is the Muses' darling; all the Nine
Phœbus disclaim, and term him more divine.
The wondrous Tasso that so long hath borne
The sacred laurel, shall remain forlorn:
Alonso de Ercilla, that in strong
And mighty lines hath Araucana sung;
And Salust that the ancient Hebrew story
Hath poetiz'd, submit unto your glory.
So the chief swans of Tagus, Arne, and Seine,
Must yield to Thames, and veil unto your strain.
  Hail, generous Magazine of Wit! You bright
Planet of Learning, dissipate the night
Of Dulness, wherein us this age involves,
And from our ignorance redeem our souls!
  A word at parting, Sir; I could not choose
Thus to congratulate your happy Muse:
And though I vilify your worth, my zeal,
And so in mercy think, intended well;
The world will find your lines are great and strong;
*The nihil ultra* of the English tongue.

This poem has much greater merit than most of Cokayne's. The topics of encomium, though exaggerated, are well chosen, and elegantly and vigorously expressed. Charles Cotton, though often hasty and uncertain, was in truth a delightful writer, full of simple and affecting sentiment and natural imagery; and

* There is much spirit and harmony in these four lines.

endowed with those unsought, unlaboured, and genuine powers, which make amends for a thousand faults.—Of his father, Lord Clarendon has given a curious and lively character in his *Own Life*. And of the son, a memoir by Sir John Hawkins (accompanied by a portrait) may be found in the Tract appended to old *Isaac Walton's Angler*.

SONNET. By A. M.*

*To his loving and approved good Friend, Mr. John Bodenham, before his "Garden of the Muses,"* 1610.

To thee that art Art's lover, Learning's friend,
First causer and collector of these flowers,
Thy pain's just merit I in right commend,
Casting whole years, months, weeks and daily hours!
Like to the bee, thou every where didst roam,
Spending thy spirits in laborious care;
And nightly brought'st thy gather'd honey home,
As a true workman in so great affair.
First of thine own deserving take the fame;
Next of thy friend, his due he gives to thee,
That love of learning may renown thy name,
And leave it richly to posterity,
When others, who might better, yet forshow it,
May see their shame, and times hereafter know it.

A. M

* Suppssed to be Anthony Mundy.

## *Notices of Matthew Roydon.*

THE following is the *Dedication* to George Chapman's Σκια νυκτὸς. *The Shadow of Night*, 1594. 4*to.*

*"To my deare and most worthy Friend, Master Mathew Roydon.*

It is an exceeding rapture of delight in the deepe search of knowledge, none knoweth better than thyselfe, sweet Mathew, that maketh men manfully indure th' extremes incident to that Herculean labour. From flints must the Gorgonian fount be smitten. Men must be shod by Mercurie, girt with Saturne's adamantine sword, take the shield from Pallas, the helme from Pluto, and have the eyes of Græa, as Hesiodus armes Perseus against Medusa, before they can cut off the viperous head of benumming ignorance, or subdue their monstrous affections to most beautifull judgement.

How then may a man stay his maruailing to see passion-driven men, reading but to curtoll a tedious houre, and altogether hidebound with affection to great men's fancies, take upon them as killing censures as if they were judgement's butchers, or as if the life of truth lay tottering in their verdicts.

Now what a supererogation in wit this is, to thinke skil so mightilie pierst with their loves, that she should prostitutely shew them her secrets, when she will scarcely be lookt vpon by others but with inuocation, fasting, watching; yea, not without hauing drops of their soules like an heauenly familiar. Why then should our *intonsi Catones* with their profit-rauisht grauitie esteeme her true fauours such questionless vanities as with what part soeuer thereof they seeme to be something delighted, they queimishlie commende it for a pretie toy? Good Lord, how serious and eternall are their idolatrous platts for

riches! no maruaile sure they here do so much good with them! And heauen no doubt will grouill on the earth, as they do, to imbrace them. But I stay this spleen when I remember, my good Mat, how joyfully oftentimes you reported unto me, that most ingenious *Darbie,** deep-searching *Northumberland*, and skill-imbracing *heire of Hunsdon*, had most profitably entertained learning in themselves, to the vitall warmth of freezing science, and to the admirable luster of their true nobilitie, whose high deseruing vertues may cause me hereafter strike that fire out of darknesse, which the brightest day shall envie for beautie. I should write more, but my hasting out of toune taketh me from the paper, so preserving thy allowance in this poore and strange trifle to the pasport of a whole cittie of others, I rest as resolute as Seneca, satisfying myselfe if but a few, if one, or if none like it.

By the true admirour of thy vertues
and perfectly vowed friend,
G. CHAPMAN."

Perhaps the reader will be pleased with a specimen from the commencement of the

*Hymn to Night.*

Great Goddess, to whose throne in Cynthian fires
This earthly altar endless fumes expires,
Therefore in fumes of sighs and fires of grief
To fearful chances thou sendst bold relief.
Happy, thrice happy type, and nurse of death,
Who breathless feeds on nothing but our breath,
To whom must virtue and her virtue live
Or die for ever, now let humour give
Seas to mine eyes, that I may quickly weep
The shipwreck of the world; or let soft sleep,
Binding my senses, lose my working soul,
That in her highest pitch she may controul

* Earl Ferdinando.

The court of skill, compact of mystery,
Wanting but franchisement and memory
To reach all secrets: then in blissful trance
Raise her, dear Night, to that perseverance,
That in my torture she all earths may sing,
And some to tremble in her trumpeting
Heaven's christal temples: in her powers implant
Skill of my griefs, and she can nothing want."*

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## Dedication to Chapman's *Ovid's Banquet of Sence.* 1595. 4to.

*"To the trulie learned and my worthie friend, Ma. Mathew Royden.*

Such is the wilfull pouertie of judgements, (sweet Ma.) wandring like pasportles men, in contempt of the diuine discipline of Poesie, that a man may well feare to frequent their walks. The prophane multitude I hate, and onelie consecrate my strange poems to these searching spirits, whom learning hath made noble, and nobilitie sacred; endeauouring that materiall Oration, which you call *Schema*; varying in some rare fiction, from popular custome, euen for the pure sakes of ornament and utilitie; This of Euripides exceeding sweetly relishing with me, *Lentem coquens ne quicquam dentis addito.*

But that Poesie should be as peruiall as Oratorie, and plainnes her speciall ornament, were the plaine way to barbarisme: and to make the asse runne proude of his eares; to take away strength from lyons, and give cammels hornes.

That *Enargia*, or clearness of representation, required in absolute Poems, is not the perspicuous deliuery of a lowe inuention; but high and hasty inuention exprest in most signi-

* This poem is not mentioned by Chalmers, Biog. Dict. ix. 124.

ficant and unaffected phrase; it serves not a skilfull Painter's turne, to draw the figure of a face only to make knowne who it represents, but hee must lymn, giue luster, shadow, and heightning; which though ignorants will esteeme spic'd, and too curious, yet such as haue the judiciall perspectiue, will see it hath motion, spirit and life.

There is no confection made to last, but it is admitted more cost and skill then presently to be used simples; and in my opinion that which being with a little endeuour serched, ads a kinde of majestie to Poesie, is better then that which every cobler may sing to his patch.

Obscuritie in affection of words, and indigested conceits, is pedanticall and childish; but where it shroudeth itselfe in the hart of his subject, uttered with fitnes of figure, and expressiue epethites; with that darknes wil I still labour to be shaddowed. Rich minerals are dig'd out of the bowels of the earth, not found in the superfices and dust of it; charms made of unlerned characters are not consecrate by the Muses, which are divine artists, but by Euippe's daughters, that challenged them with meere nature, whose brests, I doubt not, had beene well worthy commendation, if their comparison had not turned them into pyes.

Thus not affecting glory for mine own slight labors, but desirous other should be more worthely glorious, nor professing sacred Poesie in any degree, I thought good to submit to your apt judgement. Acquainted long since with the true habit of Poesie, and now since your labouring wits endeuour heaven-high thoughts of nature, you haue actual meanes to sound the philosophical conceits, that my new pen so seriously courteth. I know that empty and dark spirits will complaine of palpable night: but those that before hand have a radiant, and light-bearing intellect, will say they can passe through *Corynna's* Garden without the helpe of a lanterne.

Your owne most worthily
and sincerely affected
GEORGE CHAPMAN."

"*Teares on the Death of Moeliades. By William Drummond of Hawthornden. The Third Edition. Edinburgh, printed by Andro Hart*, 1614."

pp. 16 in all, not numbered, in 4to.

THE title and size of the above, which is one of the first productions of that celebrated Poet, is sufficient; as the poem itself is well known, and contained in all the collections of Drummond's poems, or of his works.

On the back of the title, are fourteen lines "To the Author," signed "Sir W. Alexander," these have been also frequently reprinted. The three last leaves contain some of Drummond's other verses, likewise incorporated with his other poems.

On the title page of the above, it is specified to be the *third* edition; I am not aware when the two preceding ones appeared: as the poem was written in the year 1612, it is probable that the first was in 1612, the second in 1613, and both in 4to. from the same press.

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"*Queene Elizabeths ✧ Teares: ✧ or ✧ her resolute bearing the Christian ✧ Crosse, inflicted on her by the persecuting ✧ hands of Steuen Gardner, Bishop of Winchester, ✧ in the bloodie time of Queene ✧ Marie. ✧ Written ✧ by Christopher Leuer. ✧*

*Nocet indulgentia nobis.*

*Printed at London by V. S. for Matthew Lownes, dwelling in Paules Churchyarde.*"

In 4to. in all 31 leaves, not numbered.

DEDICATED by Christopher Leuer "To the right honorable Lord, Robert Erle of Salisburie, &c." The date to this copy appears to be cut off, but as it appears from the dedication it was not printed till after Queen Elizabeth's death, which happened in the year 1603, it was probably printed shortly afterwards.

Prefixed 6 lines in Latin, and 13 in English, signed "R. K." "My loue to the argument, and the author." Robert Posket." 26 lines. "Ad foelicem huius Elizabethæ progressum—I. C." 12 lines. Then commences the poem, which runs through two hundred and two stanzas, of seven lines.

The following are the two last stanzas of this dull and tedious poem:

"Where (like the Sunne) she was most glorious bright,
Casting her beames of mercie euery where;
And euery where she giues a glorious light;
All other lights to her but little were:
So matchlesse was she, and so wondrous rare,
As for to verse her glories I refuse,
'Leauing that labour for a better Muse.

I neuer toucht *Parnassus* with my sight:
Nor did the Muses euer teach me rhyme,
Only in humble verse I take delight:
Nor do I loue the higher straines to clime:
This plainenesse makes me to vnfit the time:
But if that Arte vnto my verse was giuen,
She then should live in verse, that liues in heauen."

"*Eugenia: ⊛ or ⊛ true nobilities ⊛ Trance; For the most ⊛ memorable death, of ⊛ the Thrice Noble and ⊛ Religious; ⊛ William Lord ⊛ Rossel, &c. ⊛ Divided into foure Vigils of ⊛ the Night. ⊛ By George Chapman. ⊛ Anno Domini*, 1614."*

In 4to; in all pp. 44, not numbered.

THIS work of a very voluminous yet ingenious author, has now become very uncommon.

As a short specimen the following may be extracted.

*Inductio Vigiliae*

"Now to the nestfull woods, the Broode of Flight
Had in their black wings brought the zealous Night,
When Fame's friends op't the windowes they shut in,
To barre Daies worldly light; and mens' rude din,
In tumults rais'd about their fierce affaires,
That deafen heauen to their distracted praiers,
With all the vertues; Graue Religion
That slept with them all day to ope begun
Her Eares, and red Eyes," &c.

The following the first of some Hymns which are subjoined at the end.

"Rising and setting, let the sunne
Grace whom we honor;
And euer at her full, the moone
Assume upon her,
The form his *Noblesse* did put on;
In whose orb all the vertues shone,
With beames decreasing neuer;
Till faith, in her firme rocke repos'd;

* Not mentioned by Ritson.

Religion, his life's circle clos'd,
And open'd life for euer.
Earth, seas, the aire, and Heauen, O heare
These Rites of ours, that euery yeare,
We vow thy Herse,
And breath the flames of souls entire,
Thrice het, with heauens creating fire,
In deathlesse verse"

---

ΔΑΦΝΙΣ ⌘ ΠΟΛΥΣΤΕΦΑΝΟΣ. ⌘

*An Eclog treating ⌘ of Crownes and Garlandes, ⌘ and to whom of right they ap- ⌘ pertaine. ⌘ Addressed and consecrated to the ⌘ Kings Maiestie. ⌘ By G. B.* Knight.*

*Quod maximum et optimum esse dicitur oportet esse Verum. ex Arist. Top. li. 7.*

*At London Printed by G. Eld for Thomas Adams,* 1605.

4to. G 3. in fours. 57 eight line stanzas.

Cant. Ded. and Pref, as a

*" L'Envoy au Roy.*

Lo now (great BRITON) by decree divine,
This fowre-fold Diademe devol'd to thee,
Great *Ædgars* heyre by fortunes, and by line.
But greater by thy wisdome, and thy witt,
Thy minde inuict, thy bounteé, pieteé,
And all the vertues for a Cæsar fit.
Wherefore on thee all happines attend,
Whom heav'ns to vs so happily did send."

* Buc.

"*Apophthegmes, that is to saie, prompte, quicke, wittie and sentencious saiynges, of certain Emperours, Kynges, Capitaines, Philosophiers and Oratours, aswell Grekes, as Romaines, bothe veraye pleasaunt and profitable to reade, partely for all maner of persones, and especially Gentlemen. First gathered and compiled in Latine by the ryght famous clerke, Maister Erasmus of Roterodame. And now translated into Englyshe by Nicolas Vdall. Excusum typis Ricardi Grafton*, 1542. *Cum priuilegio ad imprimendum solum.*

[Colophon under the printer's device] *Londini. In officina Richardi Graftoni. Anno post natum Christum.* M.D.XLII. *Mense Septembri.*"

8vo. fo. 345. besides 42 leaves of introduction and index.

[Second edition] *Imprinted at London, by Ihon Kingston. Mens. Februarij.* 1564. [Col.] *Imprinted at London, by Ihon Kingston. Mense Martij. Anno salutis.* 1564. *These bookes are to bee solde at his shoppe, at the Weste doore of Paules.**

NOTWITHSTANDING the fame of Erasmus and the reputation of his translator, this manual of the wise and witty sayings of the ancients, has not obtained that notice which either from its date or value might be

* The second edition has no other variance than in the orthography, and has been used for the present article.

justly expected. Were its claim only founded on the colloquial notes of Udall, it is entitled to consideration, as therein may be traced several of the familiar phrases and common-place idioms, which have occasioned many conjectural speculations among the annotators upon our early drama.

The work is only two books of the original, comprising the apophthegmes of Socrates, Aristippus, Diogenes, Philippus, Alexander, Antigonus, Augustus Cæsar, Julius Cæsar, Pompey, Phocion, Cicero and Demosthenes. The view of the translator his own Epistle can best explain which precedes the preface of Erasmus.

"*Nicholas Vdall vnto the gentle and honeste harted readers well to fare.*

"Forasmoche as the aucthour self in his preface here ensuyng, dooeth at large declare the nature, the purpose, and the vse of *Apophthegmes*, to make of the same matter double inculcacion, should bee (as me semeth) bothe on my parte and behalfe a thing superfluous and also a tedious dullyng to the reader. It shall therefore at this presente tyme bee sufficiente, to admonishe you gentle readers, that of the whole werke of *Apophthegmes*, by the right excellente clerke *Ernsmus*: for the moste pleasaunt and the same moste honeste, profitable, and holsome readyng of all maner persones and in especiall of noble men, collected and digested into eighte volumes, I haue thought better with twoo of the eight to minister vnto you a taste of this, bothe delectable and fruitefull recreacion, then by suppressyng it, vntill the whole werke might be perfectly absolued and finished, to defraude you of so many goodly

histories, so many high poinctes of counsaill, so many notable preceptes of wisedome, so greate a nomber of philosophicall lessons, soche vnestimable treasure of morall doctrine, as maie of this little porcio in the meane time, with smal labour and incomparable delite, comforte and solace of mind, be perceiued, gathered, and acquired. And although vpon consideracions (at a more propice tyme hereafter by gods grace to be declared) I haue been so bold with mine aucthour, as to make the first booke and seconde, whiche he maketh third and fowerth. Yet in these twoo present volumes, whiche ye see here set foorthe, I haue laboured to discharge the duetee of a translatour, that is, keping and folowing the sense of my booke, to interprete and tourne the Latine into Englishe, with as moche grace of our vulgare toung as in my slender power and knowlege hath lien: not omittyng ne lettyng passe, either any one of al the *Apophthegmes*, as thei stand in order (excepte twoo or three at the moste, beyng of soche sorte as honestee perswaded me, to be better passed ouer, then rehersed or spoken of) or els any Greke or Latine verse or worde, wherof the pith and grace of the saiyng dependeth. Wherein I desire the vnlearned readers not to be offended, for that I haue in many places entermixed Greke and Latine with the Englishe. For, in all thinges that I haue alreadie heretofore, or hereafter shall set foorthe, I haue an especiall regarde vnto young scholares and studentes, vnto whom it is not possible to bee expressed, what greate vtilitee, benefite and knowlege doeth redounde, of conferring one straunge language with an other. Neither is it to bee doubted, but that soche as are towardes the disciplines of good litterature in diuerse tounges, maie of soche doynges as this, picke out as moche vtilitee and furtheraunce of their studies, as the vnlearned shall take pleasure, and fruite of the Englishe for their vse. Whoso careth not for the Latin maie passe it ouer, and satisfie himself with the Englishe. Who passeth not on the Greke, maie sembleably passe it ouer, and

make as though he see none soche. There is in this behalf no mannes labour loste but mine, and yet not that all loste neither, if my good zele and honest entente, to doe good to all sortes, bee in good part interpreted and accepted. Let the vnlearned readers somewhat beare with young studentes, as the learned muste and will doe with theim. For as the one parte maie thinke it moche superfluous, to finde Latin and Greke in an Englishe boke, so the learned haue no neede of certain annotacions (whiche I haue in places not a fewe entermingled, partly to supply and redubbe that wanteth of the whole werk, and partly to geue necessarie light to the Greke and Romain histories) of whiche annotacions euen he parauenture shall finde ease, whiche will finde faulte with the admixtion of Greke and Latine, and will auouche the same confused medling of soondrie tounges, rather to contein some spiece of ostentacion and bragge of the printed sheath, then any argumente or proof of erudicion. To all whom would Christ I could perswade (as truthe it is) that I seke nothyng lesse, then soche shadoe of vnstable glorie, and that my onely will and desire is, to further honest knowlege and to call (awaie the studious youth in especiall) from hauing delite in reading phantasticall trifles (which co'tein in maner nothing, but the semnarie of pernicious sectes, and sedicious doctrine, vnto a more fruitfull sort of spending good houres, and by inuiting the same youth vnto the imitacion of honest exercises, to doe good if I maie. But to proceede in that I was now about to saie, truly for the Englisheman to bee offended with the admixtion of Latine, or the Latine manne to mislike the poutheryng of Greke, appereth vnto me a moche like thing, as if at a feast with varietee of good meates and drinkes furnished, one that loueth to feede of a capon, should take displeasure that an other man hath appetite to a coney, or one that serueth his stomake with a pertrige, should be angrie with an other that hath a minde to a quaille, or one that drinketh single beere, should be grened with his next felow, for

drinking ale or wine. Now for the better vnderstanding of the co-ceipt, trade and conueighaunce of this booke, I haue thought requisite to admonishe you, that in eche mannes *Apophthegmes*, the saiyng self is set out in a greate texte letter: after whiche immediately foloweth in a middle letter (with this marke ¶) the moralizacion of *Erasmus*, wheresoeuer to the same it seemed expediente, any soche moralle sense to gather of the *Apophthegme* for edifiyng of the reader, in vertue or ciuile honestee. That if any matter depending of some Greke or Romaine chronicle, haue semed nedefull to be expouned, if any poeticall fable hath come in place, if to any obscure prouerbe or straunge historie hath been made, some pretie allusion nedefull to be declared, all soche thinges together with the names of persones here mencioned, ye shall find set forthe, and added of mine owne noting, ouer and besides the woordes and matter of the Latine worke, in a smal letter, with some directory marke. Yea and somtimes in the middes of the texte with this marke of mine § if the place semed to require some more light. Sembleablie to the morall interpretacion of *Erasmus* (where occasion was ministred) yea and to some *Apophthegmes* (wher *Erasmus* saied nothing) in case my so doyng might any thing helpe the weake, and tender capte of the vnlearned reader, I haue put addicions of the same letter and marke, to the ende that in case it be not all of the finest the blame thereof maie not light on the auctheur, but redounde vnto my self accordinglie. And to the entente that nothing should lacke, whiche to the ease and commoditee of the vnlearned reader might seme necessarie, there is added also a large and plaine table, in order of the A. B. C. whereby to the name of any persone, or to any good matter in the booke conteined, readie waie and recourse maie with a weate finger be easily be found out. That if any of the premisses, either the interpretour, or els the prienter shal be founde to haue failled, I for my parte shall not onely thinke my labours bounteously rewarded, but also knowlege my self highly

bounde to render moste hartie thākes, if the gentle reader shall of his humanitee and honeste harte, vouche saue to set his penne and helping hand, to emende whatsoeuer errour it shall happen him to espie: and in the residue so to accepte bothe our laboures, as we maie thereby be encouraged gladlie to sustain ferther trauail in writyng and settyng foorthe soche aucthours as maie to the reader bee bothe pleasaunte and profitable.

Written in the yere of
our Lorde GOD.
M. D. xlii.

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" *Socrates* had chosen out of the old aucthours certaine verses, which he vsed verie oftentymes for prouerbes, emong which this verse of *Hesiodus* was one:

Εργονγ' ουδεμ ὄνειδος, ἀεργειν δετ' ὄνειδος.

No kinde of labour is a thing of shame,
But idlenes euermore, worthie blame.

¶ By this verse he did counsaill young folkes, not onely from idlenes, but also from all vnprofitable or vnfruitfull accions. For, *Socrates* rekened theim also, in the noumber of idle persones, whiche spent all their tyme in dicyng, in reueling or banquetting, and in whorehunting. fol. 8.

Also this verse of *Homere*, as sheweth bothe *Gellius* and *Laertius*:

ὅτ τιζι ἰμ μεγάροισι καλῶντ' ἀγαθῶντε τέτυκται.

*That is,*

What euer is doen eche where about,
Aswell within our hous as without.

¶ By this verse, he did not onely call back, soch as would giue eare to hym, from busie medleyng with other mennes matters, but also from al kindes of learnyng, beyng not necessarie to bee had: (as from the exacte knowledge of Astrologie, or of Geometrie, or of naturall causes, or of thinges supernaturall) to the knowledge of morall Philosophie, the perfect intelligence whereof doeth make, that wee maie throughly knowe our selves, and that we maie gouerne and cõueigh, aswell our own priuate matters, as also the publique affaires of the commõweale accordingly, and to good purpose. ib.

To thesame purpose serueth this saiyng also, whiche is fathered on *Socrates*, and is of greate authoritie, what is aboue our reach, we haue naught to doe withall.

¶ For, thus was he wont to aunswere menne, wõdryng why he would euermore be reasonyng of maners, and of good behaueour, but neuer of the starres, nor of thinges gendred aboue in the aire, or of any* impressions there chaunceyng. ib.

When a certaine feloe, had of a lasciuiousnes or malapertnes, giuẽ him a spurne on the shin, as he was goyng on his waie, in the strete: to soche as woundred that he could patiently suffre it, why, what should I doe (quoth he?) when thei counsailled hym to take the law on the feloe: a gẽtle ieste (said *Socrates*:) if an Asse had giuen me a stripe with his heele, woulde ye haue saaid to me, take the lawe on him.

* Soche naturalle effectes as bee doen nigh vnto the sterres, or as ye (would saie) aboue the reache of mannes familiare knowlege, are called in Greke, μετέωρα, as for example: the generacion of mistes, haile, raine, snowe, lightenyng, shoting of sterres, opening of the aire, blasing sterres, heggues that are seen in the feldes by night like Fierbrandes, or Torches, with soche other thinges. Of the naturall causes producing, and generacion of whiche thinges, *Aristotles* writeth 4 bokes, and entitleth them περὶ μετεώρων. But *Socrates* would neuer take vpon him, to determine soche thinges, as were aboue the compace of mannes familiare handeling.

¶ He thought no difference to bee betwene an Asse, and a man behauyng himself like a brute beaste, and endewed with no vertue or honest qualitee, and to seeme a thyng moche againste all reason, not to suffre at a mannes hande, that ye coulde finde in your hearte, to abide of a brute beastes doyng. ib.

Unto *Euclides* beyng verie studious of contencious conclusions, and cauillacions of subtile reasonyng, he saied: *Euclides* ye maie percase matche with *Sophistes*,* but with men ye can not haue to dooe.

¶ Signifiyng that Sophistrie dooeth no helpe, vse ne seruice to doings in publique affaires, or bearing offices in a commonweale. Whiche publique offices, who so is a suiter to haue, it behoueth thesame, not to plaie Hicke Skorner with insolubles, and with idle knackes of Sophisticacions, but rather to frame and facion himself to the maners and condicions of menne, and to bee of soche sorte, as other men be. fol. 11.

When *Antisthenes*, a Philosophier of the secte of the *Ciniques*, did weare upō his backe a robe, with a great hole or rupture in it, and by turning the same rupture out warde, did purposely shewe it, that euery bodie might looke vpon it: through the rēt of thy cloake (quoth *Socrates*) I see thy peignted sheath, and vaingloriousnesse.

¶ Featelie notyng, that vainglorie of poore garmentes, and couer clothyng, is moche more shamefull and abhominable, then of gorgeous apparell, or galaunt araie. And would God there

* *Sophistes* at the first beginning, wer men that professed to bee teachers of wisedom and eloquence, and the name of *Sophistes*, was had in honor and price, and thei wer of thesame estimacion, and of the verie same order, facultee and science, that afterward wer called *Rhetores*, that is *Rhetoricians*, yea, and also *Logicians*. For, when the *Sophistes* fell to cauilling, brabling and trifling, by little and little, their estimacion decaied, so that ere the time that *Socrates* liued in, a *Sophiste* was a name of contempte and hatered, and so is it yet still vnto this daie.

wer not emong vs christian menne, many *Antishenes*, whiche vnder a rustie, a course, and a sluttishe vesture, hidden more pride and ostentation, then the riche gentlemen haue in their veluettes, and fine silks. fol. 16.

§ This was verified in England also, vntill the deuill had his monkes, freeres, nunnes, and other cloisters again.

When *Aristippus*, the disciple of *Socrates*, had of his gaines, of setting vp the teaching Philosophie for money (which thing he first of al the scholars of *Socrates*, did set vp and begon to doe) had sent twenty poundes vnto his maister: *Socrates* sent the money backe again unto hym forthwith, alleging that his familiar good Aungell, would in no wise suffer him to take it.

¶ For *Socrates* saied, that he had a familiare ghost, or Aungell peculiar and proper to himself, of whom he was by a priuie token forbidden, if he attẽpted, or went about to dooe any vnhonest thyng. Verely, that familiare good Aungell, I suppose, was reason. And in the meane tyme, vnto *Aristippus* he did after a gentle sort, signifie hymself not to alowe, ne to thinke well doen, that he kept a schoole of morall Philosophie for money, and therfore thesame gifte of his, as a thyng gotten by plaine sacrilege, he vtterly refused, and would none of it. f.24.

To a certaine persone demaunding of *Aristippus* in what behalf his sonne should at length bee the better, if he should bestowe the labour and coste, to set him to schoole: though nothing els (saied he) yet at leste wise at Maie games and opẽ sightes, there shall not one stone set his taile vpon an other.

¶ In old time the places, where open sightes and shewes of games were exhibited, were made circlewise round about with settles or benches of Marble, staier wise one aboue an other, on which the people sat and beheld the games and sightes. And a stone thei commonly called,

§ Euen as we also do a feloe that had neither learnyng, nor good vtteraunce of tongue. fol. 37.

Alexander the king of y^e^ Macedonians had sent letters vnto *Antipater* by a certain persone named *Athlias, Diogenes* at the same houre being happely in place. Who, accordyng to his Cynicall guise, saied: *Athlius* from *Athlius* by *Athlias* to *Athlius.*

¶ It was nothing but a toye, in daliyng, with the affinitee and similitude of wordes. For the name of the messager was, Ἀθλίας with α, and ἄθλιος in Grekė souneth one being in miserable state or condition, and sore vexed or beaten with manifolde trauailes, peines and troubles. For which respecte the fighting men or the champions and maisters of fense, had their name deriued out of the same vocable, and were called both in Greke and Latin *Athletae.* The meaning of the Philosophier was, that princes for the ambition of honour, rule and dominion, being in continuall strife, and hurlee burlee, are in very deede persons full of miserie and wo: and euen in like miserable state of wretchednesse so be all those that are ready, prest, and willing seruauntes, aiders or furtherers of y^e^ appetites and desires of the same.

§ So then true it was, that *Alexander* for the careful and troublous life that he leed worthely called *Athlius* that is miserable, wrote and sent letters by *Athlias,* being no lesse worthy the appellation of *Athlius* then his maister, vnto *Antipater* as muche worthy to be called *Athlius* as any of the other two, in that he was at all times bounde to obeye and serue *Alexander.* fol. 75.

There be wryters that doe father this also vpon *Diogenes, Plato* happely finding him washing a sorte of salade herbes, said vnto him rounding in his eare, If thou wouldest haue ben rewled by *Dionysius,* iwys thou shouldest not after this maner washe these herbes. *Diogenes* rounded *Plato* in the eare againe, saiyng: iwys if thou wouldest haue washed herbes for thine owne dyner, thou shouldest not in this maner haue been a Ihon hold my staf to *Dionysius.*

¶ But this appeareth to be a tale forged after the likenesse

or example of the saying afore reported on *Aristippus*, as this same in like maner, which I will put now next of all. fol. 96.

To one saiying, many a man hath thee in derision (O *Diogenes*): and theim peraduenture, many an asse (saith he) again. The other seloe saiyng moreouer, and thus repliyng, yea, but thei care nothyng for the Asses, he aunswered, and I asmoche and not a iote more for them that ye speake of.

¶ He attributed vnto Asses, the propertee of mocking or skorning, because thei do euery other while by shewing their teeth bare, as ye would saie, counterfeact grennying and makyng mowes with their lippes. And besides that, when men doe mocke any body, thei wagge their handes vp and doune by their eares at the sides of their hed, and do counterfeact the facion of an Asses eares. So then the Asse also appereth by waggyng his eares vp and doun to mocke and skorne folkes, yet is there no bodie therwith displeased, or greued. ib.

To one reprochfully casting in the nose of *Diogenes* that he had taken a Cope or a Mantell, of *Philippus* the kyng, he aunswered with a verse of *Homere* in this maner.

ὗτοι ἀπόβλητ' ἐστὶ θεῶμ ἐρικυδέα δῶρα.

Gifts of honour, are not to be refused,
With the which men ar by the gods endued.

¶ That *Homerus* wrote of the beautie and fauour of the bodie (whiche is the benefite and gifte of God) that did *Diogenes* wreste to a mantell, giuen him by a king. The same verse might euen I my selfe also, ring in the eares of soche persones, as do by a wrongfull querele obiect vnto me, that I do now and then take of noble men or of bishoppes, soche thinges as be giuen me for to doe me honestee. There is not one of them, of whom I haue at any time in all my life craued any thyng, either by plaine wordes, or by other meanes, but in deede soche

thinges as thesame of their owne voluntary willes and mere mocions, doe laye in my lappe, I receiue gladly with al my heart, not so greatly for rewardes, to the enriching of my purse, as for testimonies of their beneuolence and fauour towardes me, especially sence their habilitees are of more welthie enduemente, then to wrynge at the abatement of so smal a porcion as commeth to my snapshare.

§ In the thirde boke of *Homere* his *Ilias Hector*, rebuking his brother *Paris*, emong other wordes of reproch, saieth vnto him in skorne and derison after this maner.

Your harpe, and singyng melodious
With the other giftes of Venus
As, your goodlie heere, and aungels face,
So amiable, and full of grace,
Will not you saue, ne nelpe, this is iuste,
When ye must lye toppleyng in the dust.

To which poinct, emong other thinges, *Paris* maketh aunswere after this sort.

Thou doest naught, to entwite me thus,
And with soche wordes opprobrious
To vpbraid the giftes amorous
Of the glittreying Goddesse Venus.
Neither ought a man in any wise
Proudely to refuse or els despise
Any giftes of grace and honour,
Which the Goddes of their mere fauour
Conferren, after their best likyng,
And no man hath of his owne taking. fol. 106.

When it was complained vnto *Augustus*, that one *Erotes* the solliciter of *Egypte* had bought a quaille, whiche in fightyng would beate as many as came, and at no hande coulde be beaten or put to the worse, and the same quaille beyng rosted, to haue eaten vp euery

morsell: he cõmaunded the feloe to be broughte afore him, and the cause well discussed, immediately vpon the parties confessyng of the cause, he commaũded the same to be hanged vp on the top of a maste of a ship.

¶ Judgyng hym vnworthie to liue, who for so small a delite of his owne throte, or deintee mouthe, had not spared a birde, whiche in fightyng might many a long daie, and to many a persone, haue shewed pleasure and solace, and the whiche furthermore, by a certain gladde signe of good lucke to ensue, betokened vnto *Cæsar* perpetuall successe, and prosperyng in his warres. fol 163.

Persons not a fewe (because thei had *Antonius* and *Dollobella* in great mistrust § lest thei should conspire and werke some treason against *Cæsar,)* gaue warnyng vnto the same, that he shoulde in any wise beware of them. Tush, no no, (quoth *Cæsar)* I feare not these ruddie coloured and fat bealied feloes, but yonder same spare slender skragges, and pale salowe coloured whoresoonnes, shewyng with his finger *Brutus* and *Cassius.*

¶ Neither did his suspicio deceiue him, for of the 2. was he afterward slain in dede. Of which matter such as be learned maie reade *Plutarchus* and *Suetonius.* fol. 193.

After the victorie and conquest of *Cæsar*, *Cicero* beeyng asken the question, how he had so ferre missed the cushin in chosyng of partes, saied: in faithe the girdyng of their gounes deceiued me.

¶ Meanyng hymself neuer to had trusted that the victorie woulde haue gone, on soche a nice and effeminate persones side. For *Cæsar* vsed to go after soch sort girded in his goune that he would go (euen as wanton as voluptеous feloes doen) trailling after him the skirtes of his goune, al pounced in cuttes and iagges. Wherefore *Sylla* would many a time and ofte, giue *Pompeius* warnyng to beware of the bodie, that went so lewdly girte. fol. 223.

Tidinges being reported that *Vatinius* was deceassed, where the firste bringer vp of that bruite was not certainly knowen, well (quoth *Cicero*) yet will I take the auauntage of it whyle I may.

¶ Mening that he woulde take ioye of the death of *Vatinius* while he might, though it were but for a time, sembleably as one that hath borowed money applieth it to his owne vse and commoditee, and hath his owne full pleasure of it for the time, euen as though it were his propre owne.

§ So that *Cicero* mened to take as moche goodnesse of the newes in the meane time till the contrarie wer certainly knowen, as if thei wer true in very deede. fol. 227.

Yet ones again for a cast more at *Vatinius* (who although he were sore diseased in his feete, and vtterly lamed with the goute, would nedes yet neuerthelesse appere to be very well emended, and saied that he was able now to take a walke of a couple of miles at ones) yea, I thinke wel (quoth *Cicero*) for the daies are a good deale longer than thei wer.

¶ This *apophthegme* doth *Quintillian* attribute vnto *Cicero*, and *Macrobius* vnto *Augustus Cesar*. There goeth another tale about at this day also euen as mery as this, sauyng that it hath not semblable antiquitee, ne auncientnesse to commend and set it out withal:—

A certaine launceknight made his vaunte at a banquette where he was, that he had a crossebowe so good of casting, that it would send a bolt or a quarrel of soche a fersnes, as no man aliue could beleue or think, and named a certain space. All the compaignie whiche sate at the table criyng foh, at soche a shameful lye, he abode by it that his own seruaunt had seen the thing doen. The seruaunt being called in, how saiest thou, sirrah (quoth his maister) diddest not thou see soche a

thing doen? Then saied the seruaunt, Yes, sir, ye tell a true tale, but at that tyme when ye shot, the winde was with you.

§ It had been moche merier, if he hadde saied, yes sir your quarell flewe so ferre as ye speake of in deede, but it was at twoo shottes. fol. 229.

*Demosthenes* had writte̅ upo̅ his shilde, in letters of golde ἀγαθὴ τύχη, that is, *Good fortune.* Yet neuerthelesse, when it was come to ha̅die strokes, **Demosthenes* euen at the first meting, cast his shilde and al awaie from him, and to go as fast as his legges might beare him. This poincte being cast in his nose, in the waie of mockage and reproche, that he had in battaill cast awaie his bucler, and taken him to his heeles, like a prettie man, he auoided it with a little verse, co̅men in euery bodies mouth.

† Ανηρ ὁ φεύγωμ κὰι πάλῖμ μαχησεῖαι,

* This was at the battaill in *Cherionea* (wherof is afore spoken in the 7 epphtheme of *Philippus*) in whiche battaill he subdued and conquered al *Grece.* And of this battail *Demosthenes* was the chief procurer and setter on, in so moche that he onelie persuaded the *Thebanes* and others thereunto, and was one of the chief ringleders and capitaines himself, in so moch that the king of the *Persians*, wrote letters about to his nobles, in al places, that thei should aide *Demosthenes* with money enough on al sides, for the suppressing of *Philippus.* The battaill was kepte in *Chreronea* (the countree of *Plutarchus*) at *Thermoden.* Whiche *Thermoden* (as the report goeth saieth *Plutarchus*) should bee a little pretie floud renning into the riuer of *Cephisus.* But the same, *Plutarchus* saith, that he knoweth no soch floud there aboute of that name nor yet in any place of all *Cherronca.* Neuerthelesse he beleueth that the floud *Haemon* (which renneth along by *Heraclium*, where the Grekes at that time pitched their camp against *Philippus*) was at the firste in olde time called *Thermodon*, and from that battaill foorthward, thesame to haue taken the appelacion of *Haemon*, because it was then filled vp with dedde corpses, and with bloud. For αἷμα, is Greke for bloud. But this was soche a sore battaile, that *Philippus* feared *Demosthenes* all daies of his life after, for that the same had persuaded the *Grekes* to battaill.

† Ανηρ ὁ φευγωμ κὰι πάλῖμ μαχησεῖαι, (that is: A manne that

That same man, that renneth awaie,
Maie again fight, an other daie.

¶ Judgeyng that it is more for the benefite of ones countree to renne awaie in battaill, then to lese his life. For a ded man can fight no more, but who hath saued hymself aliue by rennyng awaie, maie in many battaillei mo, dooe good seruice to his countree.

§ At lest wise, if it be a poinct of good seruice, to renne awaie at all times, when the countree hath most nede of his helpe to sticke to it. fol. 239.

The last apophthegm supplies an authority for the often repeated lines, which have occasioned endless enquiries for their origin, beginning:—"He that fights," &c.

Eu. Hood.

flieth will renewe battaill again) is a prouerbiall verse (as *Erasmus* in his *Chiliadis* admonisheth) by whiche we are warned not by and by, to bee brought in despaire, if some thing haue not well come to our passe. For though a man bee now ouercomed, he maie at an other time haue better hap. Wherof *Homere* calleth it ἐτεραλκέα νίκην, that is, now strong on the one side, and now on the other. And *Alexander* (*Paris* the soonne of *Priam* king of *Troie*) thus speaketh in *Homere*. νίκην δ' ἐναμείψεται ἀνδρὸς. that is: Victorie chaungeth from parte to parte. And the same *Alexander* in another place again saieth:

*Menelaus nowe, through Pallas hath woonne,*
*And so shall I at an other season.*

So Dauus in Terence;
*Hac non successit, alia aggrediendum est via.*

That is,
*This waie it will ne frame ne faie,*
*Therefore must we proue an other waie.*

So meaned *Demosthenes*, that though he had had mischappe at that season, yet an other more propice time should come, when his chaunce should be to doe his countree better seruice, &c. And this was a meetely honeste excuse."

# Hearniana.

*Extract. Feb.* 18, 1724.

MEMORIES OF JOHN FOX AND JOHN TZETZES.

"If John Fox's *Commentaries* be a book that is scarce, 'tis grown so of late. For some few years ago it was very common and very cheap. Yet I never endeavoured to make myself master of it, thinking that the English book which I have would serve my turn. I never had the curiosity of comparing the Latin with any English edition; and therefore cannot of myself account for the differences, which, however, I have been told are very great, as indeed the first English edition (which is in Magdalen College library, of the author's own gift, with a Latin epistle before it, of his own penning, never yet printed) varies very much from those that were set out afterwards. Mr. Fox was a diligent, learned man; but being calvinistically inclined, and too zealous against those of another perswasion, he employed a good part of his time in collecting stories that served any way to lessen the credit of such as he looked upon as enemies; and being of a very credulous temper, he very easily believed the reports that were sent into him; so that the credit of his work hath been deservedly called in question by many learned and judicious men, protestants as well as papists, who were all very sensible, that as he was withall of a very great memory, so he trusted too much to it, and, in putting down stories, would wholly depend upon that, even at such times as he might have transcribed immediately from books and papers; a fault which several other great men have been guilty

of, not excepting the famous John Tzetzes, who after he had read over a great variety of authors, was so far nevertheless from extracting from them verbatim (as Photius did, who is therefore the more valuable) that he rely'd intirely upon his memory (which was prodigious) in the many curious historical passages (from those authors) in his *Chiliads*, and he is very full of himself for having such a memory, as if he endeavoured thereby to recommend his work the better to posterity, which certainly would have been of greater esteem if he had been a faithful transcriber. For tho' after he had read the books, he tells us several times that he was ἀβιβλῶν, yet this was only to shew what a memory he had, there being no doubt but he might have had constant access to the very same books he had already perused. But tho' it would have been a more valuable work had he been an exact transcriber, yet most of his authors being lost, as it is, it is of great account, and I could wish, for that reason, that it were reprinted, it being become now exceeding scarce. Such works would be more for the credit of scholars to set out, than books that are very common, and whereof there are daily editions coming out. And methinks societies should engage in some great works, either never yet printed, or if printed, are become either almost, or quite as rare as MSS."

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*Extract. Feb.* 12, 1732.

HUMPHREY WANLEY.

"I MUST desire of you another favour, and that is, that you would, if you can let me know the exact time when 'twas that the late Mr. Humphrey Wanley died. He died, according to my account in one of my books, on Wednesday morning, July 6th, 1726. This I had from Mr. Murray at that time, but the prints said July 5, being Tuesday. 'Tis a minute difference, and yet as little as 'tis, I would have the matter settled right, that if I should make a publick mention thereof,

I may not mistake. My account says he died of a dropsy, and that he was buried in Marybone Church, where, perhaps, is something over him; if there be, if you can, pray let me have the words."*

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## *Extract. Feb.* 24, 1732.

THE SAME.

"I RECEIVED yours of the 22d. for which I thank you, particularly for your note about the death of Mr. H. Wanley. I did not know before that any rings on that occasion had been given by Lord Oxford, but thought the funeral had been wholly at Mr. Wanley's widow's expense, Mr. Wanley leaving her in very good circumstances."

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## *Extract. Dec.* 14, 1732.

TRADESMEN'S TOKENS.

"I HEAR of some (what I wonder at) that are now very busy in collecting tokens or Tradesmen's farthings, that went in the Rump times, and look upon such trash (for 'tis certainly nothing else) as Curiosities. But it may be a particular point of History is designed to be settled or illustrated from such a collection. But what that point is I cannot guess. That such pieces once went in England from one house to another, as money, it will hereafter, perhaps, be hardly believ'd, and for that reason it may be proper enough to touch upon it in history, and to tell the occasion of it. Methinks it might be as usefull

* *Note by West.* Humfrey Wanley, ob. 6th July, 1726, æt. 55. buried within the rails of the altar. No inscription over him. Mr. Gibbs hath made a design for a mounment for him.

(if not more usefull) to collect pieces that are so frequently found (and sometimes too in great number) under old buildings, particularly under buildings in the monkish times, some of which are obscure enough, and want interpretation. Some of these were calculated on purpose for such occasions, tho' 'tis very seldom that the builder or the founder is mentioned on them. Whether they ever went as current money may be much questioned. Most of them were minted beyond sea. Curious observations might be made on this head by such as shall write professedly of the Rump-tokens, or Rump-money that I have mentioned. Whether Mr. Grainger thought it worth while (as I believe he did not) to gather such pieces, I know not."

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## *Extract.* *Oct.* 1, 1733.

ANCIENT MANUSCRIPTS FOR COUNTY HISTORY.

"I was told some time since, that Mr. Drake's *Antiquities of York* is out, but it seems otherwise from your letter. I am glad he designs to speak of the York MSS. If they are nicely turned over, I am inclined to think, something worthy of the publick might be extracted from them, and perhaps something considerable relating to his Antiquities. And I am persuaded Dr. Richardson can suggest some particulars on that occasion worth his observation. MSS. have been little regarded by the generality of those that have written of our Counties, which for that reason will make any essay that way welcome to the curious reader. 'Tis this very thing, that makes Mr. Thoresby's account of his MSS. &c. more valuable by much, than the first part of his book. And long ago, when Pausanias took care to insert into his work, the ancient stones and other things of that kind, which may be look'd upon as equal to MSS. 'tis incredible to tell, what reputation he obtained thereby; and what he did that way had the greater weight,

because he told where the monuments were that he spoke of, what I wish M. Camden (our English Pausanias, after Leland) had taken care always to do of the MSS. he made use of."

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*Extract. July* 19, 1733.

CONDUIT AT OXFORD.

"SOME time ago I saw a very faulty transcript of the original MS. concerning Otho Nicholson's building, the Conduit at Cairfax in Oxford, but I cannot tell where the original is, without which this transcript is of no use, and for that reason I declined taking a copy; if you at any time light upon the original, be pleased to take particular notice of it. I cannot think that it is in the Harleian Library, unless there should be any thing about it in Dr. Hutton's MSS. Coll. Old Baskervile of Bagworth, commonly called *The King of Jerusalem*, used to note down in his *Flying History* (which Mr. Murray now hath) many particulars of History, especially little matters, such as Ballads, Arches of Bridges, &c. and perhaps he may have something about this Conduit; but if he hath, I cannot expect it should be of any great moment, he being an Humourist, and wanting both learning and judgment."

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*Extract. Jan.* 17, 1734.

BISHOP FLEMING.

"I have heard that Bp. Fleming, when he was of Edmund-Hall, was inclined to the study of our English Antiquities. But this is what was told me lately, and I never heard any such thing as long as he staid with us after I came to the Hall, and yet I think he staid there till the year 1698."

*From the same.*

BISHOP MENIATI.

"ELIAS Meniati, Bishop of Cepholonia, a late author, wrote an account of the Schism between the Eastern and Western Churches. It is written in the vulgar Greek, and I believe is scarce. I understand, however, that 'tis in the Harleyan Library. I have not wrote to my L. Oxford to inquire, but you can do it as well when you see his Ldship. All I want to know is, in what volume it is, and whether it be a printed book, and if printed I would gladly know where."

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*Extract. Feb.* 10, 1734.

THE SAME.

"I KNOW nothing more of Cepholonia's book than what I had from *The Russian Catechism, with an Account of the Church-Government and Ceremonies of the Muscovites.* Lond. 1725. 8vo. ed. 2d. where (I know not at what page, but I think 'tis after page 54, for I have not the book by me) are these words:

"Elias Merivati, Bishop of Cepholonia, has in our times "writ the Schism between the Eastern and Western Churches. "This book of Meniati is writ in the vulgar Greek, and is to "be seen in my Lord Harley's library, who is a diligent collec- "tor of all that's curious in all languages and sciences."

## DEDICATORY SONNETS *before* GEORGE CHAPMAN'S *Translation of* HOMER'S ILIAD.*

BEFORE I enter on the transcript of these Sonnets, let me make a few extracts from the prose Commentaries of this energetic Poet, who seems to have felt the true enthusiasm and confidence of the Muse.

CHAPMAN was a great favourite with his cotemporaries for genius as well as learning, and seems on due examination to have been possessed of many qualities and acquirements of no common occurrence.

### *Commentary to Book I.*

"Since I dissent from all other Translators and Interpreters, that ever essay'd exposition of this miraculous Poem, especially where the divine rapture is most exempt from capacity in grammarians merely, and grammatical critics, and where the inward sense or soul of the sacred Muse is only within eye-shot of a poetical spirit's inspection, (lest I be prejudiced with opinion, to dissent, of ignorance or singularity) I am bound by this brief comment to shew I understand how all other extants understand; my reasons, why I reject them, and how I receive my author. In which labour, if where all others find discords and dissonances, I prove him entirely harmonious and proportionate: If where they often alter and flee his original, I at all parts stand fast, and observe it: if where they mix their most pitiful castigations with his praises, I render him without touch and beyond admiration: (though truth in her very nakedness sits

* The first seven books were originally printed by J. Windet, 1598. The whole Iliad and Odyssey, in 1614. Fol. *See Cens. Lit.* vi. 239.

in so deep a pit, that from Gades to Aurora and Ganges, few eyes can sound her:) I hope yet those few here will so discover and confirm her, that the date being out of her darkness in this morning of our Homer, he shall now gird his temples with the Sun, and be confest, against his good friend, *Nunquam dormitare.* But how all Translators, Censors, and Interpreters, have slept, and been dead to his true understanding, I hope it will neither cast shadow of arrogance in me to affirm, nor of difficulty in you to believe: if you please to suspend censure, and diminution, till your impartial conference of their pains and mine be admitted. For induction and preparative to which patience and persuasion, trouble yourselves but to know this: This never-enough glorified Poet, (to vary and quicken his eternal Poem) hath inspired his chief persons with different spirits, most ingenious and inimitable characters; which not understood, how are their speeches? being one by another as conveniently and necessarily known, as the instrument by the sound. If a Translator or Interpreter of a ridiculous and cowardly described person, (being deceived in his character) so violates and vitiates the original to make his speech grave, and him valiant, can the negligence and numbness of such an Interpreter or Translator be less than the sleep and death I am bold to sprinkle upon him? Or could I do less than affirm and enforce this, being so happily discovered? This therefore in his due place approved and explained, let me hope my other assumpts will prove as conspicuous.

This first and second Book I have wholly translated again: the seventh, eighth, ninth, and tenth Books, deferring, still imperfect, being Englished so long since; and my late hand, overcome with labour, not yet rested enough to refine them. Nor are the wealthy veins of this holy ground so amply discovered in my first twelve labours, as my last; nor having competent time, nor my profit in his mysteries being so ample, as when driving through his thirteenth and last books, I drew the main depth, and saw the round coming of this silver bow of our Phœbus; the

clear scope and contexture of his work; the full and most beautiful figures of his persons. To these last twelve then I must refer you, for all the chief worth of my clear discoveries And in the mean space I entreat your acceptance of some few touches in the first. Not perplexing you in first or last with any thing handled in any other Interpreter, further than I most conscionably make congression with such as have diminished, mangled, and maimed my most worthily most tendered author," &c.

### *Last paragraph of Commentary to Book III.*

"And here haste makes me give end to these new Annotations, deferring the like in the next nine Books to more breath and encouragement. Since time, that hath ever oppressed me, will not otherwise let me come to the last twelve, in which the first free light of my author entred and emboldened me. Where so many rich discoveries importune my poor expression, that I fear rather to betray them to the world, than express them to their price. But howsoever Envy and Prejudice stand squirting their poison through the eyes of my readers, this shall appear to all competent apprehensions, I have followed the original with authentical expositions, (according to the proper signification of the word in this place, though I differ therein utterly from others:) I have rendred all things of importance with answerable life and height to my author, though with some periphrasis, without which no man can worthily translate any worthy Poet. And since the translation itself, and my notes, being impartially conferred, amply approve this, I will still be confident in the worth of my pains, how idly and unworthily soever I be censured. And thus to the last twelve Books, (leaving other horrible errors in his other Interpreters unmoved) with those free feet that entred me, I haste, sure of nothing but my labour."

### *Extract from Commentary to Book XIV.*

"Our plain and smug writers, because their own unwieldiness will not let them rise themselves, would have every man grovel like them: their feathers not passing the pitch of every woman's capacity. And indeed, where a man is understood, there is ever a proportion betwixt the writer's wit and the writee's (that I may speak with authority) according to my old lesson in philosophy: *Intellectus in ipsa intelligibilia transit.* But herein this case is ruled against such men, that they affirm these hyperthetical or superlative sort of expressions and illustrations are too bold and *bumbasted;* and out of that word is spun that which they call our *fustian:* their plain writing being stuff nothing so substantial, but such gross *sowtege,* or *hair-patch,* as every goose may eat oats through. Against which, and all these plebeian opinions, that a man is bound to write to every reader's understanding, you see the great master of all elocution hath written so darkly, that almost three thousand suns have not discovered him, no more in five hundred other places than here; and yet all pervial enough, you may well say, when such a one as I comprehend them. But the chief end why I extend this Annotation is only to intreat your note here of Homer's manner of writing, which, to utter his after-store of matter and variety, is so press, and puts on with so strong a current, that it far overruns the most laborious pursuer, if he have not a poetical foot, and Poesy's quick eye to guide it."

### *Conclusion of Book XXIV and last.*

"Thus far the Ilian ruins I have laid
Open to English eyes: in which repaid
With thine own value, go, unvalued Book!
Live, and be lov'd! If any envious look
Hurt thy clear fame, learn that no state more high
Attends on Virtue, than pin'd Envy's eye!
Would thou wert worth it, that the best doth wound,
Which this age feeds, and which the last shall bound."

" Thus with labour enough, though with more comfort in the merits of my divine author, I have brought my *Translation of his Iliads* to an end. If either therein, or in the harsh utterance, or matter of my comment before, I have, for haste, scattered with my burden, (less than fifteen weeks being the whole time that the last twelve Books' Translation stood me in) I desire my present will, and I doubt not ability, if God give life, to reform and perfect all hereafter, may be ingeniously accepted for the absolute work. The rather, considering the most learned with all their helps and time, have been so often and unanswerably miserably taken halting. In the mean time, that most assistful and unspeakable Spirit, by whose thrice sacred conduct and inspiration I have finished this labour, diffuse the fruitful horn of his blessings through these goodness-thirsting watchings, without which, utterly dry and bloodless is whatsoever mortality soweth.

But where our most diligent Spondanus ends his work with a prayer, to be taken out of these Meanders and Euripian rivers (as he terms them) of Ethnic and Prophane writers, being quite contrary to himself at the beginning, I thrice humbly beseech the most dear and most divine Mercy, ever most incomparably preferring the great light of his truth in his direct and infallible Scriptures, I may ever be enabled by resting wondring in his right comfortable shadows in these, to magnify the clearness of his almighty appearance in the other.

And with this salutation of Poesy given by our Spondanus in his Preface to these Iliads, 'All-hail, saint-sacred Poesy, that under so much gall of Fiction, such abundance of honey-doctrine hast hidden, not revealing them to the unworthy worldly, wouldst thou but so much make me, that amongst thy novices I might be numbered, no time should ever come near my life, that could make me forsake thee. I will conclude with this my daily and nightly prayer, learn'd of the most learned Simplicius.

" Supplico tibi, Domine, Pater, et Dux rationis nostræ, ut

nostræ nobilitatis recordemur qua tu nos ornasti ; et ut tu nobis præsto sis, ut iis qui persese moventur : ut a corporis contagio, brutorumque affectuum repurgemur, eosque superemus, et regamus, et sicut decet, pro instrumentis iis utamur. Deinde ut nobis adjumento sis, ad accuratam rationis nostræ correctionem ; et conjunctionem cum iis quæ vere fiunt, per lucem veritatis. Et tertium, Salvatori supplex oro ; ut ab oculis animorum nostrorum caliginem prorsus abstergas, ut (quod apud Homerum est) norimus bene qui Deus, aut mortalis habendus. Amen."

## DEDICATORY SONNETS.

### I.

*" To the right gracious and worthy the Duke of Lennox.*

Amongst the heroes of the world's prime years,
Stand here, great Duke, and see them shine about you :
Inform your princely mind and spirit by theirs,
And then, like them, live ever : look without you,
For subjects fit to use your place, and grace,
Which throw about you as the sun his rays,
In quick'ning with their power, the dying race
Of friendless Virtue, since they thus can raise
Their honour'd raisers to eternity.
None ever liv'd by self-love : others' good
Is th' object of our own : they living die,
That bury in themselves their fortune's brood.
To this soul, then, your generous countenance give,
That gave to such as you such means to live.

II.

*To the most grave and honoured Temperer of Law and Equity, the Lord Chancellor,* &c.*

That Poesy is not so removed a thing
From grave administry of public weals
As these times take it, hear this Poet sing,
Most judging Lord, and see how he reveals
The mysteries of Rule, and rules to guide
The life of man through all his choicest ways.
Nor be your timely pains the less applied
For Poesy's idle name, because her rays
Have shin'd thro' greatest counsellors and kings.
Hear royal Hermes sing the Egyptian laws;
How Solon, Draco, Zoroastes sings
Their laws in verse: and let their just applause
By all the world given, yours (by us) allow;
That since you grace all virtue, honour you.

III.

*To the most worthy Earl, Lord Treasurer, and Treasurer of our Country, the Earl of Salisbury, &c.*

Vouchsafe, great Treasurer, to turn your eye,
And see the opening of a Grecian mine,
Which wisdom long since made her Treasury,
And now her title doth to you resign.
Wherein as th' ocean walks not with such waves
The round of this realm, as your wisdom's seas,
Nor with his great eye sees, his marble saves
Our state, like your Ulyssian policies:
So none, like Homer, hath the world enspher'd,
Earth, seas, and heaven, fix'd in his verse, and moving;

* Sir Thomas Egerton, Lord Ellesmere, and Visc. Brackley.

Whom all times wisest men have held unpeer'd;
And herefore would conclude with your approving.
Then grace his spirit, that all wise men hath grac'd,
And made things ever fitting, ever last.

IV.

*To the most honoured Restorer of ancient Nobility in blood and virtue, the Earl of Suffolk,* &c.

Join, noblest Earl, in giving worthy grace
To this great gracer of nobility:
See here what sort of men your honour'd place
Doth properly commend; if Poesy
Profess'd by them were worthily exprest.
The gravest, wisest, greatest, need not then
Account that part of your command the least,
Nor them such idle, needless, worthless men.
Who can be worthier men in public weals
Than those, at all parts, that prescrib'd the best?
That stirr'd up noblest virtues, holiest zeals,
And evermore have liv'd as they profest?
A world of worthiest men see one create,
Great Earl, whom no man since could imitate.

V.

*To the most noble and learned Earl, the Earl of Northampton.**

To you, most learned Earl, whose learning can
Reject unlearned custom, and embrace
The real virtues of a worthy man,
I prostrate this great worthy for your grace,
And pray that Poesy's well-deserv'd ill name,
Being such as many modern poets make her,

* Henry Howard.

May nought eclipse her clear essential flame;
But as she shines here, so refuse or take her!
Nor do I hope, but e'en your high affairs
May suffer intermixture with her view,
Where wisdom fits her for the highest choirs,
And minds, grown old with cares of state, renew:
You then, great Earl, that in his own tongue know
This King of Poets, see his English show.

## VI.

*To the most noble, my singular good Lord, the Earl of Arundel.*

Stand by your noblest stock, and ever grow
In love, and grace of virtue most admir'd;
And we will pay the sacrifice we owe
Of prayer and honour, with all good desir'd
To your divine soul, that shall ever live
In height of all bliss prepar'd here beneath,
In that ingenuous and free grace you give
To knowledge, only bulwark against Death.
Whose rare sustainers here, her powers sustain
Hereafter. Such reciprocal effects
Meet in her virtues. Where the love doth reign,
The act of knowledge crowns our intellects.
Where th' art, not love is there, like beasts men die:
Not life, but time, is their eternity.

## VII.

*To the learned and most noble Patron of Learning, the Earl of Pembroke.**

Above all others may your honour shine,
As, past all others, your ingenuous beams

* Nephew of Sir Philip Sydney.

Exhale into your grace the form divine
Of godlike learning, whose exiled streams
Run to your succour, charg'd with all the wrack
Of sacred Virtue. Now the barbarous witch,
Foul Ignorance, sits charming of them back
To their first fountain, in the Great and Rich;
Though our great Sovereign countercheck her charms,
Who in all learning reigns so past example,
Yet, (with her) Turkish policy puts on arms,
To raze all knowledge in man's Christian temple.
You following yet our king, your guard redouble:
Pure are those streams that these times cannot trouble.

## VIII.

*To the right gracious Illustrator of Virtue, and worthy of the favour royal, the Earl of Montgomery.**

There runs a blood, fair Earl, through your clear veins,
That well entitles you to all things noble;
Which still the living Sydnian soul maintains,
And your name's ancient nobleness doth redouble:
For which I must needs tender to your graces
This noblest work of man as made your right.
And though ignobleness all such works defaces,
As tend to Learning, and the soul's delight;
Yet since the sacred pen doth testify,
That wisdom, which is Learning's natural birth,
Is the clear mirror of God's majesty,
And image of his goodness here in earth,
If you the daughter wish, respect the mother:
One cannot be obtain'd without the other.

* Philip Herbert, younger brother to the last.

## IX.

*To the most noble and learned Concluder of the War's Art, the Lord Lisle.**

Nor let my pains herein, long-honour'd Lord,
Fail of your ancient nobly-good respects,
Though obscure Fortune never would afford
My service show, till these thus late effects.
And though my poor deserts weigh'd never more
Than might keep down their worthless memory,
From your high thoughts enrich'd with better store,
Yet yours in me are fix'd eternally,
Which all my fit occasions well shall prove.
Mean space, with your most noble nephews,† deign
To shew your free and honourable love
To this Great Poet, in his English vein.
You cannot more the point of death controul,
Than to stand close by such a living soul.

## X.

*To the great and virtuous the Countess of Montgomery.*‡

Your fame, great Lady, is so loud resounded,
By your free trumpet, my right worthy friend,
That with it all my forces stand confounded,
Arm'd and disarm'd at once, to one just end,
To honour and describe the blest consent
'Twixt your high blood and soul, in virtues rare.
Of which, my friend's praise is so eminent,
That I shall hardly like his Echo fare,

* Robert Sydney, afterwards Earl of Leicester.
† The Earls of Pembroke and Montgomery.
‡ Lady Susan Vere, daughter of Edward Vere, Earl of Oxford, the Poet.

To render only th' ends of his shrill verse.
Besides, my bounds are short, and I must merely
My will to honour your rare parts reherse
With more time, singing your renown more clearly.
Mean time, take Homer, for my wants' supply:
To whom adjoin'd, your name shall never die.

## XI.

### *To the happy Star, discovered in our Sydneian Asterism, comfort of learning, sphere of all the Virtues, the Lady Wrothe.**

When all our other stars set in their skies,
To Virtue, and all honour of her kind,
That you, rare lady, should so clearly rise,
Makes all the virtuous glorify your mind.
And let true reason and religion try,
If it be fancy, not judicial right,
In you t' oppose the time's apostacy,
To take the soul's part, and her saving light,
While others blind and bury both in sense,
When 'tis the only end for which all live.
And could those souls, in whom it dies, dispense
As much with their religion, they would give
That as small grace. Then shun their course, fair Star,
And still keep your way pure and circular.

## XII.

### *To the right noble Patroness and Grace of Virtue, the Countess of Bedford.†*

To you, fair Patroness, and Muse to Learning,
The fount of Learning and the Muses, sends

* Niece to Sir Philip Sydney.
† Lucy Harington.

This cordial for your Virtues, and forewarning
To leave no good, for th' ill the world commends.
Custom seduceth but the vulgar sort:
With whom when nobleness mixeth, she is vulgar:
The truly noble still repair their Fort,
With gracing good excitements, and gifts rare,
In which the narrow path to happiness
Is only beaten. Vulgar Pleasure sets
Nets for herself, in swing of her excess,
And beats herself there dead, ere free she gets.
Since Pleasure then with Pleasure still doth waste,
Still please with Virtue, Madam: that will last.

## XIII.

*To the right valorous and virtuous Lord, the Earl of Southampton.**

In choice of all our country's noblest Spirits,
Born slavisher Barbarism to convince,
I could not but invoke your honour'd merits,
To follow the swift virtue of our Prince.
The cries of Virtue, and her fortress, Learning,
Brake Earth, and to Elysium did descend,
To call up Homer: who therein discerning
That his excitements to their good, had end,
As being a Grecian, puts on English arms,
And to the hardy natures in these climes.
Strikes up his high and spiritful alarms,
That they may clear earth and those impious crimes,
Whose conquest, though most faintly all apply,
You know, learn'd Earl, all live for, and should die.

* The Patron of Shakespeare.

## XIV.

*To my exceeding good Lord, the Earl of Sussex,* with duty always remembered to his honoured Countess.†*

You, that have made, in your great Prince's name,
At his high birth, his holy Christian vows,
May witness now to his eternal fame,
How he performs them thus far: and still grows
Above his birth in virtue; past his years,
In strength of bounty, and great fortitude.
Amongst this train then of our choicest Peers,
That follow him in chace of vices rude,
Summon'd by his great Herald, Homer's voice,
March you, and ever let your family,
In your vows made for such a Prince, rejoice.
Your service to his state shall never die.
And for my true observance let this show,
No means escapes when I may honour you.

## XV.

*To the right noble and heroical, my singular good Lord, the Lord of Walden.‡*

Nor let the vulgar sway Opinion bears,
Rare Lord, that Poesy's favour shews men vain,
Rank you amongst her stern disfavourers:
She all things worthy favour doth maintain.
Virtue in all things else at best she betters;
Honour she heightens, and gives life in death;
She is the ornament and soul of letters;
The world's deceit before her vanisheth.
Simple she is as Doves; like serpents wise;
Sharp, grave, and sacred: nought but things divine,

* Robert Ratcliffe.

† The same, I presume, to whom Robt. Green dedicated his *Philomela*. See *Archaica*.

‡ Son of Thos. Howard, Earl of Suffolk.

And things divining, fit her faculties:
Accepting her as she is genuine,
If she be vain then, all things else are vile:
If virtuous, still be patron of her stile.

XVI.

*To the most truly noble, and virtue-gracing Knight, Sir Thomas Howard.**

The true and nothing-less-than sacred spirit,
That moves your feet so far from the profane,
In scorn of pride, and grace of humblest merit,
Shall fill your name's sphere, never seeing it wane.
It is so rare, in blood so high as yours,
To entertain the humble skill of truth,
And put a virtuous end to all your powers,
That the' other age asks, we give you in youth.
Your youth hath won the mastery of your mind,
As Homer sings of his Antilochus,
The parallel of you in every kind,
Valiant, and mild, and most ingenious.
Go on in virtue, after death, and grow,
And shine like Leda's twins, my Lord, and you.

Ever most humbly and faithfully devoted to you,
and all the rare patrons of divine Homer,
GEO. CHAPMAN."

I believe that critics have entertained different opinions of the merit of these Sonnets. Some have spoken contemptuously of them. To me they appear full of ingenuity; often vigorous in expression; and exalted by a noble strain of sentiment.

* Younger brother to Lord Walden, and afterwards Earl of Berkshire.

Of the persons commemorated, some were undeserving the honour of the Poet's pen. The Editor having, some years ago, published a volume, containing *Memoirs of the Peers of K. James I.* need not here give the history or character of these worthies, once elevated by their merits or their birth.

---

"OTIA SACRA. OPTIMA FIDES.

*Deus nobis hæc Otia fecit.* VIRG.

*London, printed by Richard Cotes,* 1648."

4to. pp. 174.

THE above title is placed on the top, centre, and margin, of an engraved frontispiece by W. M. [Wm. Marshall] on which is raised a column to FAITH, whose top or capital extends above the clouds. This has the following explanatory verses printed opposite.

*Columna Fidei.*

Our senses are bewitch'd, and seem to grow
So to the creature, and on things below,
That all our busied fancy can devise,
Serves more to sink them than to make them rise.
For out of sight and minde, at once agree
To blindfold Nature from Eternitie,
And leave her groveling for to grasp her way
Here, in this transitory bed of clay,
Till Faith steps in; and, in the stead of wings,
Unto Belief a lofty pillar brings,

Whereby we should be raised up; and thus
Ascend to Him, descended once for us,"

Such are the preliminaries to a rare and unpublished volume of sacred poesy, by Mildmay Fane, Earl of Westmoreland, of which Lord Orford announces a copy to be preserved in the library of Emanuel College, Cambridge. Some account of the noble author may be seen in Mr. Park's edition of Lord Orford's catalogue.* His book is embellished with three plates by the neat burin of Marshall, and several symbolical representations of different fanciful figures: a species of wit ridiculed by Dryden, when he directed the attention of Shadwell to the studious cultivation of it, in his satire of Mac Flecknoe, in these lines:

Leave writing plays, and choose for thy command
Some peaceful province in acrostic land;
There thou mayst *wings* display, and *altars* raise,
And torture one poor word ten thousand ways.

That Lord Westmoreland should have condescended to adopt this enigmatic mode from some of the minor poets of his day is to be regretted; as his mind was superior to common minds, and many of his sentiments are worthy of a patrician spirit. Witness the following:

*Virtus vera Nobilitas.*

What doth he get, who ere prefers
The scutchions of his ancesters?
This chimney-piece of gold or brass,
That coat of arms blazon'd in glass:

* Vol. iii. p. 75.

When those with time and age have end,
Thy prowess must thyself commend.
The smooty shadows of some one
Or others trophies, carv'd in stone;
Defac'd, are things to whet, not try,
Thine own heroicism by.
For cast how much thy merit's score
Falls short of those went thee before;
By so much art thou in arrear,
And stain'st gentility, I fear.
True Nobleness doth those alone engage,
Who can add Vertues to their parentage!

The following are portions of a very pleasing poem to a friend: and exhibit lucid proof that his Lordship drew the highest of human enjoyments from its genuine source.

*My happy Life.*

Dearest in friendship! if you'll know
Where I myself and how bestow,
Especially when as I range,
Guided by nature, to love change;
Believe it is not to advance,
Or add to my inheritance;
Seeking t' engross by power amiss,
What any other man calls his:
But full contented with my owne,
I let all other things alone;
Which better to enjoy 'thout strife,
I settle to a country life:
And in a sweet retirement there,
Cherish all hopes, but banish fear;
Offending none: so, for defence,
Arm'd cap a pee with innocence,

I do dispose of my time thus,
To make it more propitious.
  First, my God serv'd, I doe commend
The rest to some choice book, or friend,
Wherein I may such treasure finde
T' enrich my nobler part, the minde:
And, that my body health comprise,
Use too some moderate exercise.
Whether invited to the field,
To see what pastime that can yield,
With horse, or hound, or hawk, or't be
More taken with a well-grown tree,
Under whose shades I may reherse
The holy layes of sacred verse;
Whilst in the branches pearched higher,
The wing'd crew sit, as in a quier.
This seems to me a better noise
Than organs, or the dear-bought voice
From pleader's breath, in court and hall,
At any time is stockt withall.
For here one may, if marking well,
Observe the plaintive Philomel
Bemoan her sorrows; and the Thrush
Plead safety through defendant bush.
And lest authority take cold,
Here's th' ivye's guest of wonder, th' owl,
Rufft like a judge, and with a beak,
As it would give the charge, and speak.
Nor doe I bird of prey inlist,
But what I carry on my fist.
  These calm delights, help'd with the air
Fann'd from the branches of the fair
Old beech or oak, enchantments tie
To every sense's facultie:

And masters all those powers, should give
The will any prerogative:
Yet, when the scorching noon-daye's heat
Incommodates the lowing neat,
Or bleating flock, hither each one
Hastes to be my companion.
Thus ravish'd, as the night draws on
Its sable curtain, in I'm gone
To my poor cell; which, 'cause 'tis mine,
I judge it doth all else outshine,
Hung with content, and weather-proof,
Though neither pavement nor roof
Borrow from marble-quarr below,
Or from those hills where cedars grow.

Of his Lordship's religious poems the following may afford a specimen:

*Contemplatio Diurna.*

When we behold the morning dew
Dissolve i' th' rising sun: what would it shew?
But that a Sun to us did rise
Our fathers' hoary sin to atomise:
And when the flowers display'd appear,
To entertain the mounting chariotteer;
What would they speak, in that fair dress,
But man's Redemption out of wretchedness?
For the shade-short'ning noon can tell
The proud, and such as with ambition swell:
That whilst upon opinion's wing
They seek to soar, they work their lessening.
And the prognostick western set,
May our conditions rightly counterfeit:
For if we rise, shine and set clear,
The day-star from on high's our Comforter:

If sin becloud us as we fall,
Our next dayes rise will prove our funerall.

*Et quid lachrymabilius.*

The following is epigrammatically marked.

*To Man.*

Hard hearted man! what canst thou say,
That thou thyself hast turn'd to brick thy clay;
But that thy hopes are built upon
His promise, once set fountains out of stone:
Wherefore, to sacrifice to God's desire,
Man's heart must be the altar, sighs the fire.

At p. 125. a SECOND PART of the Poems commences, opposite to a cut by Marshall, which seems to represent the biforked hill of Parnassus, with a stream issuing therefrom, and meandering through tiers of woods: this motto is placed beneath,

——— tutus in umbra
Silvestrem tenui Musam meditatus avena. VIRG.

Then succeeds an address upon this part of his book, and title-page of the former.

*Famulentur prioribus.*

Thy *First Part* bears a stamp divine,
And so may pass for current coin;
Though Momus cark, and Zoilus bark,
Thou art preserv'd as in an Ark:
For what one doth by Faith apply,
No flood of envie can destroy.
Yet how to help thee at a lift,
That must be now my *Second* drift:

For seeing thou wilt not alone
Come forth, but be attended on;
It's fit thy servant still should be
Adorn'd with modest loyaltie:
Such as the hills and groves and brooks
Afford the fancy, 'stead of books,
And help contentedness to wade,
Though not to swim, under a shade
Of such security, may give,
'Gainst heat and cold prerogative,
Defence; where no time's rayes or thunder
Shall blast or scorch those so lie under.
But who themselves in peace can thus read o'er,
Need but be thankful, and ne'er wish for more.

From this Second Part, which is of a more mixed character than the former, two of the foregoing poems are extracted. I add a few more: since each will be found to have its merit, by those who have hearts.

*Occasioned by seeing a Walk of Bay-trees.*

No thunder blasts Jove's plant, nor can
Misfortune warp an honest man.
Shaken he may be, by some one
Or other gust, unleav'd by none.
Though tribulation's sharp and keen,
His resolutions keep green:
And whilst integrity's his wall,
His year's all Spring, and hath no Fall.

*To N. B. an Angler.*

Thou, that dost cast into the silver brook
Thy worm-fed hook,
The greedier fishes so to cheat,
Seeking for meaty

Remember that Time's wheel will bring
Thy deeds to censuring:
And then, as thou, through wile,
Those creatures didst beguile;
So caught thou'lt be, for thy deceit,
And made the food for thine own bait.

Let this suffice to cause thee steer aright,
Both day and night;
That skilfully avoyding this,
That shelf thou miss.
For 'tis not all, for to repent
Thy youthfull dayes mispent;
But care must now be had,
The future be not bad:
And as thine audit waxeth near,
So thy accounts make perfecter.

## *To the Same: for his Company.*

Friend! can I be at home, and you the same,
Yet neither meet?
The curteous flame the flame,
And streams each other greet;
Although it seem from either pole they came,
Or farther stretch'd,
Meridian fetch'd.
Surely it is but some malignant star,
That would debar
This influence, for fear
We should more bright appear:
Souls in conjunction frame the perfect'st sphere;
So I to you must move, or you move here.

¶

## SONNET BY MICHAEL DRAYTON.

THE following Sonnet by DRAYTON (uncollected by his Editors) is prefixed to "The tragicall Death of Sophonisba, by *David Murray*, Scoto-Brittaine," 1611: a poem in seven-line stanzas, somewhat on the model of those published by Baldwin, in the "Mirror for Magistrates." It is inscribed to Henry Prince of Wales, in two Sonnets, by the author. Two Sonnets also are addressed to his cousin, Mr. *John Murray*, himself a writer of Sonnets, as appears from a MS. in the College Library, Edinburgh; and from a quatorzain "to his loving cousin, David Murray," which precedes Drayton's.

"*To my kinde friend, Da. Murray.*

In new attire, and put most neatly on,
Thou, *Murray*, mak'st thy passionate Queene appeare,
As when she sat on the Numidian throne,
Deck't with those gems that most refulgent were.
So thy strong Muse her, maker like, repaires,
That from the ruins of her wasted urne,
Into a body of delicious ayres
Againe her spirit doth transmigrated turne.
That scortching soile which thy great subject bore,
Bred those that coldly but express'd her merit;
But breathing now upon our colder shore,
Here shee hath found a noble fiery spirit:
Both there and here, so fortunate for Fame,
That what she was, she's every where the same.

M. DRAYTON."

¶

"*A Hyve Full ✦ of Hunnye. ✦ Contayning the Firste ✦ Booke of Moses, called ✦ Genesis. ✦ Turned into English ✦ Meetre, by William Hunnis, one ✦ of the Gent. of her Maiesties Chappell, ✦ and Maister to the Children ✦ of the same. ✦ Seene and allowed, according to the ✦ order appointed. ✦ Imprinted ✦ at London in Fleetstreete, neere vnto ✦ Sainct Dunstane's Church, by ✦ Thomas Marsh, ✦* 1578. ✦ *Cum privilegio.*"

4to. fol. 132.*

At the back of the title the Bear and Ragged Staff encircled by the Garter.

Dedicatory Acrostic to Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester.

Dedicatory Acrostic of the Author's own name, "To the Friendly Reader."

The Author's arms, viz. *Within a border, a chevron ermine between three bee hives.* Crest. *A Saracen's head, pierced through the cheeks with a Spear.* Under it, eight verses.

Then "*Thomas Newton* in commendation of this his friend's Travayle."

Then "The Argument of this Book," beginning:

"Thus much in sum the present work
Of Moyses doth declare,
That God, the world, and frame of things
Which therein formed are,

* See Brit. Bibliog. ii. 647.

Of nothing did create, and make:
And how he placed man
This tabernacle to behold,
And wondrous works to scan:
Who viewing these his gracious gifts,
Should praise his holy name,
And magnify him day and night,
Entirely for the same.
But man forgetting quite himself,
And God, that rules on high,
Committed sin, displeased God,
And stumbled wittingly.
Who thro' his disobedience
Enthrall'd himself in woe,
And fell from God, from whom to him
So many gifts did flow.
This notwithstanding, God our Lord
For his great goodness' sake,
Did him to life restore again,
And unto mercy take.
And him confirmed in the same
By Christ the promis'd seed;
By whom he Satan vanquish should,
Death, Hell, and doleful dread."

---

" *Seuen Sobs of a Sor- ⊛ rowfull Soule for ⊛ Sinne: ⊛ Comprehending ⊛ those seuen Psalmes of the ⊛ Princelie Prophet David, ⊛ commonlie called Pœnitenti- ⊛ all; ⊛ framed into a forme of famili- ⊛ ar praiers, and reduced into meeter ⊛ by William Hunnis, one of ⊛ the Gentlemen of hir Maiesties ⊛ honourable Chapell, and ⊛ maister to the children ⊛ of the same. ⊛ Whereunto are also annexed ⊛ his handfull of*

*Honisuckles; ⊛ The Poore Widowe's Mite; a Dia- ⊛ log betweene Christ and a sin- ⊛ ner; divers god- lie and pithie ditties, ⊛ with a Christian confession of ⊛ and to the Trinitie; new- ⊛ lie printed and ⊛ augmen- ⊛ ted.* ⊛ 1585."

Small 12mo. pp. 84—92.

Colophon—" 1585. *At London, printed in the now dwelling house of Henrie Denham, in Aldersgate-Street, at the signe of the starre.*

*Cum privilegio Regiæ Maiestatis ad imprimendum solum.**

The *Seven Sobs* end at p. 85. Then a new title within a border of "*A Handfull of Honisuckles,*" &c. "*Newlie printed by Henrie Denham,* 1585." This also commences a new paging.

At p. 27, a third title, viz. "*The Poore Widowe's Mite,*" *&c.*

At p. 49, a fourth title, viz. "*Comfortable Dialogs,*" &c.

At p. 67 begin *Prayers* in prose.

The whole ends at p. 92.

The *Seven Sobs* are dedicated to Frances Countess of Sussex; and *The Widow's Mite* to the Queen.

The following stanzas are extracted at hazard as a specimen of the *Seven Sobs.*

" Thou God, that God art of my health,
Deliver me, I pray,

* See an account of an Edition in 1615, in Brit. Bib. II. 90.

From sin that I committed have
  Against thee day by day.
A multitude of sins there be,
  From flesh and blood that grow,
Which I from my concupiscence
  Have daily done, I know.
And this corruption is in me
  By nature, as I find;
For what is he can make that clean,
  That is unclean by kind?
How can a man of woman born
  Be clean? I fain would know;
The child that is but one day old,
  Is yet unclean also.
Thus flesh and blood such works bring forth,
  As ay corrupted be;
And therefore cannot heaven enjoy;
  Ne dwell and reign with thee.
And from these bloods deliver me,
  And all my sins deface,
Then, Lord, shall I be purgid clean
  From all my wickedness:
Which grant, good Lord; so shall my tongue
  Exalt thy righteousness:
In that thou mercy shew'st to me,
  Being a wicked man,
Giving me grace pensive to be,
  My grievous sins to scan.
Making me just, that am unjust,
  Wherein thou God art found,
In mercy, truth, and righteousness,
  Most perfect, sure, and sound."

&c.

From *The Handfull of Honisuckles.*

" O Jesu, oft it grieveth me,
And troubleth sore my mind,
That I so weak and frail am found,
To wander with the blind.

O Jesu dear, thou lasting light,
Whose brightness doth excell,
The clearness of thy beams send down,
Within my heart to dwell.

O Jesu, quicken thou my soul,
That it may cleave to thee;
And for thy painful passion sake,
Have mercy now on me.
Amen.'

ANOTHER.

*" A meditation when ye go to bed.*

" O Lord my God, I wander'd have,
As one that runs astray,
And have in thought, in word, and deed,
In idleness, and play,

Offended sore thy Majesty,
In heaping sin to sin;
And yet thy mercy hath me spar'd,
So gracious hast thou been.

O Lord, my faults I now confess,
And sorry am therefore;
But not so much as fain I would;
O Lord, what wilt thou more?

It is thy grace must bring that spirit,
For which I humbly pray;
And that this night thou me defend,
As thou hast done this day.

And grant, when these mine eyes and tongue
Shall fail thro' nature's might,
That then the powers of my poor soul
May praise thee day and night. Amen.

The *Widow's Mite* is exactly in the same stile and form, and consists of meditations, and a paraphrase of the Lord's Prayer.

### A Specimen.

#### "*The* 3 *Meditation.*

"Before thy face, and in thy sight
Have I, devoid of shame,
O Lord, transgressed willingly;
I do confess the same:
Yet was I loth that men should know,
Or understand my fall:
Thus feard I man much more than thee,
Thou righteous Judge of all.
So blind was I and ignorant,
Yea rather wilful blind,
That suck'd the comb, and knew the bee
Had left the sting behind.
My sins, O God, to thee art known;
There is no secret place,
Where I may hide myself or them,
From presence of thy face.
Where shall I then myself bestow?
Or who shall me defend?

None is so loving as my God;
Thy mercies have no end.
Indeed I grant, and do confess
My sins so heinous be,
As mercy none at all deserves:
But yet thy property
Is always to be merciful
To sinners in distress;
Whereby thou wilt declare and shew
Thy great almightiness.
Have mercy, Lord, on me therefore,
For thy great mercy's sake;
Which cam'st not righteous men to call,
But sinners' part to take."

---

SONNET by MICHAEL DRAYTON, before *The Holy Roode* or *Christ's Crosse* of JOHN DAVIES of Hereford, 1609.*

Such men as hold intelligence with Letters,
And in that nice and narrow way of verse
As oft they lend, so oft they must be debtors,
If with the Muses they will have commerce.
Seldom at stalls me this way men rehearse
To mine inferiors, nor unto my betters:
He stales his lines, that so doth them disperse:
I am so free I love not golden fetters;
And many lines 'fore writers be but setters
To them which cheat with papers; which doth pierce
Or credits: when we shew ourselves abetters
To those that wrong our knowledge: we rehearse
Often, my good John, and I love, thy letters;
Which lend me credit, as I lend my verse.

* London, printed by John Windet, for Nathaniel Butter, 1609.

" *Hero and ✠ Leander: ✠ Begunne by Christopher Marloe, ✠ and finished by George Chapman. ✠*

*Ut Nectar, ingenium.*

*At London, ✠ imprinted for John Flasket, and are to be ✠ sold in Paule's Church-yard, at the signe ✠ of the blacke Beare, ✠* 1606.

4to. sig. M 4.

THE two first Sestyads were translated by Marlow; the rest by Chapman.

It is dedicated to Sir Thomas Walsingham, Knight, in these words:

" Sir, we think not ourselves discharged of the duty we owe to our friend, when we have brought the breathless body to the earth: for albeit the eye there taketh his ever-farewell of that beloved object, yet the impression of the man, that hath been dear unto us, living an after life in our memory, there putteth us ~~in~~ mind of further obsequies due unto the deceased. And namely of the performance of whatsoever we may judge shall make to his living credit, and to the affecting of his determinations prevented by the stroke of death. By these meditations, as by an intellectual will, I suppose myself executor to the unhappy deceased author of this poem, upon whom knowing that in his life time you bestowed many kind favours, entertaining the parts of reckoning and worth which you found in him, with good countenance, and liberal affection: I cannot but see so far into the will of him dead, that whatsoever issue of his brain should chance to come abroad, that the first breath it should take might be the gentle air of your liking: for since

his self had been accustomed thereunto, it would prove more agreeable and thriving to his right children, then any other foster countenance whatsoever. At this time seeing that this unfinished Tragedy happens under my hands to be imprinted; of a double duty, the one to yourself, the other to the deceased, I present the same to your most favourable allowance, to be ready at your worship's disposing.

E. B."

The following is the commencement of this translation:

"HERO AND LEANDER.

*The Argument of the First Sestyad.*

*Hero's description, and her loves,*
*The Fane of Venus; where he moves*
*His worthy love-suit, and attains;*
*Whose bliss the wrath of Fates restrains,*
*For Cupid's grace to Mercury,*
*Which tale the author doth imply.*

On Hellespont guilty of true love's blood,
In view and opposite two cities stood,
Sea-borders, disjoined by Neptune's might:
The one Abydos, th' other Sestos hight.
At Sestos HERO dwelt; HERO the fair,
Whom young Apollo courted for her hair;
And offer'd as a dower his burning throne,
Where she should sit for men to gaze upon.
The outside of her garments were of lawn;
The lining, purple silk, with gilt stars drawn,
Her wide sleeves green, and border'd with a grove,
Where Venus in her naked glory strove

To please the careless and disdainful eyes
Of proud Adonis, that before her lies;
Her kirtle blue, whereon was many a stain,
Made with the blood of wretched lovers slain.
Upon her head she wore a myrtle wreath,
From whence her veil reach'd to the ground beneath.
Her veil was artificial flowers and leaves,
Whose workmanship both man and beast deceives.
Many would praise the sweet smell as she past,
When 'twas the odour which her breath forth cast.
And these for honey bees have sought in vain,
And beat from thence, have lighted there again.
About her neck hung chains of pebble stone,
Which lightned by her neck like diamonds shone.
She ware no gloves; for neither sun nor wind
Would burn or parch her hands but to her mind;
Or warm or cool them, for they took delight
To play upon those hands, they were so white.
Buskets of shells, all silver'd, used she;
And branch'd with blushing coral to the knee;
Where sparrows perch'd, of hollow pearl and gold,
Such as the world would wonder to behold:
Those with sweet water oft her handmaid fills,
Which, as she went, would chirrup thro' the bills.
Some say, for her the fairest Cupid pin'd,
And looking in her face was stricken blind.
But this is true; so like was one the other,
As he imagin'd HERO was his mother:
And oftentimes into her bosom flew;
About her naked neck his bare arms threw;
And laid his childish head upon her breast,
And with still panting rock there took his rest.
So lovely fair was HERO, Venus' nun,
As nature wept, thinking she was undone,

Because she took more from her than she left;
And of such wondrous beauty her bereft:
Therefore in sign her treasure suffer'd wreck,
Since Hero's time hath half the world been black.
Amorous LEANDER, beautiful and young,
(Whose tragedy divine Musæus sung)
Dwelt at Abydos, since him dwelt there none,
For whom succeeding times may greater moan.
His daughter's tresses, that were never shorn,
Had they been cut, and unto Colchos borne,
Would have allur'd the ventrous youth of Greece,
To hazard more than for the golden fleece.
Fair Cynthia wish'd his arms might be her sphere;
Grief makes her pale, because she moves not there.
His body was as strait as Circe's wand;
Jove might have sipp'd out nectar from his hand.
Even as delicious meat is to the taste,
So was his neck in touching, and surpast
The white of Pelops' shoulder; I could tell ye,
How smooth his breast was, and how white his belly;
And whose immortal fingers did imprint
That heavenly path with many a curious dint,
That runs along his back; but my rude pen
Can hardly blazon forth the loves of men;
Much less of powerful Gods: let it suffice,
That my slack Muse sings of Leander's eyes.
Those orient cheeks and lips exceeding his,
That leap'd into the water for a kiss
Of his own shadow, and despising many,
Died ere he could enjoy the love of any.
Had wild Hippolitus Leander seen,
Enamour'd of his beauty had he been;
His presence made the rudest peasant melt,
That in the vast uplandish country dwelt;

The barbarous Thracian soldier mov'd with nought,
Was mov'd with him, and for his favour sought.
Some swore he was a maid in man's attire,
For in his looks were all that men desire;
A pleasant smiling cheek, a speaking eye,
A brow for love to banquet royally;
And such as knew he was a man, would say,
"Leander, thou art made for amorous play:
Why art thou not in love? and lov'd of all?
Though thou be fair, yet be not thine own thrall."
The men of wealthy Sestos every year,
For his sake whom their Goddess held so dear,
Rose-cheek'd Adonis, kept a solemn feast;
Thither resorted many a wander'd guest,
To meet their loves: such as had none at all,
Came lovers home from this great festival.
For every street like to a firmament,
Glister'd with breathing stars, who where they went,
Frighted the melancholy earth, which deem'd
Eternal heaven to burn, for so it seem'd,
As if another Phaeton had got
The guidance of the sun's rich chariot.
But far above the loveliest, Hero shin'd,
And stole away the enchanted gazer's mind;
For, like Sea Nymphs, inveigling harmony,
So was her beauty to the standers by.
Not that night-wandring, pale, and watry star,
When yawning dragons draw her whirling car,
From Latmos' mount up to the gloomy sky,
Where crown'd with blazing light and majesty,
She proudly sits, more over-rules the flood,
Than she the hearts of those that near her stood.
E'en as when gaudy nymphs pursue the chase,
Wretched Ixion's shaggy-footed race,

Incenst with savage heat, gallop amain,
From steep pine-bearing mountains to the plain;
So ran the people forth to gaze upon her,
And all that view'd her were enamour'd on her.
And as in fury of a dreadful fight,
Their fellows being slain, or put to flight,
Poor soldiers stand with fear of death dead strucken,
So at her presence all surpris'd and tooken,
Await the sentence of her scornful eyes:
He whom she favours, lives; the other dies.
There might you see one sigh; another rage;
And some, their violent passions to assuage,
Compile sharp satires; but, alas, too late:
For faithful love will never turn to hate.
And many seeing great Princes were denied,
Pin'd as they went, and thinking on her died.
On this feast-day, O cursed day and hour,
Went Hero thorough Sestos, from her tower
To Venus' temple, where unhappily,
As after chanc'd, they did each other spy.
So fair a church as this had Venus none;
The walls were of discolour'd jasper stone,
Wherein was Proteus carv'd; and over head
A lively vine of green sea-aggat spread,
Where by one hand light-headed Bacchus hung,
And with the other wine from grapes outwrung.
Of christal shining fair the pavement was;
The town of Sestos call'd it Venus' glass:
There might you see the Gods in sundry shapes,
Committing heady riots, incests, rapes:
For know, that underneath this radiant flowre
Was Danae's statue in a brazen tower:
Jove slyly stealing from his sister's bed,
To dally with Idalian Ganymede:

And for his love Europa bellowing lowd,
And tumbling with the rainbow in a cloud.
Blood-quaffing Mars, heaving the iron net,
Which limping Vulcan and his Cyclops set:
Love kindling fire, to burn such towns as Troy;
Sylvanus weeping for the lovely boy,
That now is turn'd into a cypress tree,
Under whose shade the Wood-Gods love to be.
And in the midst a silver altar stood;
There, Hero sacrificing turtles' blood,
Vail'd to the ground, veiling her eyelids close;
And modestly they open'd as she rose:
Thence flew Love's arrow with the golden head;
And thus Leander was enamoured.
Stone still he stood, and evermore he gaz'd,
Till with the fire, that from his countenance blaz'd,
Relenting Hero's gentle heart was struck:
*Such force and virtue hath an amorous look.*
It lies not in our power to love or hate,
For will in us is over-rul'd by fate.
When two are stript long ere the course begin,
We wish that one should lose, the other win.
And one especially do we affect
Of two gold ingots, like in each respect:
The reason no man knows; let it suffice,
What we behold is censur'd by our eyes.
Where both deliberate the love is slight:
Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?
He kneel'd; but unto her devoutly pray'd:
Chaste Hero to herself thus softly said:
"Were I the saint he worships, I would hear him:"
And as she spake those words, came somewhat near him.
He started up; she blush'd as one asham'd;
Wherewith Leander much more was inflam'd.

He touch'd her hand; in touching it she trembled;
*Love deeply grounded, hardly is dissembled.*
These lovers parled by the touch of hands;
True love is mute; and oft amazed stands.
Thus while dumb signs their yielding hearts entangled,
The air with sparks of living fire was spangled;
And night deep-drench'd in misty Acheron,
Heav'd up her head, and half the world upon,
Breath'd darkness forth; (dark night is Cupid's day)
And now begins Leander to display
Love's holy fire, with words, with sighs, and tears,
Which like sweet music enter'd Hero's ears:
And yet at every word she turn'd aside,
And always cut him off, as he replied.
At last, like to a bold, sharp sophister,
With cheerful hope thus he accosted her:
"Fair Creature, let me speak without offence:
I would my rude words had the influence
To lead thy thoughts as thy fair looks do mine;
Then shouldst thou be his prisoner, who is thine.
Be not unkind and fair; mishapen stuff
Are of behaviour boisterous and rough.
O shun me not; but hear me ere you go:
God knows, I cannot force love, as you do.
My words shall be as spotless as my youth,
Full of simplicity and naked truth.
This sacrifice, whose sweet perfume descending,
From Venus' altar to your footsteps bending,
Doth testify that you exceed her far,
To whom you offer, and whose nun you are.
Why should you worship her? Her you surpass,
As much as sparkling diamonds flaring glass.
A diamond set in lead his worth retains;
A heavenly nymph, belov'd of human swains,

Receives no blemish; but oftimes more grace;
Which makes me hope, although I am but base,
Base in respect of thee, divine and pure,
Dutiful service may thy love procure;
And I in duty will excell all other,
As thou in beauty dost exceed Love's mother.
Nor heaven, nor thou, were made to gaze upon;
As heaven preserves all things, so save thou one.
A stately builded ship, well-rigg'd and tall,
The ocean maketh more majestical.
Why vow'st thou then to live in Sestos here,
Who on Love's seas more glorious wouldst appear?
Like untun'd golden strings all women are,
Which long time lie untouch'd, will quickly jar.
Vessels of brass, oft handled, brightly shine;
What difference betwixt the richest mine,
And basest mould but use? For both, not us'd,
Are of like worth. Then treasure is abus'd,
When misers keep it; being put to loan,
In time it will return us two for one.
Rich robes themselves and others do adorn;
Neither themselves nor others, if not worn.
Who builds a palace, and rams up the gate,
Shall see it ruinous and desolate:
Ah, simple Hero, learn thyself to cherish,
Lone women like to empty houses perish.
Less since the poor rich man, that starves himself,
In heaping u a mass of drossy pelf,
Than such as you: his golden earth remains,
Which after his decease some other gains.
But this fair gem, sweet in the loss alone,
When you fleet hence, can be bequeath'd to none;
Or if it could, down from the enamel'd sky,
All heaven would come to claim this legacy;

And with intestine broils the world destroy,
And quite confound nature's sweet harmony.
Well therefore by the Gods decreed it is,
We human creatures should enjoy that bliss.
One is no number; maids are nothing then,
Without the sweet society of men.
Wilt thou live single still? one shalt thou be,
Though never singling Hymen couple thee,
Wild savages, that drink of running springs,
Think water far excells all earthly things:
But they, that daily taste neat wines, despise it.
Virginity, albeit some highly prize it,
Compar'd with marriage, had you tried them both,
Differs as much as wine and water doth.
Base bullion for the stamp's sake we allow;
E'en so for men's impression do we you.
By which alone our reverend fathers say,
Women receive perfection every way.
This idol, which you term virginity,
Is neither essence subject to the eye:
No, nor to any one exterior sense,
Nor hath it any place of residence;
Nor is't of earth or mould celestial,
Or capable of any form at all.
Of that which hath no being, do not boast;
Things that are not at all, are never lost.
Men foolishly do call it virtuous,
What virtue is it, that is born with us?
Much less can honour be ascrib'd thereto:
Honour is purchas'd by the deeds we do.
Believe me, Hero, honour is not won,
Until some honourable deed be done.
Seek you for chastity immortal fame;
And know that some have robb'd Diana's name;

Whose name is it, if she be false or not,
So she be fair, but some vile tongues will blot?
But you are fair, ah me, so wondrous fair,
So young, so gentle, and so debonair,
As Greece will think, if thus you live alone,
Some one or other keeps you as his own.
Then, Hero, hate me not, nor from me fly,
To follow swiftly blasting infamy.
Perhaps thy sacred priesthood makes thee loth:
Tell me, to whom mad'st thou that heedless oath?"
"To Venus," answer'd she; and as she spake,
Forth from those two translucent cisterns brake
A stream of liquid pearl, which down her face
Made milk-white paths, whereon the Gods might trace
To Jove's high court. He thus replied: "The rites
In which Love's beauteous Empress most delights,
Are banquets, Doric music, midnight revel,
Plays, masks, and all that stern age counteth evil.
Thee as a holy ideot doth she scorn;
For thou, in vowing chastity, hast sworn
To rob her name and honour, and thereby
Commit'st a sin far worse than perjury.
E'en sacrilege against her deity,
Thro' regular and formal purity.
To expiate which sin, kiss, and shake hands:
Such sacrifice as this Venus demands."
Thereat she smil'd, and did deny him so,
As but thereby, yet might he hope for mo.
Which makes him quickly re-inforce his speech,
And her in humble manner thus beseech:
"Though neither Gods nor men may thee deserve,
Yet for her sake, whom you have vow'd to serve,
Abandon fruitless cold virginity,
The gentle Queen of Love's sole enemy.

Then shall you most resemble Venus' Nun,
When Venus' sweet rites are perform'd and done.
Flint-breasted Pallas joys in single life;
But Pallas and your mistress are at strife.
Love Hero then, and be not tyrannous;
But heal the heart that thou hast wounded thus;
Nor stain thy youthful years with avarice;
Fair fools delight to be accounted nice.
The richest corn dies, if it be not reap'd;
Beauty alone is lost, too warily kept."
These arguments he us'd, and many more;
Wherewith she yielded, that was won before.
Hero's looks yielded, but her words made war;
Women are won when they begin to jar.
Thus having swallow'd Cupid's golden hook,
The more she striv'd, the deeper was she struck.
Yet idly feigning anger, strove she still,
And would be thought to grant against her will.
So having paus'd awhile, at last she said,
"Who taught thee rhetorick to deceive a maid?
Ah me! such words as these should I abhor?
And yet I like them for the orator."
With that Leander stoop'd, to have imbrac'd her,
But from his spreading arms away she cast her,
And thus bespake him: "Gentle youth, forbear
To touch the sacred garments which I wear."
"Upon a rock, and underneath a hill,
Far from the town, where all is whist and still,
Save that the sea, playing on yellow sand,
Sends forth a ratling murmur to the land,
Whose sound allures the golden Morpheus,
In silence of the night to visit us,
My turret stands, and there God knows, I play
With Venus' swans and sparrows all the day.

A dwarfish beldam bears me company,
That hops about the chamber where I lie,
And spends the night, that might be better spent,
In vain discourse and apish merriment:
Come thither!" As she spake this, her tongue tripp'd;
For unawares, *Come thither*, from her slip'd;
And suddenly her former colour chang'd,
And here and there her eyes thro' anger rang'd;
And like a planet moving several ways
At one self instant, she, poor soul, essays,
Loving, not to love at all, and every part
Strove to resist the motions of her heart:
And hands so pure, so innocent, nay such
As might have made heaven stoop to have a touch,
Did she uphold to Venus, and again
Vow'd spotless chastity, but all in vain:
Cupid beats down her prayers with his wings;
Her vows above the empty air he flings:
All deep enrag'd, his sinewy bow he bent,
And shot a shaft that burning from him went;
Wherewith she strucken, look'd so dolefully,
As made Love sigh to see his tyranny.
And as she wept, her tears to pearl he turn'd,
And wound them on his arm, and for her mourn'd;
Then towards the palace of the Destinies,
Laden with languishment and grief, he flies.
And to those stern nymphs humbly made request,
Both might enjoy each other, and be blest;
But with a ghastly dreadful countenance,
Threatening a thousand deaths at every glance,
They answer'd Love, nor would vouchsafe so much
As one poor word, their hate to him was such.
Hearken, awhile, and I will tell you why:
Heaven's wing'd Herald, Love-born Mercury,

The self-same day that he asleep had laid
Inchanted Argus, spied a country maid,
Whose careless hair, instead of pearl to' adorn it,
Glister'd with dew, as one that seem'd to scorn it:
Her breath, as fragrant as the morning rose;
Her mind pure, and her tongue untaught to glose:
Yet proud she was, for lofty Pride that dwells
In towered courts, is oft in shepherds' cells;
And too too well the fair vermillion knew,
And silver tincture of her cheeks, that drew
The love of every swain: on her this God
Enamour'd was, and with his snaky rod
Did charm her nimble feet, and made her stay,
The while upon the hillock down he lay,
And sweetly on his pipe began to play,
And with smooth speech her fancy to assay,
Till in his twining arms he lock'd her fast,
And then he woo'd with kisses * *
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* * * * : but she
Whose only dower was her chastity,
Having striv'n in vain, was now about to cry,
And crave the help of shepherds that were nigh.
Herewith he stay'd his fury; and began
To give her leave to rise; away she ran:
After went Mercury, who us'd such cunning,
As she, to hear his tale, left off her running.
Maids are not won by brutish force and might,
But speeches full of pleasure and delight;

And knowing Hermes courted her, was glad,
That she such loveliness and beauty had,
As could provoke his liking; yet was mute;
And neither would deny, nor grant his suit.
Still vow'd he love; she wanting no excuse
To feed him with delays, as women use:
Or thirsting after immortality,
All women are ambitious naturally,
Impos'd upon her lover such a task,
As he ought not perform, nor yet she ask.
A draught of flowing nectar she requested,
Wherewith the King of Gods and men is feasted.
He, ready to accomplish what she will'd,
Stole some from Hebe; (Hebe Jove's cup fill'd)
And gave it to his simple rustic love,
Which being known, as what is hid from Jove?
He inly storm'd, and wax'd more furious
Than for the fire filch'd by Prometheus;
And thrusts him down from heaven; he, wandring here,
In mournful terms, with sad and heavy cheer,
Complain'd to Cupid; Cupid, for his sake,
To be reveng'd on Jove did undertake;
And those on whom heaven, earth, and hell relies,
I mean the adamantine Destinies,
He wounds with love, and forc'd them equally
To doat upon deceitful Mercury.
They offer'd him the deadly fatal knife,
That shears the slender thread of human life;
At his fair feather'd feet the engines laid
Which th' earth from ugly Chaos' den upweigh'd:
These he regarded not; but did intreat
That Jove, usurper of his father's seat,
Might presently be banish'd into hell,
And aged Saturn in Olympus dwell,

They granted what he crav'd; and once again
Saturn and Ops begun their golden reign.
Murder, rape, war, and lust, and treachery
Were with Jove clos'd in Stigian empiry.
But long this blessed time continued not;
As soon as he his wished purpose got,
He, reckless of his promise, did despise
The love of the' everlasting Destinies.
They seeing it, both love and him abhorr'd,
And Jupiter unto his place restor'd.
And, but that Learning, in despite of fate,
Will mount aloft, and enter heaven gate,
And to the seat of Jove itself advance,
Hermes had slept in hell with ignorance.
Yet as a punishment they added this,
That he and poverty should always kiss;
And to this day is every scholar poor;
Gross gold from them runs headlong to the Boor.
Likewise the angry Sisters, thus deluded,
To venge themselves on Hermes, have concluded
That Midas' brood shall sit in Honour's chair,
To which the Muses' sons are only heir:
And fruitful wits, that in aspiring are,
Shall discontent run into regions far;
And few great Lords in virtuous deeds shall joy,
But be surpris'd with every garish toy:
And still enrich the lofty servile clown,
Who with incroaching guile keeps learning down.
Then muse not Cupid's suit no better sped,
Seeing in their loves the Fates were injured."

*The end of the First Sestyad.*

As MARLOW's poetical reputation is better known than the productions on which it is founded, I have been induced to give this very long specimen from a most rare volume.

Mr. Malone observes, that if Marlow had lived to finish his *Hero and Leander*, he might perhaps have contested the palm with Shakespeare in his *Venus and Adonis*, and *Rape of Lucrece*.

In truth, there are in the extract now offered to the notice of the public more of the ingredients of the true poetical spirit than are often to be found in imitations. Almost every line abounds in poetical imagery, often elegantly and harmoniously expressed.

Marlow was born about 1566; took the degree of A.M. at Cambridge, in 1583. He was stabbed in the street, and died of the wound in 1593. His Song—"*Come live with me, and be my love,*" is on every one's lips. His character as a dramatic writer may be found in *Biogr. Dram.*

I will give a few lines as a specimen of CHAPMAN'S manner, from the sixth and last Sestyad.

"No longer could the Day nor Destinies
Delay the Night, who now did frowning rise
Into her throne; and at her humorous breasts
Visions and Dreams lay sucking: all men's rests
Fell like the mists of death upon their eyes,
Day's too long darts so kill'd their faculties.
The winds yet, like the flowers, to cease began:
For bright Leucote, Venus' whitest swan,
That held sweet Hero dear, spread her fair wings,
Like to a field of snow, and message brings

From Venus to the Fates, t' intreat them lay
Their charge upon the winds their rage to stay,
That the stern battle of the seas might cease,
And guard Leander to his love in peace.
The Fates consent, ah me! dissembling Fates,
They shew'd their favours to conceal their hates,
And draw Leander on, lest seas too high
Should stay his too obsequious destiny;
Who like a fleeting slavish parasite,
In warping profit on a traiterous sleight,
Hoops round his rotten body with devotes,
And pricks his discant face full of false notes,
Praising with open throat and oaths as foul
As his false heart, the beauty of an owl,
Kissing his skipping hand with charmed skips,
That cannot leave but leaps upon his lips,
Like a cock-sparrow or a shameless quean,
Sharp at a red-lip'd youth, and nought doth mean
Of all his antic shews, but doth repair
More tender fawns, and takes a scatter'd hair
From his tame subject's shoulder, whips and calls
For every thing he lacks; creeps against the walls
With backward humbless, to give needless way:
Thus his false fate did with Leander play."

" *Mid-night and Daily Thoughts. In Prose and Verse. By Sir. William Killigrew. London, printed for Thomas Bennet, at the Half-moon in St. Paul's Church-Yard, MDCXCIV.*"

8vo. pp. 92.

As an Oxford scholar and dramatic writer the name of Sir Thomas Killegrew, with biographical notices, may be found in the pages of Wood and of Baker. These " heavenly inspirations" were composed when the author was near his ninetieth year, a period when imbecility usually overpowers the mental faculties of the brightest genius. The work, although apparently posthumous, had its admirers during the life of the writer, and it forms a singular contrast with the scenes of his earlier life. In some parts it displays the prevailing cant of puritanism, rather than resignation and the meekness of true devotion. Had he flourished in these times, the legitimate descendants of those same puritans, *i.e.* methodists, (or, as modishly styled, dissenters) would have given the life of such a man, in their drivelling journal, to prove, that notwithstanding the great profligacy of his early life, (in compiling plays) he had finally received " a call from the Lord;" and would have extolled his appeals to ignorance as humility and repentance.

What a leaven to delude the unwary, who contemn the Pierian springs they never tasted, might be served up from the life of this man! He was elder brother to Dr. Killigrew and the facetious Thomas Killegrew,

(both dramatic authors) and in 1622 was entered gentleman commoner in St. John's College, Oxford. After making the tour of Europe he became gentleman usher to Charles I. He also obtained a military appointment, and, while attending his royal master at Oxford, was admitted Doctor of Civil Laws. Upon the restoration, his appointment at court continued, and he was created first Vice Chamberlain upon Charles II. marrying Donna Catherina of Portugal. This honourable station he held two and twenty years; and at an advanced period of life he retired from court, and died 1698. After a college education; a courtly career; the writing of four plays, and being reputedly author of a fifth; extolled for his genius by Waller, Stapleton and others: how could the repeated assertions of his own ignorance be found in the present tract, unless sectarian phrenzy deluded his weakened intellects? At page 1. he declares his own relations "such critics in devotion, eloquence, and wit, that his mean talent doth beget contempt," and that he "wanted skill to search learned authors." At p. 6. he goes further, and says, "Though some great clerks do not allow illiterate men to write devotion," yet he "hopes to shew such unlearned people as himself, that the plowman and the cobler may find the way to Heaven without Greek or Latin:" also adding in rhyme:

"If thou a scholar art, thou soon wilt find
That I am none; I pray thee be so kind,
As all grammatick errors to excuse;
I know not Latin, nor the grammar use."

He also speaks of pleasures "largely shared in the

courts of four great kings;"* of humbly begging of his prince such grants as he thought he deserved;† and of the glistring vanities that he had seen and "too largely shared in."‡ The complimentary verses of Richard Newman declare

> "'Tis much, that in your age of eighty-eight,
> Your mind's so full of vigour and of weight."

Those of "Hen. Birkett," calls him Devotion's midwife, and that "without the help of learning his high untaught pen strains our belief."

As further specimens of his poetry we select the following:

*On Valour and Fear.*

"Valour mistaken through the world we see,
When rashness looks like magnanimity;
When senseless drunkards, vap'ring in the street
For want of courage, quarrel all they meet;
When practis'd danger brings the meanest clown
To vie with *Alexander* for renown;
When shame will fear remove, and money hire
The scum of men to face the cannon's fire;
We must some other rules for Valour find,
That grows from vertues of a higher kind.
These men do not know why
They do not fear to die.

Experience shews, the valiant and the wise
May start at the first glimpse of a surprise,

* P. 54.

† From lines inscribed "to my proud, rich censurer," he appears to have fallen into pecuniary difficulties, if not poverty, when he wrote.

‡ P. 92.

And may avoid such squabbles as will stain
Their courage, and no jot of credit gain.
High valour and true vertue brightly shine,
When they're asserted by a cause divine.
When King and country, or thy church wants aid,
'Tis basest cowardice to be afraid;
True courage will endeavour to create
Safety to them, though ruine be their fate.
These are the men know why
They do not fear to die."

## *Some Caveats.*

"When petty pleasures are procur'd with gold,
When youth is gone, and we decrepid old,
There's no more *Gusto* than a tale twice told.

The greatest monarchs, while they flourished,
Were honour'd and ador'd; but being dead,
Were soon forgot, and only pitied.

So that whatever marble tombs pretend,
All their gay glories never can defend
Their pamper'd bodies from the beggar's end.

*Cæsar* and *Alexander* both became
The highest splendor of a glorious name;
And yet in some things both deserved blame.

So that when men have all the world subdu'd,
They may themselves and all their fame delude,
Unless they do in piety conclude.

Those mighty heroes car'd not to be good,
(But brave) because they never understood
The sacred sanction of our Saviour's blood.

But those who saw the miracles he did,
And heard how boldly he their crimes forbid,
Are justly scourg'd, instead of being chid.

What's our due then, who do believe, yet run
The course which that accursed crew begun,
To slight God, and re-crucifie his son?

Which shews men want some Caveats to restrain
The idle fancies of a busie brain,
That frequent losses bring, instead of gain.

These serious thoughts are Caveats to despise
Such crimes, as from our idle hours may rise,
And captivate our senses in disguise.

Till by a power divine we can obtain
Such bright, serener joys, as will sustain
Our souls, and to eternity remain.

For we are born to learn, and to express,
By daily actions, what we do profess
To purchase everlasting happiness."

Of his prose the following account of himself in his retirement may conclude the article:

"*To my Friend, to justifie my Retirement.*

SIR,

I do value your friendship much, and take your advice very friendly, To forsake my solitary life, and to return unto the conversation of my friends; and this with very civil (though with very sharp) reflections on my retirement, in the opinion of the world (as you say;) as if some discontent, or love to a lazie life (rather than devotion) had made me bury

my self alive (which my age might very well excuse at 86 years) if I had no better arguments to justifie my repose this way. But now you shall have my reasons at large, which I did not think fit to declare in that company, at that time. For,

When I considered how many years I had lived in idleness and vanity, and such sins as were in fashion with most men of great estates, with as full a swing as my wild fancy could reach: in which kind of short-liv'd, mistaken felicities, I found no real satisfaction; but still roving from worse to worse, it pleased God to induce me to think of *Heaven*, and how to get thither by a timely repentance, in a retirement from all worldly delights, and all publick concerns; but do not pretend to be an inspir'd Quaker, nor a profess'd Hermit; though I do believe that both those callings may have pious men, that do abhor hypocrisie in devotion as much as I do, who think it to be the next greatest sin to that against the *Holy Ghost*.

Yet I must own that my solitary life is become so delightful, that my bosom-joys are much above all the pleasures that I have formerly known, and largely shared in the courts of four great kings: in which there might be many saints (though I was none.) By which I judge, that those who live (as I then did) in the pomp and splendid crowds of such great assemblies, can seldom have the opportunity to delight in frequent prayers, nor time to relish the deliciousness of such fervent addresses unto Heaven, as my solitary hours afford me: So that such busie men are not often refreshed with those daily comforts, and secret spiritual joys, as flow in souls totally resign'd to God: For when God sees the integrity of such men's hearts, as do value their hopes of Heaven above all earthly fruitions, he gives them a cheerful, hearty devotion, to be their highest felicity in this world, with great assurance of glory in the next.

And whoever will try to live so much alone with God, will find such enlightning comforts to his soul, in frequent, fervent prayers and meditations, as will encrease his joys until he go to

Heaven; and all the way thither, will entertain his heart with celestial delights, so much above the pleasure of this world, that they are ineffable to be described by words, or to be conceived, but by those who feel how much spiritual joys, in a divine conversation with God, does transcend all carnal enjoyments, with as much elevated hopes of a prepossession of Heaven, as men are capable of in this world.

Though I have read in a divine author, That the soul that is upon good grounds, fully assured of its future bliss, is already in Heaven, and has begun to take possession of glory. If this be so, (as I hope it is) our eternal bliss begins and fixes here; which ought to baffle the joys and troubles of this world, and the terrour of death also, with a constant, present felicity to be with God the moment we expire. For I do believe, that God mocks no man with a hope of Heaven that he shall miss of, if he seek it as he ought. I do not say that I do this; but I do averr, That I will not change the happiness I have in my retirement, to be a prince without it. I do own God's mercies to me in every thing, and do serve him the best I can in all things, and do envy no man's talents who can serve him better.

I write not to instruct wise men, but to show some *ideas* of devotion, for such weak brains as mine to work upon.

If these be not good arguments for my retirement, I wish that you may find better in your publick conversation.

Your humble Servant,

W. K.

*January*, 5, 1692."

Eu. H.

" *Essayes Morall and Theologicall. London, printed by Eleazar Edgar, and are to be sold at his shop at the Wind-mill in Paul's Church yard.* 1609."

16mo. pp. 226.

DEDICATED "To the Right Reuerend Father in God, James, by the same grace, Bp. of Bath and Wels, Deane of his Maiestie's Chappelle." Which concludes, "Your Lordship's worth is as apparent as the sunne. It shines in so high a spheare, that all, but such as are maliciously blind, must needes beare witnes of his brightnes. I neede not holde a candle vnto any. Here therefore, in the humblest degree of awful observation, I kiss your reuerend hands, vnfainedly desirous to bee alwaies reputed, as your many extraordinarie fauours haue truely made me, Your Lordship's most intirely deuoted D. T.

There are twelve Essays, and the subjects, learning and knowledge; policy and religion; civil carriage and conversation; alms; respect; gifts; denials; reproofs; injuries; temptations; peace and poverty. The following short extract is from the first essay:

"Vertue delightes not in impostures; neither doth shee care for artificial ornaments; she is blacke, but comely, as the tentes of Kedar, and as the curtaines of Salomon. Her stature requires not the helpe of any accessory raising, nor her garmenttes the glory of any other trimming, then her owne rich inside can afford them. Do but behold her countenance at any time, and

you shall finde the painting that shee vseth, to be nothing else but dust tempered with sweat. Yee shall see, that she is likely alwaies busied in the toilesom shop of action, seldome refreshing her wearinesse in the withdrawing chamber of meditation, vnles it be now and then to make the easier and speedier passage to the other. Shee is full of high-built purposes, and labours not so much how to worde them, as how to work them. Her thoughts are neuer taken vppe with friuolous doubtes and inquisitions. Time cannot passe her hands but vpon great advantage. She troubleth not her selfe to know whether Anacreon were more lasciuious then riotous; whether Sappho were more wanton then witty: or whither Hecuba were elder then the mother of Æneas: She bequeaths the voiding of these controuersies, together with the search of Etymologies, and verbal deriuations to such as Didimus that can stuf whole volumes onely with quoting the diuers lections of depraued manuscripts, or correcting the literal errors of the presse, which long ago might wel haue pleaded prescription for theis passe. They are things the knowledge whereof tormentes neither her nor hers."

Eu. H.

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## Extract from Sir A. Cokayne's *Remedy for Love*, &c.

Speaking of London, he says:

"There thou mayst see the famous monuments
Of our Heroës, fram'd with large expence.
There thou upon the sepulchre mayst look
Of *Chaucer*, our true Ennius, whose old book
Hath taught our nation so to poetize,
That English rhymes now any equalize;

That we no more may envy at the strain
Of Tiber, Tagus, or our neighbour Seine.
There *Spenser's* tomb thou likewise mayst behold,
Which he deserved, were it made of gold.
If, honour'd Colin, thou hadst liv'd so long,
As to have finished thy *Fairy Song*,
Not only mine, but all tongues would confess
Thou hadst exceeded old Mæonides."

Again:

"Beware of *reading* Love; take heed of those,
That either pourtrait him in verse or prose:
For amorous lines will many mischiefs raise,
And make the cinders of affection blaze.
Though the *Arcadia* be a book approv'd,
*Arcadia* must not be by thee belov'd.
The Lady *Wrothe's Urania* is replete
With elegancies, but too full of heat.
*Spenser's* and *Daniel's Sonnets* do not view:
Though they are good, they are not so for you.
From feigned histories refrain thy sight:
Scarce one is there but is an amorous knight.
*Musæus* English'd by two Poets* shun;
It may undo you, though it be well done.
*Harington's Ariosto* do not touch;
For wanton lines scarce any book hath such.
And my old friend *Drayton's Epistles* you,
Being too soft and languishing, eschew."

Speaking of Cambridge and Oxford, he says:

"For *Colin's* sake, who hath so well exprest
The virtues of our *Fairy Elves*, and drest

* Marlow and Chapman. See ante p. 128.

Our poesy in such a gallant guise,
On happy Pembroke Hall employ thine eyes.
Oxford, our other Academy, you
Full worthy must acknowledge of your view.
Here smooth-tongued *Drayton* was inspired by
Mnemosyne's manifold progeny;
And *Sydney*, honour'd by all English men,
In Castaly here dipp'd his numerous pen."

EPIGRAM ON EDMUND SPENSER.

*By the Same.*

"Our *Spenser* was a prodigy of wit,
Who hath *The Fairy Queen* so stately writ.
Yield, Grecian Poets, to his nobler style;
And ancient Rome submit unto our isle.
You, modern wits, of all the fourfold earth,
Whom Princes have made Laureates for your worth,
Give our great Spenser place, who hath outsung
Phœbus himself with all his learned throng."

OF CHAUCER.

*By the Same.*

"Our good old *Chaucer* some despise: and why?
Because they say, he writeth barbarously.
Blame him not, Ignorants, but yourselves that do
Not at these years your native language know."

"*Troia Britanica: or, Great Britaine's Troy. A Poem, devided into* 17 *severall Cantons, intermixed with many pleasant poeticall Tales. Concluding with an Universall Chronicle from the Creation, untill these present Times. Written by Thomas Heywood.*

*Et prodesse volent, et delectare Poetæ.*

*London, printed by W. Jaggard,* 1609."

"*To the Right Honourable Edward Earl of Worcester, Lord of Chepstoll, Lord of Chepstoll, Ragland, and Gower, Knight of the most noble Order of the Garter, Master of the Horse, and one of the King's most honourable Privy Council.*

To you whose favour gave my Muse first breath,
To try in the' air her weak unable wing,
And soar this pitch who else had tasted death
Even in her birth, from the Castalian spring
She dedicates her labours (as they are)
Though, as you see, poor, featherless, and bare.

Your noble hand to her supportance gave,
Even in her penless age about to fall;
Her cradle then had been her infant grave,
Had not your power and grace kept her from thrall:
Then by the Muse, by your high bounty rais'd,
You're by your merit and my duty prais'd.

Her power (though weak) yet to her sickly strength
Is willing your past graces to record,
Though smother'd long, yet she finds time at length
To shew her office to her patron-Lord,
Wishing, for your sake, that upholds her still,
Her worth had correspondence to her will.

Then had her theme, that treats of foreign deeds,
Been only tun'd to your desert and merit,
And you, from whom her nonage Art proceeds,
Should by her pen, Eternity inherit;
But since, great Lord, her best fruits are but words,
Prize what her Heart, not what her Art, affords.

'Tis fit those Lords which we from Troy derive,
Should in the fate of Troy remember'd be,
For since their grandsire virtues now survive,
And with the Spirits of this age agree,
It makes us fill our Cantons with such men,
As living now, equal'd their virtues then.

Homer, long since, a Chronicler divine,
And Virgil have redeem'd old Troy from fire,
Whose memory had with her building lain
In desolate ruin, had not their desire
Snatch'd her fair Title from the burning flame,
Which with the town had else consum'd her name.

Had they surviv'd in these our flourishing days,
Your virtues from the ancient heroes drawn,
In spite of death or black oblivion's rage,
Should live for ever in Fame's glorious fawn,
Rank'd next to Troy our Troy-novant should be,
And next the Trojan Peers, your places free.

Nor let your Honour my weak style despise,
That strives to register your name with theirs;
For could my numbers like blind Homer's rise,
I would create you Fame's eternal heirs:
Accept my strength, (my weakness I betray,)
Had I like art, I would as much as they.

Your honour's ever faithfully devoted
THO. HEYWOOD."

" *To the two-fold Readers, the Courteous and the Critic.*

The favourable and gracious Reader, I salute with a submiss Conge both of heart and knee: To the scornful I owe not so much as an hypocritical entreaty, or a dissembled courtesy. I am not inexperienced in the envy of this age, but that I know I shall encounter most sharp and severe censurers, such as continually carp at other men's labours, and superficially perusing them, with a kind of negligence and scorn, quote them by the way, thus: This is an error; that was too much stretched; this too slightly neglected; here many things might have been added; there it might have been better followed: this superfluous, that ridiculous. These indeed knowing no other means to have themselves opinioned in the rank of understanders, but by calumniating other men's industries. These *Satirists* I meet thus: It were, in my opinion, more honour and honesty for them, to betake themselves seriously to the like studies, and the time they waste in detracting others, rather spend in instructing themselves, and by some more excellent work (moulded out of their own brains) give the foil to others of less fame and consequence: This were a commendable and worthy detraction, savouring of desert; the other a mere rancorous folly, grounded on nothing but malicious ignorance. For who more apt to call *coward* than the most timorous; but he only merits a name among the valiant, that hath actually and personally won his reputation by some deed of fame and honour. But since these *Critics* are a general subject in the front of every book, I am content to neglect them, as those I regard not, and to the friendly and best judging reader thus turn my apology.

I have adventured, (right Courteous) to publish this Poem, and present it to thy general acceptance; If it be gently received, and favourably censured, it may encourage me to proceed in some future labour; if any way distasted, I am so far from troubling the world with more, that I shall hold this little,

much too much. Yet if you understandingly consider this project, you shall find included herein a brief memory or Epitome of Chronicle, even from the first man, unto us this second time created Britons, with a faithful Register, not only of memorable things done in Troy and this Island, but of many and the most famous accidents happening through the world; In whose reign and what year of the world they chanced (with which we have conferred the Histories of the sacred Bible) and the truth of the times so even, that whosoever will deign the perusal of these, shall not only perceive such things were done, but be also satisfied in whose reign (then successively governing in the kingdom of Britain) they happened. In all which I have tasked myself to such succinctness and brevity, that in the indicial perusal of these few Cantons (with the scholies annexed) as little time shall be hazarded as profit from them be any way expected.

Accept then, I entreat you, this mingled subject (as well home-born as foreign) and censure it as favourably as I have offered it freely. Though something may perhaps distaste, something again I presume will please the most curious palate: Let that which pleaseth mitigate the harshness of the other. He that speaks much, may, excusably, speak somewhat idly; and he that in unknown climates travels far, may, by misadventure, wander out of the way: but where the main intent and purpose is honest and good, it is pardonable to expect the best. And in that hope I prostrate these my barren industries to your kindest and gentle constructions.

## Canto I.

" This Universe,* with all therein contain'd,
Was not at first of Water fashioned,†

* The opinions of the old philosophers touching the creation.
† Thales, Milesi, Heraclitus.

Nor of the Fire, as others oft have feign'd,*
Nor of the Air, as some have vainly spread,†
Nor the four Elements in order train'd;‡
Nor of Vacuity and Atoms bred:§
Nor hath it been eternal, as is thought‖
By natural men, that have no further sought.

Neither hath man in perpetuity been,¶
And shall on earth eternally persevere
By endless generation, running in
One circuit; in corruption lasting ever;
Nor did that nation first on earth begin**
Under the mid Equator: some endeavour
So to persuade; that man was first begun
In the place next to the lifegiving sun.

Neither was he of earth and water fram'd,††
Temper'd with lively heat, as others write;‡‡
Nor were we in a former world first nam'd,§§
As in their curious problems some recite:
Others, more ripe in judgment, have proclaim'd‖‖
Man fram'd of clay in fashion exquisite,
In whom were breath'd sparks of celestial fire,
Whence he still keeps his nature, to aspire.

But this most glorious Universe was made¶¶
Of nothing, by the great Creator's will;
The ocean bounded in, not to invade
Or swallow up the land; so resteth still

* Heraclitus. † Hyppasus. ‡ Anaximenes. § Empedocles.
‖ Epicurus. ¶ Metrodorus. ** Diodorus. †† Empedocles.
‡‡ Anaximander. §§ Democritus. ‖‖ Zeno. ¶¶ Moses.

The azure Firmament, to overshade
Both Continent and Waters, which fulfil
The Maker's word, one God doth sole extend
Without beginning and shall see no end.

That powerful Trinity created man,*
Adam, of Earth, in the fair field Damask;
And of his rib he Eva formed then,
Supplying them with all things they can ask;
In these first two, Humanity began,
In whom confin'd Jehovah's six days' task.
From Adam then and Eva's first creation
It follows we derive our British Nation.

Inspire me in this task, Jove's seed I pray,
With Hippocrenes drops besprink my head,
To comfort me upon this tedious way,
And quicken my cold brain nigh dull and dead;
Direct my wand'ring spirits when they stray,
Least foreign and forbidden paths they tread:
My journey's tedious, blame not then my fears,
My voyage aims at many thousand years.

Oh give me leave from the world's first creation,
The ancient names of Britons to derive
From Adam, to the world's first Inundation,
And so from Noah to us that yet survive;
And having of Troy's worthies made relation,
Your spurs the chariot of my Muse must drive
Through all past ages and precedent times,
To fill this new world with my worthless rhymes.

Oh may these artless numbers in your ears,
Renowned James, seem muscically strung,

* Polyd. Virgil, 3 cap. Titled the Pru creation of Man.

Your fame, oh Jove's-star'd Prince, spread every where,
First gave my still and speechless Muse a tongue:
From your majestic virtues, prized dear,
The infant life of these harsh metres sprung,
Oh take not then their industry in scorn,
Who, but to emblaze you, had been yet unborn.

Nor let your princely peers old in disdain,
To have their ancestry stil'd and enrol'd
In this poor Register; a higher strain
Their merits ask, since brazen leaves unfold
Their never-dying fame, yet thus much deign,
Not to despise to hear your virtues told
In a plain style, by one, whose wish and heart
Supplies in zeal want both of skill and art.

Times faithfully conferr'd the first invention
Of most things now in use, here you shall find;
Annex'd with these, the use and comprehension
Of Poesy, once to the Gods design'd;
Suffer our bluntness then, since our intention
Is to good use, sent from a zealous mind.
If stones in lead set, keep their virtues, then
Your worth's the same, though blaz'd by a rude pen.

*To be continued.*

"*Minerva Britanna, or a Garden of Heroical Devises, furnished and adorned with Emblemes and Impresa's of sundry natures, newly devised, moralized and published by Henry Peacham Mr. of Artes.*

*London, printed in Shoe Lane, at the sign of the Faulcon, by Wa. Dight,* 1612."

*Nusquam tuta.*

The Print represents a Hind with an arrow in her side.

The silly Hind among the thickets green,
While nought-mistrusting, did at safety go,
Her mortal wound, receiv'd with arrow keen,
Sent singing from a Shepherd's secret bow,
And deadly pierc'd can in no place abide,
But runs about with arrow in her side.

So oft' we see the man whom conscience bad
Doth inwardly with deadly torture wound,
From place to place to range with Fury mad,
And seek his ease by shifting of his ground;
The mean neglecting which might heal the sin,
That hourly rankles more and more within.

*Nec metuas nec optes.*

The Print, an arm stretched out grasping a skull.

The Ethiopian Princes, at their feasts,
Did use amid their cates and costly cheer
A dead man's head, to place before their guests,
That it in mind might put them what they were:
And Philip daily caused one to say;
Oh King, remember that thou art but clay!

If Pagans could bethink them of their end,
And make such use of their mortality,
With greater hope their course let Christians bend,
Unto the haven of heaven's felicity;
And so to live while here we draw this breath,
We have no cause to fear or wish for Death.

*Vos vobis.*

The Print, Wasps, Butterflies, &c. chasing a Bee from the flowers.

The painful Bee, when many a bitter shower
And storm had felt, far from his hive away,
To seek the sweetest honey-bearing flower,
That might be found, and was the pride of May:
Here lighting on the fair'st he might espy,
Is beat by Drones, the Wasp and Butterfly.

So men there are sometimes of good desert,
Who painfully have labour'd for the hive,
Yet must they with their merit stand apart,
And give a far inferior leave to thrive;
Or be perhaps, if gotten into grace,
By waspish ENVY, beaten out of place.

*In prodigos.*

The Print, a Willow dropping its Fruit.

The wat'ry Willow, growing by the shore,
Of trees the foremost forth her fruit doth send,
But laden with her bee-desired store
'Ere ten days fully come unto an end:
Her Palms so sweet we lov'd and look'd upon;
With Boreas' breath, are blown away and gone.

To this same Tree did Homer once compare
Such Heirs, as strait their patrimony waste
In riotous wise: and such as Artists are,
Who getting much do let it fly as fast:
Eke such of wit, or wealth, that make a shew
In substance, when we find it nothing so.

*Sic vos non vobis.*

*To my worshipful and kind friend, Mr. William Stallenge, Searcher of the Port of London, and first Author of making Silk in our Land.*

The Print, Silkworms at work.

These little creatures here, as white as milk,
That shame to sloth, are busy at their loom,
All Summer long, in weaving of their Silk,
Do make their webs, both winding sheet and tomb;
Thus to th' ingrateful world bequeathing all
Their lives have gotten, at their funeral.

Even so the webs our wits for others weave,
Even from the highest to the meanest worn,
But siren-like in the' end, ourselves deceive,
Who spend our time to serve another's turn,
Or paint a fool with coat or colours gay,
To give good words or thanks, so go his way.

*Ex Avaritia Bellum.*

The Print, a clenched Hand.

The hand that gripes so greedily and hard,
What it hath got by long unlawful gain,
Withal for Battle ready is prepar'd,
Still to defend what it doth fast retain:
For wretches some will sooner spend their bloods
Than spare, we see, one penny'worth of their goods.

Of *Avarice* such is the nature still,
Who hardly can endure to live in peace;
But always prest to quarrel or to kill,
When sober minds from such contention cease;
And seek no more; then quiet and content
With those good blessings which the Lord hath sent.

*Nostro elucibus damno.*

The Print, exactly illustrative of the four first lines.

The *Steel* and *Flint* do here, with hardy strokes
And mutual hewing, each the other waste;
While underneath the open *Tinder-box*,
Unto his gain, consumes them both at last;
And to the backs, when they are spent and worn,
He throws them by, for they have serv'd his turn.

So when the Peasant with his neighbour wars,
They wear away themselves, in golden sparks
The *Box*, are Pettifoggers from their jars,
Who walk with torches, usher'd by their clerks:
While blind by owl-light, *Hoyden* stumbling goes
To seek his Inn, the *Windmill* or the *Rose*.

*Salomone pulchrius.*

Print, a Hand bearing a Lily.

Let courtly Dames their costly jewels boast,
And *Rhodopis* in silks and satins shine;
Behold the *Lily*, thus devoid of cost,
In flowery fields is cloth'd by power divine
In purest white, fair'st object of the eye,
Religion's weed and badge of chastity.

Why should you then, as slaves to loathed pride
And frantic fools, think ye are half undone,
When that ye go not in your colours pied,
Or want the grace of newest fashion:
When ev'n the *Lily* in glory doth surpass
The rich and royal'st king that ever was?

*Tu contra audentior.*

Print, two Hands opposing a lighted Torch, and a Sword to a Lion.

The valiant Heart that feels the utmost spite
Of envious Fortune, who, with sword and fire,
Awaits his ruin, with redoubled might,
Takes courage to him, and abates her ire
By resolution and a constant mind,
To deed of virtue ever more inclin'd.

Whose Spirit, a spark of heaven's immortal fire,
Inglorious sloth may not in embers keep,
But spite of hell it will at length aspire,
And ev'n by straws for want of fuel creep:
When fearful natures and the mind unsound,
At every glance are beaten to the ground.

*Huic ne credere tutissimum.*

Print, Rose Trees supporting a Crown, under which a Dove has built its Nest.

Sweet Bird, who taught thee here to build thy nest?
In greater safety than Medea's shrine;
Did hap, or that thou knew'st a Crown the best
From injury to shelter thee and thine?
How much I did thy happiness envy,
When first I saw thee, singing, hither fly.

Your glory's Type, even so ye sacred Kings,
In highest place, the weaker one to shield;
Thus under that sweet shadow of your wings
Best love the Arts and Innocence to build:
And thus my muse that never safety knew
With weary wing, great Henry, flies to you."

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*"The holy History of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ's nativity, life, acts, miracles, doctrine, death, passion, resurrection, and ascension. Gathered into English metre, and published to withdraw vain wits from all unsavoury and wicked rhymes and fables, to some love and liking of spiritual songs and holy Scriptures.*

*By Robert Holland Master of Arts, and Minister of the Church of Prendergast.*

*"Be filled with the Spirit, speaking to yourselves in Psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody to the Lord in your hearts."* Ephes. v. 18.

*"To the Right Worshipful Mistress Anne Phillips of Picton, R. H. wisheth encrease of worship, continuance of godliness, and health in Christ Jesus.*

As the highest tides have their falls and ebbs, and after great tempests and darkest days, the sun shineth, so fareth it with me, (right worshipful) it pleased God, the author of all goodness (when I had been four years or more tossed with sundry troubles and adversities able) every way to oppress me, had not the same mighty Jehovah, Jacob's God, the hope and strength of Israel* (who by the mouth of his holy prophet

* Exod. xxix. 13. Levit. v. 12. Psal. l. 14. Psal. cxvi. 1.

hath willed all men in their troubles to call upon him, promising even then to deliver them), so stirred up and opened the hearts of my worshipful good friends to favor my innocency and to relieve my case, (to God's holy name be all praise, honor, and glories for it), to grant me at length a breathing time after my travels, yet intermingled with remembrances of my former miseries and with special warnings of the Lord: all which I most joyfully receive and with my heart embrace, *considering that he correcteth whom he loveth, and that the race of my youth was so unadvisedly run, that I have merited much more grievous punishment for it. In which time of rest (if I may term it a rest that we enjoy while we remain here in this world), I have bestowed such vacant time as my necessary business letted not, in penning the whole history of Christ our Saviour, plainly as I could, according to my simple capacity and knowledge in English metre to be applied to the tunes of sundries of David's Psalms: following therein the four Evangelists, dissenting from them in nothing, though in the disposing of Christ, his acts and doctrines, (as near as I could), to their proper places, and as they were done in order of time, I follow other directions. Which work (howsoever) to God's glory and hope, I have finished, and for two especial causes have determined (though the workmanship be but, as it were, rough hewen, yet in respect of the matter that is so worthy), to dedicate the first fruits of my labours under your worship's name.

The first is, your godly zeal and forward affection to the hearing and reading of God's word, much like that noble Roman Cæcelia, which let no day pass without reading some part of God's book, and even carried about her, whithersoever she went (the † touchstone of our faith), the New Testament,

* Heb. i. 2. 5. 6. Rev. iii. 11. 19. Rev. iii. 9.

† Rom. x. 17. Deut. vi. 6. Cap. xi. 18. Luke x. 26. John v. 39. Acts xvii. 11.

which rare virtues of her mind much more adorned and beautified her than either her birth, though born of honorable parentage, or her attire, how costly soever. The book of God is indeed to be esteemed of greater value than all other jewels: in it is the heavenly manna, that *bread of life, and the waters whereof whosoever drinketh shall never thirst offered us: in it is the way †, the truth, and the life taught us, and by this way only have we access unto the Father. The poets feign that ‡ Ulysses sailing between Italy and Sicily, was driven to stop the ears of his company with wax, and to be bound himself to the mast of his ship, least by hearing the songs and sweet melody of the Syrens that lay in his way, he and his should fall into their danger: but whosoever saileth in this ship, may safely unbound, and with open ears pass by all the Syrens of Italy at this day, which exceed (I dare avouch it), for number and craft, an hundred to one that all Sicily afforded in the days of Ulysses. In the book of God is the true and best trialle found, which delivereth the receiver from the poisoned cup of that great Circe the Bishop of Rome, § who hath infected so many thousands, and transformed them into swine: in it is that notable whore of Babylon ‖ sitting on a scarlet coloured beast full of names and blasphemy with seven heads and ten horns notably described; from whose fornications the Lord deliver us, while your worship doth (as that kingly prophet David did), exercise yourself ¶ in the same book of the law of the Lord day and night, you shall easily perceive that vain and wicked are the trash and trumperies that Rome doth offer us, the which I know and can justly report, that with all your heart you utterly abhor them; which gift of grace, as God hath begun in you

* Job vi. 48. Cap. lv. 14. Cap. vii. 38. † Job xiv. 6.
‡ Homer, Odyss. lib. 12. § Revel. xviii. 3. ‖ Mat. xvii 18.
‖ Revel. xvii. 3. ¶ Psal. i. 2. Psal. cxix. Joshua i. 18.

for your good, so I beseech him to continue the same to his glory. In the book of God you shall see that * ignorance (which the Romanists do account the mother of devotion), can not excuse them: that devotion without knowledge is dotage without virtue, ostentation. And therein you shall see and find it indeed, † that to pray to angels or saints, or for the dead (which they make no small point of their religion), is plain superstition, and their counterfeit holiness hypocrisy.

Novelties in these days delight dainty ears, and fine filed phrases to fit some fantasy's, that no book except it abound with the one or the other, or both of these, is brooked of them. Some read *Gascoyne*, some *Guevasia*, some praise the Palace of Pleasure, and the like, whereon they bestow whole days, yea, some whole months and years, that scarce bestow one minute on the Bible, albeit the book of God. And no marvel though hypocritical Papists delight in any other book rather than the Bible, seeing that this (as the sun scorcheth the naked Ethiopians skin), so grieveth the galled consciences of some, that whether it discovereth their dissembling, they never leave mocking while any Christian is in their company: other there be that are more mild, who not fear their offices should fly, of their livings be lost, have learned such conformity, that they can dissemble with dear friends in deep points of religion, and seem outwardly that which inwardly in heart they utterly abhor: these snakes are most venomous when they cast their old skins. Are not they gross and drunk with the dregs of their superstition, that dare utter this blasphemy against God and his word (to terrify and withdraw as much as they may the well-meaning man from so godly and comfortable an exercise), that it is dangerous for the unlearned to read the Bible? If they would considerately weigh what

* Rom. i. 20. Cap. x. 18. Psal. xix. 4. Wisd. 13.

† Psal. xcvii. 7. Exod. xx. 3. John xiv. 13. Cap. xvi. 23. Matth. lxxvii. Rev. xix. 10. Cap. xxii. 9.

great and grievous punishments the Lord laid on Sennacherib* king of Assyria, Nimanor, and others, for blaspheming his name, they would not so rashly do the like. If their forefathers had considered that the word of God is a sea, wherein both the †elephant may swim and the lamb may wade, the greatest doctor may daily learn in, and the simplest man may continually have comfort; and that in the same there is a sovereign salve for every sore, they would not (as I think), have forbidden the reading of God's book, and instead thereof, commanded it to be read (yea, and that openly in churches), the legend of lies rather than lives of saints: not unlike in most places, for method and matter, to the monstrous fables of *Garagantua, Huon* of *Bourdeaux*, and the like.

‡ Whosoever will (as Isaac), continually meditate on God's book, he shall, as David saith, find it a lanthorn to his feet, and a light to his paths: yea, God's word will be in his mouth sweeter than honey and the honey comb. When I perceived how desirous your worship was to hear and read God's word, it greatly moved me to write this book, persuading myself that it will be to you and all the godly, a recreation, to apply some part of this heavenly history of Christ our Saviour to the tune of one of the Psalms of David, that being (as St. Paul adviseth all men), filled with the spirit of God, you may still be speaking unto yourself in psalms and hymns § and spiritual songs, singing and making melody unto the Lord in your heart, and giving thanks always for all things unto God even the Father in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ. The second reason that moved me to take this work in hand (besides the hope that I have thereby to benefit many, and especially such as have delight to be reading and singing of ballads and other English

* 2 Kings xviii. 30. 1 Mac. vii. 43.

† Ezec. xlvii. 1. Esai. xxxvii. 1. Levit. xiv. 11.

‡ Gen. xxiv. 63.

§ Ephes. v. 18.

metre's, by giving them better matter to read and sing than such commonly do yield unto them), is to signify in some part my gratefulness to God and your worship for the manifold benefits and favors that I and mine have received at your hands: to God (I say), first, as the author, and yourself the instrument that he hath used to do me much good. For, if God had not opened your heart as he did the *heart of Lydia to hear the preaching of St. Paul, you had not regarded my misery; and therefore with †David I will as long as I live receive the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord; for as nothing pleaseth God more than thankfulness, so nothing can displease God and man more than ungratefulness. But, lest some sycophant should (seeking to deface my good meaning), note or charge me with adulation, I will rather pass over the sundry and daily benefits I have and do receive by your worship's means, with this slight remembrance of them, they give him any such advantage, or the least occasion to carp at the same. But, if any of Momus mates mislike with my doings, either in this or the rest of my book (so that the godly and well-disposed, and of them chiefly your worship, to whom I offer my book and myself to be patronized and defended, do like and allow of it), I esteem not his detractions, but as trifles, and his flouts and follies, and therefore let him content himself with this answer, I took not this travel for his sake. And thus desiring your worship to accept in good part this my humble duty and remembrance of you, as glad by this to impart the effect of my affection towards you, as the widow was by two mites to manifest her good meaning to the treasury, I beseech Almighty God to bless you and all yours with continual and daily encrease of the riches of his graces and gifts, that you may ever go forward from faith to faith, ready with all your endeavours to maintain the quarrel of

* Acts xvi. 14. † Psal. cxvi. 12.

Christ and his church, until you be summoned to reign with him in glory without end, Amen.

From Prendergast the first day of August, 1594.

Your worships in all duties,

ROBERT HOLLAND."

## " *To the Godly and Christian Reader.*

"Gentle Reader, I think my labour well bestowed if the same may benefit any, and my reward sufficient if the godly like and allow of my book. I must confess, and do, that this work would have required one of greater reading and of far deeper judgment than myself to undertake it: neither can I any way make thee amends for my rashness herein unless thou accept of my good will for the recompence.

Many will mislike with it, because it is in metre* (though sundry have done the like in Latin verse), and many with the metre, because it is rudely handled. The first, I hope, will excuse me, if they consider that I seek not herein to set forth myself to the shew, but as much as I may to win if not many, yet some, to know Christ Jesus crucified. Although this history is so brief and plain in the writings of the four Evangelists, as no mortal man may presume to amend it: and that many worthy and famous men, both for their learning and knowledge, have in sundry languages commented at large, and made very godly and profitable expositions upon the same: yet it hath not won all men to such liking thereof that they can afford much time to read the one or the other. If I may any way satisfy such, and hereby draw them to savour of the

* Beza Georg. Fabri. hist. de nat. pa. & resur. Christ carmina. Barthol. Freu. celigod. sacræ lib. 3. de incar. reb. gestis, &c. Christi Wittberg an. 159, 1. Cor. ii. 2.

Saviour, our Lord Jesus Christ, I shall think my time well spent, and myself not deceived of my desire. Which reckoning of mine, if it be allowed for good payment of my godly hostess, I mean the Christian congregation and church of God, there shall none of the children of Belial, the brood of darkness, drive me to any new accounts. I care not who carp at it, so that Christ may be glorified by it, and the Christian and godly Reader satisfied with it; to whose censure I submit it and myself, humbly desiring the learned with favor to find out all faults, and charitably to amend where I have missed. Farewell.

Thine in the Lord Jesus,
R. HOLLAND."

# MARLOW'S HERO AND LEANDER.*

## *The Argument of the Second Sestyad.*

*" Hero of love takes deeper sense,*
*And doth her love more recompence:*
*Their first night's meeting, where sweet kisses*
*Are th' only crowns of both their blisses.*
*He swims to' Abydos and returns:*
*Cold Neptune with his beauty burns;*
*Whose suit he shuns, and doth aspire*
*Hero's fair Tower, and his desire.*

By this, sad Hero, with love unacquainted,
Viewing Leander's face fell down and fainted.
He kist her, and breath'd life into her lips,
Wherewith, as one displeas'd, away she trips;
Yet as she went, full often look'd behind,
And many poor excuses did she find
To linger by the way, and once she staid,
And would have turn'd again, but was afraid,
In offering parley, to be counted light:
So on she goes, and, in her idle flight,
Her painted fan of curled plumes let fall,
Thinking to train Leander there-withal.
He, being a novice, knew not what she meant,
But staid, and after her a letter sent;
Which joyful Hero answer'd in such sort,
As he had hope to scale the beauteous fort,

See p. 199.

Wherein the liberal Graces lock'd their wealth,
And therefore to her tower he got by stealth.
Wide open stood the door; he need not climb;
And she herself, before the' appointed time,
Had spread the board, with roses strew'd the room,
And oft' look'd out, and mus'd he did not come.
At last he came; O who can tell the greeting
These greedy lovers had at their first meeting.
He ask—she gave—and nothing was denied;
Both to each other quickly were affied:
Look how their hands, so were their hearts united,
And what he did, she willingly requited.
Sweet are the kisses, the embracements sweet,
When like desires and like affections meet;
For from the earth to heaven is Cupid rais'd,
Where fancy is in equal balance pois'd.
Yet she this rashness suddenly repented,
And turn'd aside, and to herself lamented:
As if her name and honour had been wrong'd,
By being possess'd of him for whom she long'd;
And then she wish'd, although not from her heart,
That he would leave her turret and depart.
The mirthful God of amorous pleasure smil'd
To see how he this captive Nymph beguil'd:
For hitherto he did but fan the fire,
And kept it down that it might mount the higher.
Now wax'd she jealous, lest his love abated,
Fearing her own thoughts made her to be hated.
Therefore unto him hastily she goes,
And, like light Salmacis, her body throws
Upon his bosom, where with yielding eyes
She offers up herself a sacrifice,
To slake his anger, if he were displeas'd:
O what God would not therewith be appeas'd?

Like Esop's cock, this jewel he enjoy'd,
And as a brother with his sister toy'd,
Supposing nothing else was to be done,
Now he her favour and goodwill had won.
But know you not that creatures wanting sense,
By nature have a mutual appetence;
And wanting organs to advance a step,
Mov'd by Love's force, unto each other leap?
Much more in subjects having intellect,
Some hidden influence breeds like effect.
Albeit Leander, rude in love and raw,
Long dallying with Hero, nothing saw
That might delight him more, yet he suspected
Some amorous rites or other were neglected.
Therefore unto his body hers he clung,
She, fearing on the rushes to be flung,
Striv'd with redoubled strength; the more she striv'd,
The more a gentle pleasing heat reviv'd,
Which taught him all that elder lovers know,
And now the same 'gan so to scorch and glow,
As in plain terms, yet cunningly, he'd crave it,
Love always makes those eloquent that have it.

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Ne'er king more sought to keep his diadem
Than Hero this inestimable gem.
Above our life we love a stedfast friend,
Yet when a token of great worth we send,
We often kiss it, often look thereon,
And stay the messenger that would be gone;
No marvel then though Hero would not yield
So soon to part from what she dearly held.

Jewels being lost are found again, this never,
'Tis lost but once, and once lost, lost ever.
Now had the morn espy'd her lover's steeds,
Whereat she starts, puts on her purple weeds,
And red for anger that he staid so long,
All headlong throws herself the clouds among.
And now Leander, fearing to be mist,
Embrac'd her suddenly, took leave and kist;
Long was he taking leave and loath to go,
And kist again, as lovers use to do;
Sad Hero wrung him by the hand and wept,
Saying, let your vows and promises be kept.
Then standing at the door, she turn'd about,
As loth to see Leander going out.
And now the sun, that through the' horizon peeps,
As pitying these lovers, downward creeps.
So that in silence of the cloudy night,
Though it was morning, did he take his flight.
But what the secret trusty night conceal'd,
Leander's amorous habit soon reveal'd,
With Cupid's myrtle was his bonnet crown'd,
About his arms the purple riband wound,
Wherewith she wreath'd her largely spreading hair;
Nor could the youth abstain, but he must wear
The sacred ring wherewith she was endow'd,
When first religious chastity she vow'd:
Which made his love through Sestos to be known,
And thence unto Abydos sooner blown
Than he could sail, for incorporeal Fame,
Whose weight consists in nothing but her name,
Is swifter than the wind, whose tardy plumes
Are reeking water and dull earthly fumes.
Home when he came, he seem'd not to be there,
But like exiled air thrust from his sphere.

Set in a foreign place, and strait from thence,
Alcides like, by mighty violence,
He would have chac'd away the swelling main,
That him from her unjustly did detain.
Like as the sun in a diameter,
Fires and inflames objects removed far,
And heateth kindly, shining lat'rally;
So Beauty sweetly quickens when 'tis nigh,
But being separated and remov'd,
Burns where it cherish'd, murders where it lov'd.
Therefore even as an index to a book,
So to his mind was young Leander's look.
O none but Gods have power their love to hide,
Affection by the count'nance is descried;
The light of hidden fire itself discovers,
And love that is conceal'd betrays poor lovers.
His secret flame apparently was seen,
Leander's father knew where he had been,
And for the same mildly rebuk'd his son,
Thinking to quench the sparkles new begun.
But Love resisted once grows passionate,
And nothing more than counsel lovers hate;
For as a hot proud horse highly disdains
To have his head control'd, but breaks the reins,
Spits forth his ringled bit, and with his hoofs
Checks the submissive ground; so he that loves,
The more he is restrain'd, the worse he fares;
What is it now but mad Leander dares?
O Hero, Hero, thus he cried full oft,
And then he got him to a rock aloft.
Where having spied her tower, long star'd he on't,
And pray'd the narrow toiling Hellespont
To part in twain, that he might come and go,
But still the rising billows answer'd, no.

With that he stript him to the ivory skin,
And crying, Love, I come, leapt lively in,
Whereat the sapphire-visag'd God grew proud,
And made his cap'ring Triton sound aloud.
Imagining that Ganimed displeas'd,
Had left the heavens, therefore on him he seiz'd.
Leander striv'd, the waves about him wound,
And pull'd him to the bottom, where the ground
Was strew'd with pearl, and in low coral groves,
Sweet-singing Mermaids sported with their loves
On heaps of heavy gold, and took great pleasure
To spurn in careless sort the shipwreck'd treasure.
For here the stately azure palace stood,
Where kingly Neptune and his train abode.
The lusty God embrac'd him, call'd him Love,
And swore he never should return to Jove.
But when he knew it was not Ganimed,
For under water he was almost dead,
He heav'd him up, and looking on his face,
Beat down the bold waves with his triple mace,
Which mounted up, intending to have kist him,
And fell in drops like tears because they mist him.
Leander being up, began to swim,
And looking up, saw Neptune follow him.
Whereat aghast the poor soul 'gan to cry,
O let me visit Hero 'ere I die.
The God put Helle's bracelet on his arm,
And swore the sea should never do him harm.
He clap'd his plump cheeks, with his tresses play'd,
And smiling wantonly his love betray'd;
He watch'd his arms, and as they open'd wide
At every stroke, betwixt them he would slide,
And steal a kiss, and then run out and dance,
And as he turn'd cast many a lustful glance,

And threw him gaudy toys to please his eye,
And dive into the water, and there pry
Upon his breast, his thighs, and every limb,
And up again, and close beside him swim,
And talk of love: Leander made reply,
You are deceiv'd, I am no woman, I;
Thereat smil'd Neptune, and then told a tale,
How that a shepherd sitting in a vale,
Play'd with a boy so fair and so kind,
As for his love both earth and heaven pin'd;
That of the cooling river durst not drink,
Lest water-nymphs should pull him from the brink.
And when he sported in the fragrant lawns,
Goat-footed Satyrs, and up-staring Fawns
Would steal him thence. 'Ere half his tale was done,
Aye me, Leander cried, the' enamour'd sun
That now should shine on Thetis' glassy bower,
Descends upon my radiant Hero's tower.
O that these tardy arms of mine were wings;
And as he spake, upon the waves he springs.
Neptune was angry that he gave no ear,
And in his heart revenging malice bare:
He flung at him his mace, but as it went,
He call'd it in, for love made him repent.
The mace returning back his own hand hit,
As meaning to be veng'd for darting it.
When this fresh bleeding wound Leander view'd,
His colour went and came, as if he rued
The grief that Neptune felt. In gentle breasts
Relenting thoughts, remorse and pity rests;
And who have hard hearts and obdurate minds,
But vicious, hare-brain'd and illiterate hinds?
The God seeing him with pity to be mov'd,
Thereon concluded that he was belov'd.

Love is too full of faith, too credulous,
With folly and false hope deluding us;
Wherefore Leander's fancy to surprize,
To the rich Ocean for gift he flies.
'Tis wisdom to give much, a gift prevails
When deep persuading oratory fails.
By this Leander being near the land,
Cast down his weary feet, and felt the sand.
Breathless albeit he were, he rested not,
Till to the solitary tower he got:
And knock'd and call'd, at which celestial noise,
The longing heart of Hero much more joys
Than Nymphs and Shepherds, when the timbrel rings,
Or crooked Dolphin, when the sailor sings;
She staid not for her robes, but strait arose,
And drunk with gladness to the door she goes,
Where seeing a naked man, she screech'd for fear:
Such sights as this to tender maids are rare.
And ran into the dark herself to hide:
Rich jewels in the dark are soonest spied.
Unto her was he led, or rather drawn
By those white limbs which sparkled thro' the lawn:
The nearer that he came, the more she fled,
And, seeking refuge, slipt into her bed.
Whereon Leander sitting, thus began,
Through numbing cold all feeble, faint and wan:
If not for love, yet love, for pity's sake,
Me in thy bed and maiden bosom take;
At least vouchsafe these arms some little room,
Who, hoping to embrace thee, cheerly swum.
This head was beat with many a churlish billow,
And therefore let it rest upon thy pillow.
Herewith affrighted, Hero shrunk away,
And in her lukewarm place Leander lay.

Whose lively heat, like fire from heaven fet,
Would animate gross clay, and higher set
The drooping thoughts of base-declining souls,
Than dreary Mars carousing nectar bowls.
His hands he cast upon her like a snare,
She, overcome with shame and sallow fear,
Like chaste Diana, when Acteon spied her,
Being suddenly betray'd, div'd down to hide her.
And as her silver body downward went,
With both her hands she made the bed a tent,
And in her own mind thought herself secure,
O'ercast with dim and darksome coverture;
And now she lets him whisper in her ear,
Flatter, entreat, promise, protest and swear;
Yet ever as he greedily essay'd
To touch those dainties, she the Harpy play'd,
And every limb did, as a soldier stout,
Defend the fort, and keep the foeman out.
For though the rising ivory mount he scal'd,
Which is with azure circling lines empal'd,
Much like a globe, a globe may I term this,
By which Love sails to regions full of bliss,
Yet there with Sysiphus he toil'd in vain,
Till gentle parley did the truce obtain.
She trembling strove; this strife of her's, like that
Which made the world, another world begat
Of unknown joy. Treason was in her thought,
And cunningly to yield herself she sought.
Seeming not won, yet won she was at length;
In such wars women use but half their strength.
Leander now, like Theban Hercules,
Enter'd the orchard of the' Hesperides;
Whose fruit none rightly can describe, but he
That pulls or shakes it from the golden tree.

Wherein Leander on her quivering breast,
Breathless spoke something, and sigh'd out the rest;
Which so prevail'd, as he, with small ado,
Enclos'd her in his arms and kist her too:
And every kiss to her was as a charm,
And to Leander as a fresh alarm:
So that the truce was broke, and she, alas,
Poor silly maiden, at his mercy was.
Love is not full of pity, as men say,
But deaf and cruel where he means to prey.
Even as a Bird which in our hands we wring,
Forth plungeth and oft' flutters with her wing.
And now she wish'd this night were never done,
And sigh'd to think upon th' approaching sun;
For much it griev'd her that the bright day-light
Should know the pleasure of this blessed night;
And then, like Mars and Ericine, display'd
Both in each others' arms chain'd as they laid.
Again she knew not how to frame her look,
Or speak to him, who in a moment took
That which so long, so charily she kept,
And fain by stealth away she would have crept,
And to some corner secretly have gone,
Leaving Leander in the bed alone.
But as her naked feet were whipping out,
He on the sudden clung her so about,
That mermaid-like unto the floor she slid;
One half appear'd, the other half was hid.
Thus near the bed she blushing stood upright,
And from her countenance behold ye might
A kind of twilight break, which through the air,
As from an orient cloud, gleams here and there,
And round about the chamber this false morn
Brought forth the day before the day was born.

So Hero's ruddy cheek Hero betray'd,
And her all naked to his sight display'd.
Whence his admiring eyes more pleasure took,
Than Dis, on heaps of gold fixing his look.
By this Apollo's golden harp began
To sound forth music to the Ocean,
Which watchful Hesperus no sooner heard,
But he the day bright-bearing Car prepar'd,
And ran before, as harbinger of light,
And with his flaming beams mock'd ugly night,
Till she, o'ercome with anguish, shame and rage,
Dang'd down to hell her loathsome carriage.

*The end of the Second Sestyad.*

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"*Pictures of Passions, Fancies, and Affections: poetically deciphered, in variety of Characters. By Tho. Jordan, Gent.*

*Et veniam pro laude peto, laudatus abunde,*
*Non fastiditus, si tibi lector ero.*

*London, printed by R. Wood.* (no date.) *Dedicated to his much honoured friend, Mr. Francis Jordan.*"

THOMAS JORDAN, according to Ritson* and others, was the professed pageant-writer and poet-laureat for the city, and seems to have possessed a greater share of poetical merit than usually fell to the lot of his profession. The business of city-poet, we are farther informed by Mr. Malone, was to compose an annual

* Ancient English Songs, p. 277.

panegyric on the Lord Mayor, and to write verses for the pageants: an office which has been discontinued since the time of Elkanah Settle, in 1722.* According to Langbaine,† Jordan was not only a writer but an actor of plays, having performed the part of Lepida, in a play, entitled Messalina, in 1640. Before that period he had commenced poet; as one of his many miscellaneous volumes appeared in 1637. He succeeded Tatham as the city laureat, between 1665 and 1671; and is supposed to have died in 1685, being himself succeeded by Taubman. Such are the brief memorials of a very busy writer, who probably let few years of his life pass by without having offered some minor tribute from the press. Winstanley, the most vulgar of critics, spoke of him as "indulging his Muse more to vulgar fancies than to the high flying wits of those times."‡ Wesley, in his Maggots, 1685, invoked the Muse of Jordan as the inspirer of dulness; and Oldham, that biting satirist, had a passing fling at him in his splenetic verses upon a printer who mangled his poetry. Yet notwithstanding these confederated stigmas on poor Jordan, whose deficiency seems to have been rather in taste than talent, there will be found more merit perhaps in the mass of his poesy than in many of his much applauded contemporaries. I will cite a few passages from his poetical Characters, which appear to be drawn with force, and feeling, and effect.

* Attempt to ascertain the order of Shakespeare's Plays.

† Dram. Poets, p. 306.

‡ Lives of the Poets, p. 111.

The following is a complimentary tribute to the Parliament of England:

"It is a sacred and transcendant session,
Where the unblemish'd purple daunts oppression;
The poor man's refuge, and the just man's care,
The true man's trial, and the false man's fear,
The good man's sanctuary, bad man's grief,
The weak man's prop, the wretched man's relief,
The patient man's award, the scourge of pride,
The simple's safety, and the nation's guide."

Here is all the strong antithetical contrast, and almost the mellifluence of Pope.

This is the commencement of what he characters as "a Compleat Man."

"His life is one best method, and the Graces
Compose him a fair book of common places,
Directing to all vertues that inherit
The glorious microcosm of blood and spirit.
His birth is not his boast; for he will treat
Of his blest ancestors, as good, not great;
And though the tapers of their fame wax dim,
Th' illumination is supply'd by him."

The following portraiture is marked by much strength of fancy as well as just discrimination.

*A melancholy Man,*

"Is one that lives in singlenesse of folly,
Whose *summum bonum* is his melancholly;
A stray sheep from the fold, a piece of earth
Digg'd from a quarry, where the lead takes birth;

A lute untun'd; a strange mysterious fable
Of one unsociably sociable.
His sighs are broken air, and his hoarse hum,
Like a dead march beat on a funeral drum.
The pleasures of the world and he agree
As fire and parchment, the antipathie
Unto time, tune and mood, and wonders what
Men (when they laugh) see to be merry at.—
He sleeps with open eye-lids, and the theam
His fansie works on, is a waking dream
Of studied nothing, which at your departing
Vanisheth, (vision-like) with sudden starting.
His the contriver of crosse arms, fixt eyes,
Treads trackless fields, dark groves, and much complies
With mourning mirtle, willow, ivie, and
The straying streams of an indented strand.
His walks are desarts: if he chance to see
The ruines of an old raz'd priorie,
Motionlesse as the object he appears,
And set his fansie back five hundred years.
His nights are vigils, where he nature wrongs
By measuring time, as choristers do songs.
His own distempers make him turn so oft
From place to place, no pillow can be soft:
A down-bed is a quarry, a bare board
Hath as much ease as feathers can afford.
He lies, sits, treads on thorns; and yet we may
Not hence infer, he is in Heaven's way;
For Hell accounts such haplesse souls her own
Whom black despair instructs to be alone."

One more may be introduced as forcibly characteristic; and it will admit of this further apology, that all the productions of Jordan are now of unfrequent occurrence.

*A rash Man,*

"Is like a ship mis-guided on a shelf,
Unnaturally outlaw'd by himself.
He's reason's renegado; one with whom
The word *consider* is too troublesome,
That doth obey his passion and affection;
Whose cogitation is the childe of action.
He loves and hates, but is too quick in both,
Accounting contemplation a cold sloth.
He doth, and then disputes: he is a man
Milde as a brook, wilde as an ocean,
Fierce as a lion, loving as a lamb.
He's folly's fire, and fickle fortune's frantic,
Passion's petar, love's blast, and anger's antick.
His brain is flint, heart steel; his wild desire
Is tender; he that crosses him, strikes fire.
With all his undertakings he goes on
At the same minute they are thought upon.
He says—consideration is a crime
Fetter'd with lazinesse, it loseth time;
And therefore, like a forward man, will be
Always before his opportunity:
But by that kinde of care, he finds the fate
That coming early only, makes him late.
He is a wild, head-strong, unbroken colt,
A wise man's warning-piece, and the fool's bolt;
The coward's only terrour, nature's bubble,
The mad man's disputant, the mild man's trouble.
But now I think on't, how shall all my wit
Secure me, should he reade what I have writ?
Ile ask his pardon, and Ile vow withall,
When I next write to make him *rash-on-all*."

The *pun* in this last line is indeed most constrained,

and from such injudicious trifles it often happens that sarcasm is furnished with congenial food, and the name of a meritorious writer is branded with overwhelming contempt. The remaining Characters consist of a Drunkard, a plundering Coward, a valiant Man at arms, a complimental Man, a Rustick, a Seaman, a common Souldier, a Usurer, a Prison, a corrupt Lawyer, a noble Spirit, a Mountebank, a Whore, and a virtuous Wife.

As a bibliographical appendage to this article, I subjoin a collective list of Jordan's various publications.

1. Poetical Varieties, or Varietie of Fancies, &c. 4to. 1637.
2. Love's Dialect, or Poeticall Varieties digested into a miscellanie of various fancies, 4to. 1646.
3. Divine Raptures, or Pietie in Poesie, digested into a quaint diversity of sacred fancies, 4to. 1646.
4. Rules to know a royal King from a disloyal Subject, &c. 4to. 1647.
5. The Walks of Islington and Hogsdon, with the Humours of Wood-street Compter, a Comedy, 4to. 1657. This was licensed to be acted in 1641; and its success was such, as to have had a run of nineteen days.
6. Fancy's Festivals, a masque, 4to. 1657.
7. Love hath found out his eyes, a play, not printed, but entered on the stationer's books, June 29, 1660.
8. A royal Arbor of loyal Poesie, consisting of poems and songs, digested in Triumphs, Elegy, Satire, Love, and Drollery, 8vo. 1662.
9. A new Droll, or the Counter Scuffle: acted in the middle of high Lent, between the goalers and the prisoners, 4to. 1663. This is said in the title to be by J. Jordan, but the J. may be a misprint for T.

10. Money is an Ass, a comedy, 4to. 1668. Langbaine conceives this to be older than the date of publication.
11. London's Resurrection to Joy and Triumph, a city pageant, 4to. 1671.
12. London Triumphant, or the City in jollity and splendour, 4to. 1672.
13. London in its Splendour, 4to. 1673.
14. The Goldsmith's Jubilee, or London's Triumphs, 4to. 1674.
15. A Cabinet of Mirth in 2 parts: consisting of jests, stories, &c. 8vo. 1674.
16. The Triumphs of London, 4to. 1675.
17. London's Triumphs, 4to. 1676, 1677.
18. The Triumph of London, 4to. 1678.
19. London in luster, 4to. 1679.
20. London's Glory, or the Lord Mayor's Show. 4to. 1680.
21. London's Joy, or the Lord Mayor's Show, 4to. 1681.
22. The Lord Mayor's Show, 4to. 1682.
23. The Triumphs of London, 4to. 1683. This has no name, but is concluded to be the production of Jordan.
24. London's Royal Triumph for the City's loyal Magistrate, 4to. 1684.
25. Wit in a Wildernesse of promiscuous Poesie, 8vo. no date.
26. Divinity and Morality in Robes of Poetry: composed for the recreations of the courteous and ingenious, 8vo. no date.
27. Jewels of Ingenuity set in a coronet of poetry, 8vo. no date.
28. The Muses' Melody in a Consort of Poetrie, with diverse occasionall and compendious epistles, 8vo. no date.
29. Piety and Poesy contrasted, 8vo. no date.
30 Claraphil and Clarinda, in a Forrest of Fancies, 8vo. no date.
31. A Nursery of Novelties, in variety of poetry, 8vo. no date.

32. Musick and Poetry, mixed in variety of Songs and Poems, consisting of Love, Honour, Rallery, and Drollery. 8vo. no date.
33. Death Dissected: or a Fort against Misfortune, in a cordiall compounded of many pious and profitable Meditations on Man's Mortality 8vo. no date.
34. A Rosary of Rarities in a Garden of Poetry. 8vo. no date.

Several of these pieces, without date, were undoubtedly published much earlier than they are here arranged, though it might not be easy to fix their order of succession: many of the poetical articles appeared under more than one title, either from their popularity or the author's parsimony.

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*Piety and Poesy contrasted. By Thos. Jordan, Gent.*

The numerous publications of Jordan are now all become scarce, as has been observed in a former article relating to the same poet. The following extracts are given from a copy to which the title is wanting, and are creditable to the writer's energy of thought, acuteness of observation, and conciseness of expression in several passages.

*" On Lot's Wife looking back to Sodom.*

Could not the angel's charge, weak woman! turn
Thy longing eyes from seeing Sodom burn?

What consolation couldst thou think to see
In punishments that were as due to thee?
For 'tis, without dispute, thy only sin
Had made thee one, had not thy husband been:
His righteousness preserv'd thee, who went on
Without desire to see confusion
Rain on the wretched citizens, but joy'd
That God decreed thou shouldst not be destroy'd,
Nor thy two daughters, who did likewise flie
The flaming plague, without casting an eye
Toward the burning towers. What urg'd thee then,
Since they went on, so to look back again?
But God, whose mercy would not let his ire
Punish thy crime, as it did theirs, in fire;
With his divine compunction did consent
At once to give the death and monument:
Where I perceive, engraved on thy stone,
Are lines that tend to exhortation;
Which, that by thy offence I may take heed,
I shall with sacred application read.

*The Inscription.*

In this pillar do I lie
Buried, where no mortal eye
Ever could my bones descry.

When I saw great Sodom burn,
To this pillar I did turn,
Where my body is my urn.

You to whom my corpse I show,
Take true warning by my woe,
Look not back when God cries *Go*.

They that toward Virtue high,
If but back they cast an eye,
Twice as far do from it flie.

Counsel then I give to those
Which the path to bliss have chose:
Turn not back, ye cannot lose.

That way let your whole hearts lie:
If ye let them backward flie,
They'll quickly grow as hard as I.

*On holy Fasting and on holy Hunger.*

An holy fasting may be called a feast,
It feeds the fainting soul and gives it rest.
He that would gain a life for everlasting,
By God's account, is only full with fasting.
A holy hunger doth suppresse all evil,
That kinde of hunger famisheth the devil.

*Sapiens dominabitur Astris.*

Gave the Star light to th' three wise men from far?
No; 'twas their Faith gave light unto the Star.

*On our Saviour's saying, he brought a Sword.*

Our Saviour said—he came to bring a sword
Into the world: 'tis true, that was his word.
Lord! strike our hearts with that; and so assure us,
That way of wounding is the means to cure us.

*On the words* Scriptum est.

Our Saviour gives the perfect revelation
To his disciples of his death and passion.
When wise men see known dangers they prevent 'em:
Yet Christ foresaw his wrongs, but underwent 'em.
He did expect no quiet, ease, or rest,
Until he had perform'd *quod Scriptum est.*"

Some elegiac poems follow the religious ones, from which a few are selected.

*" Epitaph on Mr. John Steward.*

Underneath this marble lies
Youth's decay, that merchant's prize
Who trades for what is just and wise.

On this urn let no man laugh;
Reader, if thou keep him safe,
His name shall be thy epitaph.

Let no one here presume to read,
Unless he be by sorrow led
To drop a tear upon the dead.

It shall be but lent; for when
Thou com'st to th' period of all men,
His friends shall pay thy drops agen.

*On the most worthily honour'd Mr. John Sidney, who dyed full of the small pox.*

In this sacred urn there lies,
Till the last trump make it rise,
A light that's wanting in the skies.

A corpe inveloped with stars,
Who, though a stranger to the wars,
Was mark'd with many hundred scars.

Death, at once, spent all his store
Of darts, which this fair body bore,
Though fewer, had kill'd many more.

For him our own salt tears we quaff,
Whose virtues shall preserve him safe
Beyond the power of Epitaph.

*An Elegie on the lamented Death of the virtuous Mrs. Anne Phillips; addressed to her son and heir, Mr. Edmund Phillips.*

Religious creature! on thy sacred herse
Let my sad muse ingrave a weeping verse
In watry characters, which nere shall dry
Whilst men survive to write an Elegy.
Dull brass, proud marble, and Arabian gold
(Though they tyre time and ruine) shall not hold
Their aged letters half so long as we
Shall keep thy living worth in memory.
Obedience was thy study, truth thy aim,
Wisdome thy worship, fortitude thy fame,
Patience thy peace; and all good eyes might see
Thou didst retain, Faith, Hope, and Charity.
Within the holy treasurie of thy mind
Were the choise vertues of all women-kind.
Nothing that had affinity with good,
But liv'd within thy spirit or thy blood.
No costly marble need on thee be spent,
Thy deathlesse worth is thine own monument."

The following punning play upon the name of the person commemorated is in the glaring false taste of Jordan's age.

"*Epitaph on my worthy friend Mr. John Kirk.*

Reader, within this dormitory lies
The wet memento of a widdow's eyes:
A *Kirk*, though not of Scotland; one in whom
Loyalty liv'd, and faction found no room:
No conventicle-Christian; but he died
A *Kirk* of England by the mother's side."

¶

"*Claraphil and Clarinda: in a Forrest of Fancies. By Tho. Jordan, Gent.*

*Sat mihi sunt pauci lectores, est satis unus,*
*Si me nemo legat, sat mihi nullus erit.*

*London, printed by R. Wood.*"

Small 8vo.

This publication borders more upon the licentious facetiæ, or popular drolleries of the 17th century, than upon the performances of Jordan already introduced. But it contains much variety, and some specimens that may seem to bear transcription.

The following becomes interesting from having been written on the marriage of Thomas Stanley, the elegant poet and philosopher, with Mrs. Dorothy Enyon, daughter of Sir James Enyon, whom he married when young.*

"*An Epithalamium on the much honoured pair, T. S. Esquire, and Mrs. D. E.*

So at the first the soul and body met,
When the Creator did in council sit,
To make a little world command the great.

Nor are your flames less innocent than they,
Before the grand Impostor did betray
Their fatal freedoms to the world's decay.

* Vide Fasti Oxon. i. 284. See this marriage discussed in the Preface to the forth-coming reprint of Stanley's Poems.

Therefore let all that Heaven can dispense
To royal mankinde, in the soule and sense,
Possess ye with seraphick influence.

May all the promis'd blessings on each nation,
From Genesis to John's high revelation,
Contribute to your cordial coronation.

May lovers light their torches at your flame,
And may the power of STANLEY's single name
Prove the sublimest epithet of fame!

May your hearts fix above the force of fate,
May neither prince's frown, nor people's hate
Your fair affections dis-unanimate.

May ye have all ye can desire! and when
Your wishes have out-vied the thoughts of men,
Some power direct you how to wish agen!"

A posthumous tribute "*on the honoured services of the most worthy Col. Rokeby, under the command of Monsieur Gashion, the French general, against the Spanish forces, anno* 1646-7," commences thus:

"Sir, since in ages past verses have been
The balm to valour, and preserved green
The acts of antique heroes, such as made
The reader ravish'd with the royall trade
Of righteous war, upon the crest of those
Whom fate and disaffection made their foes;
I hope my maimed Muse, late trodden down
By the red fury of Rhamnusia's frown,
May re-erect her drooping head, and be
A tomb to royal Rokeby's memory."

The following specimen of his lyric verse is one perhaps of the least exceptionable.

*" A Song sung by Mr. Bushel's Miners in Devonshire, written in 1646.*

Ladies of love and leisure,
Where is your greatness gone ?
What sudden high displeasure
Hath forc'd ye from your own ?
Whilest we live here obscurely
In cottages unknown,
No cares or fears
We ever think upon.

Our walls are highest mountains,
For we live in a coomb ;
We drink of flowing fountains,
Our dwelling is our tomb ;
Nor look to be exalted
Before the day of doom,
Where scibes,* for bribes,
Shall nere deny us room.

We hear a dreadfull summons
Up in the high countrey ;
Our gracious King and Commons
They say cannot agree :
This harvest is for cedars,
And no such shrubs as we ;
Yet still we will
Pray for a unity.

The day we spend in working,
And chanting harmless songs ;

* Qu.

No malice here lies lurking,
Our thoughts are free from wrongs;
And those that civil wars do love,
We wish they had no tongues,
No drums, no guns,
Or what to war belongs.

We wound the Earth's hard bowels,
Where hidden treasure grows,
With twibell, sledge, and trowells,
Pick-ax and iron crows,
We search for sinfull silver,
Which all dissension sows.
Their health and wealth
Men do so ill dispose.

We eat the bread of labour,
And what endeavour brings;
Sorrow is no next neighbour,
Our eyes they are no springs;
Unless we shed a tear or two,
When as we pity kings,
The fates of states
To us are Hebrew things."

The closing poem in this miscellaneous volume has an elevation and elegance which may remind the Reader of some of Ben Jonson's best effusions.

*An Elegie on a good Man.*

" You that did love with filial fear
The soul that shines in yonder sphere,
Whose shadow is enshrined here,—
Put on your sackcloth, and appear.

Here lies the map of martyrdom;
Let all therefore avoid the room
But those that can, when as they come,
With tears and ashes build a tomb.

For here the cause of all your cares
Lies floating in the church's tears,
Who did expire, as it appears,
Not for his faults, but others' fears.

You that are valiant, great, and wise,
Attend his sacred obsequies;
For on this holy herse there lies
A theme for tears in unborn eyes.

Although he was not understood,
Yet from his spirit and his blood
Did flow a fair and fertile flood
Of all that men call great and good.

Religion was his daily guest;
Within the treasure of his brest
Was more than language ere exprest;—
Angels can only tell the rest."

¶

"*Emblems with elegant Figures, newly published. By J. H.* Esquire. London, printed by R. Daniel.*

"*To the most honourable virtuous Lady, Mrs. Dorothy Stanley.*†

MADAM,

No one can wonder that I bring these Emblems under your protection. For I and this Book have acquired so near a relation, that I must, for my own sake, do it what good I can: And the best way I know to advance its condition, is to prefix your name. Had they been high discourses of the best Philosophy, whether ancient or modern, or choice pieces of Philology, I should have offered them to your noble Husband, Mr. Thomas Stanley, whom our Island stands admiring to see him now (as once the great Alexander) conquer the world, when 'tis scarce thirty years since first he came into it; there being no glory that *Greece* or *Rome*, or their successors can boast, which his matchless Genius hath not made his own, and ours too, by a noble communication. Therefore to him also I ascribe these Emblems. I am bold thus to present them, that, as Chapels, which before were but lime, and stone, they may grow venerable by their *Dedication*, and likewise be an Emblem of the humble respect and services of, Madam, your most obedient servant,

R. D."‡

## *The Preface to the Reader.*

"These Emblems falling under my perusal, I could not do less than acknowledge what I find to be truth, which is, that Helicon hath found another channel in a full stream to

* John Hall.

† See the Preface to the new Edition of the Poems of Thomas Stanley, Esq. first printed 1651.

‡ R. Daniel.

glide to Heaven, Virtue is embalmed by verse, and divine Love so enamoured with human Wit and Art, that, by an holy copulation, they have both together brought forth, without adultery, this happy Child of such heavenly Beauty, that it wounds the reader, not as other poesies, with darts of wanton sensuality, but with the influence of that Divine Love wherewith itself is so replenished, and feeds the soul with excess of appetite. But high encomiums do but too often serve but to perplex security with doubt, and breed a superstition that either the Author wanted worth, or the impression vent; the last of which concerns the Printer, the other myself. As for the Printer, I am confident that his hopes are that the Buyer will be a greater gainer than the Seller; and as for myself, I must confess it is nothing but the worth of the Book that prompted me to these: and although it needs no warmth from another flame, it being its own abundant commendation, yet I must ingenuously confess and add this verdit, On my credit 'tis good, and being read with an impartial eye, if it finds thee not prone to approbation, it will make thee so. But whether the matter be more full o Divinity, or the style of Learning and Art, I leave as a Query: and so farewell.

JOHN QUARLES."

## *The Præludium.*

" Frown on me, shades, and let not day
Steal in a needle pointed ray
To make discoveries; wrap me here
In folds of night, and do not fear
The sun's approach, so shall I find
A greater light possess my mind.
O do not, Children of the Spring!
Hither your charming odours bring,
Nor with your painted smiles devise
To captivate my wandering eyes:

They have stray'd too much, but now begin
Wholly to' employ themselves within.
What do I now on Earth? O why
Do not these embers upward fly?
And force a room among the stars,
And there my greaten'd self disperse
As wide as thought. What do I here
Spread on soft down of Roses; there
That spangled curtain, which so wide
Dilates its lustre, shall me hide.
Mount up, low thoughts, and see what sweet
Reposure Heaven can beget;
Could you the least compliance frame,
How should I all become one flame
And melt in purest fires? O how
My warmed heart would sweetly glow,
And waste those dregs of earth, that stay
Glued to it, then it might away,
And still ascend till that it stood
Within the centre of all good:
There prest, not overwhelm'd, with joys,
Under its burthen fresh arise:
There might it lose itself, and then
With losing find itself again:
There might it triumph, and yet be
Still in a bless'd Captivity:
There might it—oh, why do I speak,
Whose humble thoughts be far too weak
To apprehend small notions? nay,
Angels be non-plus'd, though the day
Break clearer on them, and they run
In anogees more near the sun.
But oh, what pulls me? how I shall
In the least moment headlong fall!

Now I am on earth again; not dight
As formerly in springing light;
The self-same objects please, that I
Did even now as base deny;
Now what a powerful influence
Has Beauty on my slavish sense:
How rob I nature, that I may
Her wealth upon one cheek display?
How doth the Giant Honour seem
Well statur'd in my fond esteem?
And gold, that bane of men, I call
Not poisonous now, but cordial;
Since that the world's great eye, the sun,
Hath not disdain'd to make't his own;
Now every passion sways, that I
Tamely admit their tyranny;
Only with numerous sighings say,
The basest things is breathing clay.
But sure these vapours will not e'er
Draw curtains o'er my hemisphere.
Let it clear up, and welcome day,
It's lustre once again display;
Thou, O my Sun! awhile may'st lie
As intercepted from mine eye;
But love shall fright those clouds, and thou
Into my purged eyes shalt flow,
Which melted by my inward fires,
Which shall be blown by strong desires,
Consuming into tears shall feel
Each tear into a pearl congeal,
And every pearl shall be a stem
In my celestial diadem.

## SPARKLES OF DIVINE LOVE.

### EMBLEM VII.

*Take up and read; take up and read.* AUG. lib. 8. cap. 12.

I.

Unhappy Boy!
How art thou now become
Thyself thy Tomb!
Within what darkness dost thou lie!
Such as that glorious Prince of Light,
Whose smiles enamel every flower,
Cannot affright,
But that these vapours still condense the more.

II.

How are thine eyes
Courted with whatsoe'er
The teeming ear
Of pregnant Nature can devise!
Yet what a winter is within!
What marble freezings which congeal!
Though they have been
Bath'd in warm'd showers, which from thine eyes did steal.

III.

Insatiate Soul!
Which hast devour'd each art,
Yet hungry art,
And like an empty ship dost roll:
Where wilt thou once contented rest,
Exempt from all this fluctuation,
And fix'd thy breast
Where' it may repose in a secured station.

IV.

Turn but thine eye,
And view that folded oracle,
That lately fell:
Heard'st not thou some soft murmur cry?
*Take up and Read?* there is,
If thou canst ope thy purged ear,
High mysteries,
That can direct thy feet; thine eyesight clear.

V.

Thou never took
In hand a harder lesson, than
Thou did'st begin
Prying the secrets of this Book;
For it will teach thee how to set,
In paths, that cannot tread awry,
Thy wandering feet:
And shew thee where the source of bliss doth lie.

EPIGRAM VII.

Take up these leaves; within that little Room
Lie endless depths; 'tis God's Autographum.
The hardest Book, and easiest: which can give
Death to the dying: Life to them that live.

" *Humours Heav'n on earth; with the civile Warres of Death and Fortune, as also the Triumph of Death: or the Picture of the Plague, according to the Life; as it was in Anno Domini,* 1603. *By John Dauies of Hereford.*

*O 'tis a sacred kinde of excellence,*
*That hides a rich truth in a Tale's pretence.*

*Printed at London by A. I.* 1609."

sm. 8vo. pp. 260.

Mr. Beloe having given rather a brief account of this little volume in his *Anecdotes of Literature,* I proceed to particularize its contents, as the book is of rare occurrence.

After the title follows a dedication of two pages, in verse, to Algernon, Lord Percy; which the punning Poet thus concludes—

" Reade, little Lord, this riddle learne to reade.
So first appose: then tell it to thy peeres:
So shall they hold thee, both in name and deed,
A perfect *Pierc-ey* that in darknesse cleeres.
A *Pierc-ey,* or a piercing eie doth shew
Both wit and courage: and if thou wilt learne
By morall tales sinnes mortall to eschew,
Thou shalt be wise, and endlesse glorie earne:
That so thou mai'st the meanest Tutors praise;
So Percie's fame shall pierce the eie of daies.

Then, by those raies my pen (inflam'd) shall runne
Beyond the moone, to make thy moone a sunne!

Meane while, and ever, I rest prest
To honour thee with my poore uttermost,
JOHN DAVIES."

A second dedication follows, thus inscribed: "The last Booke (being a picture according to the Life) dedicated to the no lesse high in birth then honourable in disposition (right noble in either) the Ladie Dorothie and Ladie Lucie Percies." This is a quatorzain, and is subscribed "Your Ladiship's unworthie Tutor, John Davies," Two commendatory sonnets are addressed to their beloved master, by Edw. Sharphell, and Ro. Cox; a third to the reader in praise of the author is signed Anth. Greys; all names of no poetic note. The former of them declares to Davies—

"With weighty matter so thou load'st thy lines,
As to dimme sights they oft seem dark as hell:
But those cleere eies that see their deepe designes,
Do joy to see much matter coucht so well."

It seems almost necessary that the 'mind's eye' of the reader should be *coucht* before he can possibly be enabled to see clearly this author's 'deep designs;' who probably intended to try his inferior pen in something like a philosophical poem, tempted by the successful issue of his learned name-sake, Sir John Davies, whose '*Nosce Teipsum*' had passed through two editions. The effort was presumptuous and vain: for of the present production I have only witnessed two or three copies,

while that of Sir John has been ten times reprinted, and may be found in every library.

'Humours Heaven on Earth' is announced by its author as 'an old wife's tale,' and is a kind of allegorical argumentation between Logus (Reason) chief guide of Psyche (the Soul) aided by the lady Aletheia (Truth) and the Senses, Appetites, Passions, and Affections of body and mind; characterised under a variety of appellations, derived from Grecian etymology: but the whole is conducted in a very confused, desultory, and unintelligible strain—the prevailing defect of the works of Davies of Hereford.

His second tale is a colloquial contention between 'Death and Fortune,' and is not much more distinguished by perspicuity or poetical pretension than the former. The following stanza however conveys a collateral interest beyond its fellows, because the initials W. S. and R. B. are likely to allude to Shakspeare and Burbage, who are meritoriously spoken of, and as not sufficiently rewarded according to their deserts.

"Some followed her* by acting† all men's parts,
These on a stage she rais'd (in scorne) to fall;
And made them mirrors, by their acting arts,
Wherein men saw their‡ faults, thogh ne'er so small:
Yet some she guerdon'd not to their§ desarts;
But, other some, were but ill-action all;
Who while they acted ill, ill staid behinde,
(By custom of their maners) in their minde."

* i. e. Fortune. † Stage plaiers.

‡ Shewing the vices of the time.

§ W. S. R. B. [An allusion of a similar kind was pointed out in Davies's Microcosmos, 1605, in the *Europ. Mag.* either by Mr. Steevens or Reed.]

The concluding stanza of this piece may be cited as a curious specimen of the author's quibbling propensity.

" And thus with death, that all in fine doth end,
We end our tale:—and, if a lie it be,
Yet naked Truth dares such a lie defend;
Because such lies do lie in veritie:
But though loude lies do lie, they will not bend
So lowe as most profound moralitie:
Then, be it lie, or be it what it will,
It lies too high and low for death to kill."

A third portion of this volume intitled 'The Triumph of Death,' contains a representation of the plague that took place in London during the year 1603. The author says this was taken 'according to the life;' but it contains little of that striking verisimilitude and vivid colouring which Wither gave to the same fearful subject, in the succeeding pestilence of 1625: as may be seen in *Censura Literaria*, vol. v. The following are selected as some of the most prominent or interesting passages.

" London now smokes, with vapors that arise,'
From his foule sweat, himselfe he so bestirres:
'Cast out your dead'—the carcase-carrier cries,
Which he by heapes, in groundless graves interres.—

Now like to bees, in summer's heate, from hives,
Out flie the citizens, some here, some there;
Some all alone, and others with their wives:
With wives and children some flie, all for feare!

Here stands a watch, with guard of partizans
To stoppe their passages, or to or fro,
As if they were not men, nor Christians,
But fiends or monsters, murdering as they go.

Each village, free, now stands upon her guard:
None must have harbour in them but their owne;
And as for life and death, all watch and ward,
And flie for life (as death) the man unknowne!

Here crie the parents for their childrens' death;
There howle the children for their parents losse,
And often die as they are drawing breath
To crie for their but now inflicted crosse.

The last survivor of a familie,
Which yesterday perhaps were all in health,
Now dies to beare his fellowes company,
And for a grave for all, gives all their wealth.

The London lanes (themselves thereby to save)
Did vomit out their undigested dead,
Who by cart-loads are carried to the grave;
For all those lanes with folke were overfed.

The king himselfe (O wretched times the while!)
From place to place, to save himselfe did flie,
Which from himselfe himselfe did seek t'exile,
Who (as amaz'd) not safe knew where to lie.

For hardly could one man another meete,
That in his bosom brought not odious death;
It was confusion but a friend to greet,
For, like a fiend, he banned with his breath.

Now fall the people unto publike fast,
And all assemble in the church to pray;

Early and late their soules there take repast,
As if preparing for the later day.

The pastors now steep all their words in brine,
With 'woe, woe, woe,'—and nought is heard but woe:
'Woe and alas! (they say) the powers divine
'Are bent mankind, for sinne, to overthrow.

'Repent, repent, (like Jonas now they crie)
'Ye men of England! O repent, repent!
'To see if so ye maie meve pittie's eye
'To looke upon you, ere you quite be spent.'

And oft whilst he breathes out these bitter words,
He, drawing breath, drawes in more bitter bane:
For now the aire no aire, but death affords,
And lights of art (for helpe) were in the wane.

The ceremonie at their burialls
Is 'ashes but to ashes, dust to dust;'
Nay, not so much: for straight the pit-man falls
(If he can stand) to hide them as he must.

But if the pit-man have not so much sense
To see, nor feele which way the winde doth sit
To take the same, he hardly comes from thence,
But for himself, perhaps, he makes the pit.

For, look how leaves in autumn from the tree
With wind do fall, whose heaps fill holes in ground;
So might ye, with the plague's breath, people see
Fall by great heaps, and fill up holes profound.

No holy turf was left to hide the head
Of holiest men; but most unhallow'd grounds,
Ditches and highwaies, must receive the dead,
The dead (ah, woe the while!) so o'er-abound.

Time never knew, since he begunne his hourès,
(For aught we reade) a plague so long remaine,
In any citie, as this plague of ours,
For now six yeares in London it hath laine.

But Thou, in whose high hand all hearts are held,
Convert us, and from us this plague avert:
So sin shall yield to grace, and grace shall yield
The Giver glory for so dear desert.

In few, what should I say? the best are nought
That breathe, since man first breathing did rebell:
The best that breathe are worse than may be thought,
If thought can thinke, the best can do but well:
For none doth well on earth but such as will
Confesse, with griefe, they do exceeding ill!"

The volume closes with a Sonnet to the Author's "Much honored scholler Sir Philip Carey, with a second to his deere scholler Sir Humpry Baskervile of Earsley, Knt. and the no lesse lovely than vertuous Lady his wife;" 22 lines to his "deere, meeke, modest, and intirely beloved Mistris Elizabeth Dutton, Mistris Mary, and Mistress Vere Egerton, three sisters of hopefull destinies;" and a Sonnet inscribed "To my worthy and worthily beloved scholer, Thomas Bodenham, squire, sonne and heire apparent of Sir Roger B. of Rotherwas, knight of the Bathe."

The following Sonnet to Drummond of Hawthornden was printed without signature in the 8vo. edition of his poems, 1656: but in the 4to. of 1616, it was appropriated to an author who had before been noticed in RESTITUTA.

## *To the Author.*

"The Sister Nymphs, who haunt the Thespian springs,
Ne're did their gifts more liberally bequeath,
To them who on their hills suck'd sacred breath,
Than unto thee—by which thou sweetly sings.
Ne're did Apollo raise on Pegase wings
A Muse more neare himselfe, more farre from earth,
Than thine: whether thou weep thy Ladie's death,
Or sing those sweet-sowre pangs which passion brings.
To write our thoughts in verse doth merit praise,
But on our verse to gild in Fiction's ore,
Bright, rich, delightfull, doth deserve much more,
As thou hast done these thy melodious layes.
Thy Muses' morning, doubtlesse, doth bewray
The swift approach of a more glistring day.

D. Murray."

¶

" *A true report of the laste voyage into the West and Northwest regi- ons, &c.* 1577. *worthily atchie- ued by Captaine Frobisher of the sayde voyage the first finder and Ge- nerall.*

" *With a description of the people there inhabiting, and other circumstances notable.*

" *Written by Dionyse Settle, one of the companie in the sayde voy- age, and seruant to the Right Honourable the Earle of Cumberland.*

*Nil mortalibus arduum est.*

" *Imprinted at Lon- don by Henrie Middle- ton. Anno.* 1577."

" *A rythme Decasyllabicall, vpon this last luckie voyage of worthie Captaine Frobisher.* 1577.

Through sundrie foming fretes, and storming streightes,
That ventrous knight of Ithac' soyle did saile:
Against the force of Syrens baulmed heightes,
His noble skill and courage did preuaile.
His hap was hard, his hope yet nothing fraile.
Not ragged rockes, not sinking syrtes or sands
His stoutnesse staide, from viewing foreign lands.

That Poet's penne and paines was well employ'd,
His brains bedeaw'd with dropps of Parnasse spring:
Whereby renowne deserued he enioy'd.
Yea, nowe (though dead) the Muses sweetly sing,
Melodiously by note, and tuned string,
They sound in th' eares of people farre and neere,
Th' exceeding praise of that approued Peere,

A right heroicall heart of Britanne blood,
Vlysses match in skill and martiall might:
For Princes fame, and countrie's speciall good,
Through brackish seas (where Neptune reignes by right)
Hath safely sail'd, in perils great despight:
The golden fleece (like Iason) hath he got,
And rich return'd; sainee losse or lucklesse lot.

O that I had old Homer's worthy witt,
O that I had, this present houre, his head:
With penne in hand, then musing would I sitt,
And our Vlysses' valiant venture spread
In vaunting verse, that when his corps is dead,
(Which long may liue) his true renowne may rest,
As one whome God aboundantly hath blest.

ABRAHAM FLEMING."

" *To the Right honourable and my singular good Lord, George Earle of Cumberland, Baron Clifford, Lord of Skipton and Vessie: his humble seruaunt Dionyse Settle, wisheth the fulnesse of all perfect felicitie.*

It both is, and hath beene, (Right Honourable) the bountie of a noble mynde, not to expect remuneration or satisfaction for liberalitie frankly bestowed. It both is, and also hath beene accounted a greate vice, to seeme vnthankfull, or at the least not something carefull, of whom, when, and how, we should receiue liberalitie. I am not obliuious, neither carelesse, when, and how, your Honour (aboue my expectation) nobly satisfied the request of me your humble seruant. I am most assured, that the vertue of your noble heart expecteth nothing of me, but that your goodnesse might abound to my profite: vpon which occasion, and bicause I would not be accounted ingratefull, I haue both boldly passed the limittes of my duetie, and also vnlearnedly taken vpon me to set foorth some thing wor-

thie notice, in this last voyage of our Capteine and Generall, Maister Martaine Frobisher, your Honour's worthie Countrie man: vnder whome (as your Honour's vnworthie seruant) I was one in the said voyage. By his great diligence, the voyage is worthily finished: whereby I am persuaded that he will refell the rehearsall of those opprobrious wordes, namely, that, *All euill cometh from or hath originall in the North:* not onely he, but many worthie subiectes more.

I haue published this scantling, vnder the noble title of your Honor, to whom I offer the same in dedication: which, though it be not decorated with good learning, apte for the setting foorth of so notable a matter: yet, the same is beautified with good will and trueth. Wherein your Honour, (if it shall so please you) for recreation' sake, may vnderstand, what people, countries, and other commodities we haue found out, since our departure from England, which haue not been knowne before. Thus presuming vpon hope and assurance of your Honour's pardon for my bolde attempt herein, I reste humbly at your Lordship's commaundement: wishing your time so spent in this world, that you may inioy the felicitie in the worlde to come.

Amen.

Your Lordship's most humble

seruaunt to commaund,

DIONYSE SETTLE."

*" To the Christian Reader.*

Svch countries and people, (good Christian Reader) which almost from the deluge, or at the least, so long as anye humane creature hath had habitation on the earth, haue of late yeres, by the industrie of diligent searchers ben explored: it hath likewise pleased God, that they should be found out by those people, which for the temperature of their habitation, are most apt to atchiue the same. As for example, the Spaniards, the West Indies. Spaine is situated much more neere the Tropike of Cancer, then other Christian countries be: wherby, the Spaniards are better able to tolerate Phœbus' burning beames, then others which are more Septentrional then they. Wherfore, I suppose them the most apte men for the inioying of the habitation of the West Indies: and especially so much, as is vexed with continual heate, or that is agreeable to their temperature, God hath ben pleased that they, as the most apt people, should both explore and inioy the same. Semblably, the Portugals, whose temperature is correspondent to the Spaniards, God is also contented, that they haue explored Africa, euen through the burning zone, both the West and South coast, with al the coast of Asia, vnto the Oriental cape therof, and the Islands adiacent to them both: wherefore, both for their habitation, and temperature, I account them the most apt people to atchieue the same, and to reape the benefite, whereabout they haue taken no small paines and labor. In like maner, the French men, where the Spaniards thought the place not apt for their temperature, discouered Noua Francia, and other places in America: wherfore, I iudge them worthie the commoditie thereof, as people most apt to inioy and possesse the same. Lastly, it hath plesed God, at this present, by the great diligence and care of our worthie Countriman, Master Martine Frobisher, in the 18. and 19. yeare of oure Queenes Maiestie's reigne, to discouer, for the vtilitie of his Prince and Countrie,

other regions more Septentrional, then those before rehearsed: which, from the beginning, as vnknowne till nowe, haue bene concealed and hidden. Which discouerie, I iudge most apt for vs English men, and more agreeing to our temperature, then others aboue rehearsed. I leaue the famous discouerie of Moscouie, and other countries on those partes, (whiche of late yeares haue bene explored by the industrie of other our worthie countriemen) to the diligent Reader: whereby he may consider, that this our countrie, hath fostered vp men of no lesse value and excellencie, then those, which are intituled, The second, thirde, and fourth Neptune. And doubtlesse, hee, by whose endeuour this last discouerie of the world is explored, may bee celebrated as well with the title of Aeolus; as also of Neptune. By whose singular knowledge and cunning, God hath preserued vs in this voyage, from bothe their cruell daungers.

Thus (Christian Reader) thou maist perceiue, that the worlde, of late yeares, hath been discouered by sundrie regions of this our Europe: which God hath so diuided in the exploring of the same, that it seemeth apt and agreeable to the discouerer, more then to any other, to inioy all such commodities as they yealde and affoorde. Consider also, that Christians haue discouered these countries and people, which so long haue lyen vnknowne, and they not us: which plainly may argue that, it is God's good will and pleasure, that they should be instructed in his diuine seruice and religion, whiche from the beginning, haue beene nouzeled and nourished in Atheisme, grosse ignorance, and barbarous behauiour. Wherefore, this is my iudgement, in conclusion) that who so euer can winne them from their infidelitie, to the perfect knowledge of his diuine institutions and seruice, hee or they are worthie to receiue the greatest rewarde at God's hands, and the greater benefites from those countries, which he hath discouered. Fare well."

*" A true report of Capteine Frobisher his last voyage into the West and Northwest regions, this present yere 1577. With a description of the people there inhabiting.*

On Whitsunday last past, being the 26. of May, in this present yeare of oure Lorde God 1577, Capteine Frobisher departed from Blacke Wall, with one of the Quenes Maiestie's shippes, called *The Aide*, of nine score tunne, or there aboutes: and two other little Barkes likewise, the one called *The Gabriel*, whereof Maister Fenton a Gentleman of my Lord of Warwik's was Capteine: and the other, *The Michael*, whereof Maister Yorke a Gentleman of my Lorde Admeral's was Captein, accompanied with seuenscore gentlemen, souldiers and saylers, well furnished with victuals, and other prouision necessarie for one halfe yere, on this his seconde voyage, for the further discouering of the passage to *Cataia*, and other countries there vnto adiacent, by West and Northwest Navigations: whiche passage, or way, is supposed to be on the North and Northwest partes of America: and the sayd America to be an Islande inuironed with the sea, where through our Merchaunts might haue course and recourse with their merchandize, from these our northernmost parts of Europe, to those oriental coasts of Asia, in much shorter time, and with greater benefit then any others, to their no little commoditie and profite that do or shall traffique the same. Oure sayd Capteine and Generall of this present voyage and companie, hauing the yere before, with two little Pinnisies, to his great daunger and no small commendations, giuen a worthy attempt, towardes the performaunce thereof, is also prest (when occasion shall be ministred, to the benefite of his Prince and natiue countrie) to aduenture himselfe further therein. As for this second voyage, it seemeth sufficient that he that better explored and searched the commodities of those people and countries, with sufficient commoditie vnto the aduenturers, which in his first voyage the yeare before he had found out.

Upon which considerations, the day and yeare before expressed, we departed from Blacke Wall to Harwiche, where making an accomplishment of thinges necessarie, the last of Maye we hoysed vp sailes, and with a mery winde the 7. of June we arriued at the Islands called Orchades, or vulgarly Orkney, being in number 30. subiect and adiacent to Scotland, where we made prouision of fresh water: in the doing whereof, our Generall licensed the Gentlemen and Souldiers, for their recreation, to go on shoare. At our landing, the people fled from their poore cotages, with shrikes and alarums, to warne their neighbors of enimies: but by gentle persuasions we reclaimed them to their houses. It seemeth they are often frighted with pirates, or some other enimies, that moueth them to such soudeine feare. Their houses are verie simple buylded with pibble stone, without any chimneys, the fire being made in the middest thereof. The good man, wife, children, and other of their familie, eate and sleepe on the one side of the house, and their cattel on the other, very beastly and rudely in respect of ciuility. They are destitute of wood, their fire is turffes and cowe shardes. They haue corne, bigge, and oates, with which they pay their kinge's rent, to the maintenaunce of his house. They take great quantitie of fishe, which they drie in the winde and sunne. They dresse their meate verie filthily, and eate it without salt. Their apparel is after the rudest sort of Scotland. Their money is all base. Their churche and religion is reformed according to the Scots. The fisher men of England can better declare the dispositions of those people than I: wherefore I remit other their vsages to their reportes, as yearely repairers thither, in their course to and from Island for fish.

We departed herehence, the 8. of June, and followed our course between West and Northwest, vntill the 4. of Julie: all which time we had no night, but that easily, and without any impediment, wee had when wee were so disposed, the fruition of our bookes, and other pleasures to passe awaye the time: a thing of no small moment, to suche as wander in vn-

knowne seas and long nauigations, especially, when both the windes and raging surges, do passe their common and wonted course. This benefite endureth in those partes not sixe weekes, whilest the sune is neere the tropike of Cancer: but where the pole is raised to 70. or 80. degrees, it continueth the longer.

All along these seas after we were 6. dayes sayling from Orkney, we met floting in the sea great firre trees, which as wee iudged, were with the furie of greate floudes rooted vp, and so driuen into the sea. Island hath almost no other wood nor fewel, but suche as they take vp vpon their coastes. It seemeth, that these trees are driuen from some parte of the Newfound land, with the current that setteth from the West to the East.

The 4. of Julie, we came within the making of Freeseland. From this shoare 10. or 12. leagues, we met great Islands of yce, of halfe a mile, some more, some lesse in compasse, shewing aboue the sea 30. or 40. fathomes, and as we supposed, fast on ground, where, with oute leade wee could scarse sound the bottome for deapth.

Here, in place of odoriferous and fragrant smelles of sweete gummes, and pleasant notes of musicall birdes, which other countries in more temperate zone do yeeld, we tasted the most boisterous Boreall blasts, mixt with snow and haile, in the moneth of June and Julie, nothing inferior to our vntemperate Winter: a soudeine alteration, and especially in a place or paralele, where the pole is not eleuate aboue 61. degrees: at which height other countries more to the North, yea, vnto 70. degrees, shewe themselues more temperat than this doth.

All along this coast yce lyeth, as a continuall bullworke, and so defendeth the countrie, that those whiche would lande there, incurre great daunger. Our Generall three dayes together, attempted with the shippboate to have gone on shoare, whiche, for that without great daunger he could not accomplishe, he deferred it vntil a more conuenient time. All along the coast lye very highe mounteins couered with snowe, except in such

places, where, through the steepnesse of the mounteines, of force it must needes fall.

Foure dayes coastinge along this land, we found no signe of habitation. Little birdes, whiche we iudged to haue lost the shoare, by reason of thicke fogges, which that countrie is much subiect vnto, came fleeing to oure shippes, which causeth vs to suppose, that the countrie is both more tollerable, and also habitable within, then the outward shoare maketh shewe or signification.

From hence we departed the eight of Julie: and the 16. of the same, we came within the making of land, whiche land our Generall, the yeare before, had named *The Queene's foreland*, beeing an island, as we iudge, lying neere the supposed continent with America: and on the other side, opposite to the same, one other island called *Halle's Isle*, after the name of the maister of the shippe, neere adiacent to the firme lande, supposed continent with Asia. Betweene the whiche two islandes, there is a large entrance or streight, called *Frobisher's streight*, after the name of our Generall, the firste finder thereof. This saide streight, is supposed to haue passage into the sea of *Sur*, which I leaue vnknowen as yet.

It seemeth, that either heere, or not farre hence, the sea should haue more large entrance, than in other partes, within the frosen or vntemperate zone: and that some contrary tide, either from the East or West, with maine force casteth out that great quantity of yce, which commeth floating from this coast, euen vnto Freesland, causing that countrie to seeme more vntemperate than others, muche more northerly than the same.

I cannot iudge, that any temperature vnder the pole, beeing the time of the sunne's northerne declination, halfe a yeare together and one whole day, (considering, that the Sunne's eleuation surmounteth not 23. degrees and 30. minutes,) can haue power to dissolue such monstruous and huge yce, comparable to great mounteines, except by some other force, as by swift currents and tydes, with the helpe of the said day of halfe a yeare.

Before we came within the making of these landes, we tasted cold stormes, in so much that it seemed, we had chaunged summer with winter, if the length of the dayes had not remoued vs from that opinion.

At our first comming, the streightes seemed to be shutt vp with a long mure of yce, whiche gaue no little cause of discomfort vnto vs all: but our Generall, (to whose diligence, imminent daungers, and difficult attemptes seemed nothing, in respect of his willing mind, for the commoditie of his Prince and countrie,) with two little pinnises prepared of purpose, passed twise thoroughe them to the East shoare, and the islands therevnto adiacent: and the shippe, with the two barks, lay off and on something further into the sea, from the daunger of the yce.

Whilest he was searching the countrie neere the shoare, some of the people of the countrie shewed themselues, leaping and daunsing, with straunge shrikes and cryes, whiche gaue no little admiration to our men. Our Generall desirous to allure them vnto him by faire meanes, caused kniues, and other thinges, to be proferred vnto them, whiche they would not take at our handes: but beeing layd on the ground, and the partie going away, they came and tooke vp, leauing something of theirs to counteruaile the same. At the length, two of them leauing their weapons, came downe to our Generall and Maister, who did the like to them, commaunding the companie to stay, and went vnto them: who after certeine dumbe signes and mute congratulations, began to lay handes vpon them, but they deliuerly escaped, and ranne to their bowes and arrowes, and came fiercely vppon them, (not respecting the rest of our companie, which were ready for their defence) but with their arrowes hurt diuerse of them: we tooke the one, and the other escaped.

Whilest our Generall was busied in searching the countrie and those islands adiacent on the East shoare, the ship and barckes hauing great care, not to put farre into the sea from him, for that he had small store of victuals, were forced to

abide in a cruell tempest, chancing in the night, amongst and in the thickest of the yce, which was so monstrous, that euen the least of a thousand had beene of force sufficient, to haue shiuered our shippe and barkes into small portions, if God (who in all necessities, hath care vpon the infirmitie of man) had not prouided for this our extremitie a sufficient remedie, through the light of the night, whereby we might well discerne to flee from suche imminent daungers, whiche we anoyded with 14. bourdes in one watch the space of 4 houres. If we had not incurred this danger amongst these monstrous islandes of yce, wee shoulde haue lost our Generall and Maister, and the most of our best sailers, which were on the shoare destitute of victualls: but by the valure of our Maister Gunner, being expert both in nauigation and other good qualities, we were all content to incurre the dangers afore rehearsed, before we woulde, with our owne safetie, runne into the seas, to the destruction of our sayd Generall and his companie.

The day following, being the 19. of Julie, our Capteine returned to the shippe, with good newes of great riches, which shewed it selfe in the bowelles of those barren mounteines, wherewith we were all satisfied. A souden mutation. The one parte of vs being almost swallowed vp the night before, with cruell Neptune's force, and the rest on shore, taking thought for their greedie paunches, how to finde the way to Newfound land: at one moment we were all rapt with ioye, forgetting, both where we were, and what we had suffered. Behold the glorie of man, to night contemning riches, and rather looking for death than otherwise: and to morrowe deuising how to satisfie his greedie appetite with golde.

Within four days after wee had ben at the entrance of the streightes, the Northwest and West windes dispersed the yce into the sea, and made vs a large entrance into the streightes, that without any impediment, on the 19. of Julie, we entred them, and the 20. therof our Generall and Maister, with great diligence, sought out and sounded the West shoare, and found

out a fair harborough for the ship and barkes to ride in, and named it after our Maister's mate, *Iackman's sounde*, and brought the ship, barkes, and all their companie to safe anchor, except one man, whiche dyed by God's visitation.

Who so maketh nauigations to these contries, hath not only extreme winds, and furious seas, to encounter withall, but also many monstrous and great islandes of yce: a thing both rare, wonderfull, and greatly to be regarded.

We were forced, sundrie times, while the ship did ride here at anchor, to haue continuall watch, with boates and men readie with halsers, to knit fast vnto such yce, which with the ebbe, and floud were tossed too and fro in the harborough, and with force of oares to hale them away, for indaungering the ship.

Our Generall, certeine dayes searched this supposed continent with America, and not finding the commoditie to aunswere his expectation, after he had made tryall thereof, he departed thence with two little barkes, and men sufficient, to the East shoare, being the supposed continent of Asia, and left the ship with most of the Gentlemen, Souldiers, and Saylers, vntil such time as he, eyther thought good to send, or come for them.

The stones of this supposed continent with America, be altogether sparkling, and glister in the sunne like gold: so likewise doth the sande in the bright water, yet they verifie the olde prouerbe: *All is not golde that glistereth.*

On this West shoare we found a dead fish floating, whiche had in his nose a horne streight and torquet, of lengthe two yardes lacking two yneches, being broken in the top, where we might perceiue it hollowe, into which some of our Saylers putting spiders, they presently dyed. I sawe not the tryall hereof, but it was reported vnto me of a truth: by the vertue whereof, we supposed it to be the sea Unicorne.

After our Generall had founde out good harborough for the ship and barkes to anchor in: and also suche store of golde aure as he thought him self satisfied withall, he sent backe our Maister with one of the barkes, to conducte the great ship vnto

him, who coasting along the West shoare, perceiued a faire harboreugh, and willing to sound the same, at the enterance thereof they espyed two tents of seale skinnes.

At the sight of oure men, the people fled into the mountaines: neuerthelesse, our sayde Maister went to their tents, and left some of our trifles, as kniues, bels, and glasses, and departed, not taking any thing of theires, excepte one dogge to our shippe.

On the same day, after consultation had, wee determined to see, if by fayre meanes we could either allure them to familiaritie, or otherwise take some of them, and so atteine to some knowledge of those men, whome our Generall lost the yeare before.

At our comming backe againe, to the place where their tentes were before, they had remoued their tentes further into the said bay or sound, where they might, if they were driuen from the lande, flee with their boates into the sea. Wee parting our selues into two companies, and compassing a mounteine, came soudeinely vppon them by land, who espying vs, without any tarying fled to their boates, leauing the most part of their oares behind them for hast, and rowed downe the bay, where our two pinisses met them, and droue them to shoare; but, if they had had all their oares, so swift are they in rowing, it had bene lost time to haue chased them.

When they were landed, they fiercely assaulted oure men with their bowes and arrowes, who wounded three of them with our arrowes: and perceyuing them selues thus hurt, they desperately leapt off the rocks into the sea, and drowned themselues: which if they had not done, but had submitted themselues: or if by any meanes we could haue taken them aliue, (being their enimies as they iudged) we would both haue saued them, and also haue sought remedie to cure their woundes receiued at our handes. But they, altogether voyde of humanitie, and ignorant what mercy meaneth, in extremities looke for no other then death: and perceiuing they should fall into our hands, thus

miserably by drowning rather desired death, then otherwise to be saued by vs: the rest, perceiuing their fellowes in this distress, fled into the highe mounteines. Two women, not being so apt to escape as the men were, the one for her age, and the other being incombred with a yong childe, we tooke. The olde wretch, whome diuers of oure Saylers supposed to be eyther a diuell, or a witch, had her buskins plucked off, to see if she were clouen footed, and for her ougly hewe and deformitie, we let her goe: the young woman and the childe, we brought away. We named the place where they were slayne, *Bloudie point*: and the bay or harborough, *Yorke's sound*, after the name of one of the Capteines of the two barkes.

Hauing this knowledge both of their fiercenesse and crueltie, and perceiuing that fayre meanes, as yet, is not able to allure them to familiaritie, we disposed our selues contrarie to our inclination, something to be cruel, returned to their tentes, and made a spoyle of the same. Their riches are neyther gold, siluer, or precious draperie, but their sayde tentes and boates, made of the skinnes of red deare and seale skinnes: also, dogges like vnto woolues, but for the most part black, with other trifles, more to be wondred at for their strangenesse, then for any other commoditie needeful for our vse.

Thus returning to our ship, the 3. of August, we departed from the West shoare, supposed firme with America, after we had anchored there 13. dayes: and so, the 4. thereof, we came to our Generall on the East shoare, and anchored in a fayre harborough named *Anne Warrwicke's sound*, vnto which is annexed an islande both named after the Countesse of Warrwicke, *Anne Warrwicke's sound and Isle.*

In this isle, our Generall thought good, for this voyage, to frayght both the ship and barkes, with suche stone or gold minerall, as he iudged to counteruaile the charges of his first, and this his second nauigation to these countries, with sufficient interest to the venturers, whereby they might bothe be satisfied for this time, and also in time to come, (if it please God and our

Prince,) to expect a much more large benefite, out of the bowells of those septentrionall paralels, which long time hath concealed it self, til at this present, through the wonderfull diligence, and great danger of our Generall and others, God is contented with the reuealing thereof. It riseth so aboundantly, that from the beginning of August, to the 22. thereof, (euery man following the diligence of our Generall) we raysed aboue grounde 200. tunne, which we iudged a reasonable fraight for the shippe and two barkes, in the sayde *Anne Warrwick's Isle.*

In the time of our abode here, some of the countrie people, came to shewe them selues vnto vs, sundrie times on the maine shoare, neere adiacent to the sayd isle. Our Generall, desirous to haue some newes of his men, whom he lost the yeare before, with some companie with him repayred with the ship boat, to common, or signe with them for familiaritie, wherevnto he is persuaded to bring them. They, at the first shewe, made tokens, that three of his fiue men were aliue, and desired penne, ynck, and paper, and that within three or foure dayes, they would returne, and (as we iudged) bring those of our men, whiche were liuing, with them.

They also made signes or tokens of their king, whom they called *Cacough*, and how he was carried on men's shoulders, and a man farre surmounting any of our companie, in bignesse and stature.

With these tokens and signes of writing, penne, yncke, and paper was deliuered them, which they woulde not take at our handes: but being layde vpon the shoare, and the partie gone away, they took vp: which likewise they doe, when they desire any thing for chaunge of theirs, laying for that which is left, so much as they think wil counteruaile the same, and not comming neare together. It seemeth they haue bene vsed to this trade or traffique, with some other people adioyning, or not farre distant from their countrie.

After 4. dayes, some of them shewed themselues vpon the firme land, but not where they were before. Our Generall,

very glad thereof, supposing to heare of our men, went from the islande, with the boate, and sufficient companie with him. They seemed very glad, and allured him, about a certeine point of the land: behind which they might perceiue a companie of the craftie villains to lye lurking, whome our Generall woulde not deale withall, for that he knew not what companie they were, and so with fewe signes dismissed them, and returned to his companie.

An other time, as our said Generall was coasting the contrie, with two little pinisses, whereby at oure returne hee might make the better relation thereof, three of the craftie villains, with a white skin allured vs to them. Once againe, our Generall, for that he hoped to heare of his men, went towardes them: at oure comming neere the shoare, whereon they were, we might perceiue a number of them lie hidden behinde great stones, and those three in sight labouring by al meanes possible, that some woulde come on land: and perceyuing wee made no hast by words nor friendly signes, which they vsed by clapping of their handes, and beeing without weapon, and but three in sighte, they sought further meanes to provoke vs therevnto. One alone layd flesh on the shoare, which we tooke vpp with the boate hooke, as necessarie victualls for the relieuing of the man, woman, and child, whom we had taken: for that as yet, they could not digest oure meate: whereby they perceiued themselues deceiued of their expectation, for all their craftie allurements. Yet once againe, to make (as it were) a full shewe of their craftie natures, and subtile sleightes, to the intent thereby to haue intrapped and taken some of our men, one of them counterfeyted himselfe impotent and lame of his legges, who seemed to descend to the water side, with great difficultie: and to couer his craft the more, one of his fellowes came downe with him, and in such places, where he seemed unable to passe, hee tooke him on his shoulders, set him by the water side, and departed from him, leauing him (as it should seeme) all alone, who playing his counterfeite pageant very well, thought thereby

to prouoke some of vs to come on shoare, not fearing, but that any one of vs might make our partie good with a lame man.

Our Generall, hauing compassion of his impotencie, thought good (if it were possible) to cure him thereof: wherefore, hee caused a souldiour to shoote at him with his caleeuer, which grased before his face. The counterfeite villeine deliuerly fled, without any impediment at all, and gott him to his bowe and arrowes, and the rest from their lurking holes, with their weapons, bowes, arrowes, slings, and dartes. Our Generall caused some caleeuers to be shot off at them, whereby some being hurt, they mighte hereafter stand in more feare of vs.

This was all the aunswere, for this time, wee could haue of our men, or of our Generall's letter. Their craftie dealing, at these three several times, being thus manifest vnto vs, maye plainely shewe, their disposition in other thinges to be correspondent. We iudged, that they vsed these stratagemmes, thereby to haue caught some of vs, for the deliuering of the man, woman, and child whome we haue taken.

They are men of a large corporature, and good proportion: their colour is not much vnlike the sunne burnte countrie man, who laboureth daily in the sunne for his liuing.

They weare their haire somethinge long, and cut before, either with stone or knife, very disorderly. Their women weare their haire long, and knit vp with two loupes, shewing forth on either side of their faces, and the rest foltred vp on a knot. Also, some of their women race their faces proportionally, as chinne, cheekes, and forehead, and the wristes of their handes, wherevpon they lay a colour, which continueth darke azurine.

They eate their meate all rawe, both fleshe, fishe, and foule, or something perboyled with bloud and a little water, whiche they drinke. For lacke of water, they wil eate yce, that is hard frosen, as pleasantly as we will doe sugar candie, or other sugar.

If they, for necessitie's sake, stand in neede of the premisses,

such grasse as the countrie yeeldeth they plucke vppe, and eate, not deintily, or sallet wise, to allure their stomaches to appetite: but for necessitie's sake, without either salt, oyles or washing, like brute beasts deuouring the same. They neither vse table, stoole, or table cloth for comelinesse: but when they are imbrued with bloud, knuckle deepe, and their kniues in like sort, they vse their tongues as apt instruments to licke them cleane: in doeing whereof, they are assured to loose none of their victuals.

They franck or keep certeine doggs, not much vnlike wolues, whiche they yoke together, as we do oxen and horses, to a sled or traile: and so carrie their necessaries ouer the yce and showe, from place to place: as the captiue, whom we haue, made perfecte signes. And when those dogges are not apt for the same vse: or when with hunger they are constreyned, for lacke of other victuals, they eate them: so that they are as needefull for them, in respect of their bignesse, as our oxen are for vs.

They apparell themselues in the skinnes of such beastes as they kill, sewed together with the sinewes of them. All the fowle which they kill, they skin, and make thereof one kinde of garment or other, to defend them from the cold.

They make their apparell with hoods and tailes, which tailes they giue, when they thinke to gratifie any friendshippe shewed vnto them: a great signe of friendshippe with them. The men haue them not so syde as the women.

The men and women weare their hose close to their legges, from the wast to the knee, without any open before, as well the one kinde as the other. Uppon their legges, they weare hose of lether, with the furre side inward, two or three paire on at once, and especially the women. In those hose, they put their kniues, needles, and other thinges needefull to beare about. They put a bone within their hose, whiche reacheth from the foote to the knee, wherevpon they drawe their said hose, and

so in place of garters, they are holden from falling downe aboute their feete.

They dresse their skinnes very softe and souple with the haire on. In cold weather or winter, they weare the furre side inward: and in summer outward. Other apparel they haue none, but the said skinnes.

Those beasts, fishes, and fowles, which they kil, are their meate, drinke, apparel, houses, bedding, hose, shooes, thred, and sailes for their boates, with many other necessaries, whereof they stand in neede, and almost all their riches.

Their houses are tentes, made of seale skinnes, pitched vp with 4. firre quarters, foure square, meeting at the toppe, and the skinnes sewed together with sinewes, and layd therevpon: they are so pitched vp, that the entraunce into them, is alwayes South, or against the sunne.

They haue other sortes of houses, which wee founde, not to be inhabited, which are raised with stones and whalbones, and a skinne layd ouer them, to withstand the raine, or other weather: the entraunce of them beeing not much vnlike an ouen's mouth, whereto, I thincke, they resort for a time, to fishe, hunt, and fowle, and so leaue them vntill the next time they come thether againe.

Their weapons are bowes, arrowes, dartes, and slinges. Their bowes are of wood, of a yard long, sinewed on the back with strong sinews, not glued too, but fast girded and tyed on. Their bowe stringes are likewise sinewes. Their arrowes are three peeces, nocked with bone, and ended with bone, with those two ends, and the wood in the middst, they passe not in engthe halfe a yarde or a little more. They are fethered with two fethers, the penne end being cutte away, and the fethers layd vppon the arrowe with the broad side to the wood: in so much that they seeme, when they are tyed on, to haue foure fethers. They haue likewise three sortes of heades to those arrowes; one sort of stone or yron, proportioned like to a heart:

the second sort of bone, much like vnto a stopte head, with a hooke on the same: the thirde sort of bone likewise, made sharpe at both sides, and sharpe pointed. They are not made very fast, but lightly tyed to, or else set in a nocke, that vppon small occasion, the arrowe leaueth these heades behinde them: and they are of small force, except they be very neere, when they shoot.

Their darts are made of two sorts: the one with many forkes of bone in the fore ende, and likewise in the middest: their proportions are not much vnlike our toasting yrons, but longer: these they cast out of an instrument of wood very readily. The other sorte is greater than the first aforesayde, with a long bone made sharp on both sides, not much vnlike a rapier, which I take to be their most hurtfull weapon.

They haue two sorts of boates, made of lether, set out on the inner side with quarters of wood, artificially tyed together with thongs of the same: the greater sort are not much vnlike our wherries, wherein sixteene or twentie men may sitte: they haue for a sayle, drest the guttes of such beastes as they kyll, very fine and thinne, which they sewe together: the other boate is but for one man to sitte and rowe in, with one oare.

Their order of fishing, hunting, and fowling, are with these sayde weapons: but in what sort, or how they vse them, we haue no perfect knowledge as yet.

I can not suppose their abode or habitation to be here, for that neither their houses, or apparell, are of such force to withstand the extremitie of colde, that the countrie seemeth to be infected with all: neyther doe I see any signe likely to performe the same.

Those houses, or rather dennes, which stand there, haue no signe of footway, or any thing else troden, whiche is one of the chiefest tokens of habitation. And those tents, which they bring with them, when they haue sufficiently hunted and fished, they remoue to other places: and when they haue sufficiently stored them of suche victuals, as the countrie yeldeth, or bring-

eth foorth, they returne to their winter stations or habitations. This conjecture do I make, for the infertilitie, which I perceiue to be in that countrie.

They haue some yron, whereof they make arrowe heades, knives, and other little instrumentes, to woorke their boates, bowes, arrowes, and dartes withal, whiche are very vnapt to doe any thing withall, but with great labour.

It seemeth, that they haue conuersation with some other people, of whome, for exchange, they should receiue the same. They are greatly delighted with any thinge that is bright, or giueth a sound.

What knowledge they haue of God, or what idol they adore, wee haue no perfect intelligence. I thincke them rather *Anthropophagi*, or devourers of man's fleshe, then otherwise: for that there is no flesh or fishe, which they finde dead, (smell it neuer so filthily) but they will eate it, as they finde it, without any other dressing. A loathsome spectacle, either to the beholders, or hearers.

There is no maner of creeping beast hurtful, except some spiders (which, as many affirme, are signes of great store of golde:), and also certeine stinging gnattes, which bite so fiercely, that the place where they bite, shortly after swelleth, and itcheth very sore.

They make signes of certeine people, that weare bright plates of gold in their forheads, and other places of their bodies.

The countries, on both sides the streightes, lye very highe with roughe stonie mounteynes, and great quantitie of snowe thereon. There is very little plaine ground, and no grasse, except a little, whiche is much like vnto mosse that groweth on soft ground, such as we gett turfes in. There is no wood at all. To be briefe, there is nothing fitte, or profitable for the vse of man, which that countrie with roote yeeldeth, or bringeth forth: howbeit there is great quantitie of deere, whose skinnes are like vnto asses', their heads or hornes doe farre exceed, as wel in length as also in breadth, any in these our partes or countrie:

their feete likewise, are as greate as ours be, which we measured to be seuen or eight inches in breadth. There are also hares, wolues, fishing beares, and sea foule of sundrie sortes.

As the countrie is barren and vnfruitfull, so are they rude and of no capacitie to culture the same, to any perfection: but are contented by their hunting, fishing, and fowling, with rawe flesh and warme bloud, to satisfie their greedie panches, whiche is their onely glorie.

There is great likelyhood of earthquakes, or thunder: for that huge and monstruous mounteynes, whose greatest substaunce are stones, and those stones so shaken with some extraordinarie meanes, that one is separated from another, whiche is discordant from all other quarries.

There are no riuers, or running springes, but such, as through the heate of the sunne, with such water as descendeth from the mounteines and hills, whereon great driftes of snowe doe lie, are ingendred.

It argueth also, that there should be none: for that the earth, which with the extremitie of the winter, is so frosen within, that that water, whiche should haue recourse within the same, to maintaine springes, hath not his motion, whereof great waters haue their originall, as by experience is seene otherwhere. Such valleies, as are capable to receiue the water, that in the summer time, by the operation of the sunne, descendeth from greate abundance of snow, which continually lyeth on the mounteines, and hath no passage, sinketh into the earth, and so vanisheth awaye, without any runnell aboue the earth, by which occasion, or continual standing of the said water, the earth is opened, and the great frost yeldeth to the force thereof, whiche in other places, foure or fiue fathoms within the ground, for lacke of the said moysture, (the earth, euen in the very summer time,) is frosen, and so combineth the stones together, that scarcely instruments, with great force, can vnknitte them.

Also, whose ouer in those cuttes can haue no such passage away, by the continuance of time, in such sorte before rehearsed, the yeerely descent from the mountaines, encreaseth them fully that at the lowest baeck of the same, they fall into the next riuer, and so continue, as running ponds of water in the summer time full of water, and in the winter time frozen: as by skarres that remaine thereof in summer, may easily be perceiued: so that, the heate of summer, is nothing comparable, or of force, to dissolue the extremitie of colde, that commeth in winter.

Neuerthelesse, I am assured, that belowe the force of the frost, within the earth, the waters haue recourse, and emptie themselues out of sighte into the sea, which through the extremitie of the frost, are constreyned to doe the same, by which occasion, the earth within is kept the warmer, and springes haue their recourse, which is the onely nutriment of gold and minerals within the same.

There is much to be said of the commodities of these countries, which are couched within the bowels of the earth, whic, I let passe till more perfect triall be made thereof.

Thus coniecturing, till time, with the earnest industrie of our Generall and others (who by al diligence remaine prest to explore the truth of that which is vnexplored, as he hath to his euerlasting praise found out that whiche is like to yeelde an innumerable benefite to his Prince and countrie:) offer further triall, I conclude.

The 23. of August, after we had satisfied our mindes with frayght sufficient for oure vessels, though not our couetous desires, with such knowledge of the countrie people and other commodities as are before rehearsed, the 24. therof wee departed [redacted] the land's end of England, and so to Milford hauen, from whence out General rode to the Court, for order, to what port or hauen to conduct the shippe.

We lost our two barkes in the way homeward, the one, the

20. of August, the other, the 31. of the same moneth, by occasion of great tempest and fogge. Howbeit, God restored the one to Bristowe, and the other making his course by Scotland to Yarmouth. In this voyage wee lost two men, one in the ways by God's visitation, and the other homewarde cast over boorde with a surge of the sea.

I could declare vnto your Honour, the latitude and longitude of such places and regions, as wee haue beene at, but not altogether so perfect as our Maister's and others', with many circumstances of tempests and other accidents incident to seafaring men, which seeme not altogether straunge, I let passe to their reportes as men most apte to sett forth and declare the same. I haue also left the names of the countries on both the shoares vntouched, for lacke of vnderstanding the people's language; as also for sundrie respectes, not needfull as yet to be declared.

Countries new explored, where commoditie is to be looked for, doe better accord with a new name giuen by the explorers, then an vncerteine name by a doubtfull authour.

Our Generall named sundrie islands, mounteines, capes, and harboroughs after the names of diuers noble men, and other gentlemen his friends, as wel on the one shoare, as also on the other; not forgetting amongest the rest your Lordship: which hereafter (when occasion serueth) are to be declared in his own mapps or charts."

*A Sermon, preached at the Funerall of that most Honourable and worthie Knight S. Richard Leueson, Vice-Admirall of England: Who dyed at London the 2. of August, and was interred at Wooluer Hampton in the Countie of Stafford, the 2. day of September following. Anno Domi. 1605. By Samvel Page, Batchelour in Diuinitie, and Vicar of Deptforde in Kent.*

*"London, printed by William White, dwelling in Cow-lane neere Holborne Conduit. 1605."*

*To the Right Honourable his especiall good Lord, the Earle of Nottingham, the Lord high Admirall of England, &c. Samvel Page wisheth all encrease of Honour.*

My especiall good Lord, the loue which that Honorable Knight *Sir Richard Leueson* did deserue from mee, hath made my eare so impatient of any imputation by which he may be traduced to the world, that passing amongst the throng of variable censures, and obseruing how emulation and enuie of his worth, striueth to burie his honour in the same dust with his life-lesse body: I could not but wonder, that so many faire parts of vertue and goodnes in him, could be so slightly skipt ouer, and that so cursory eyes as beheld them, could so dwell vpon the errours and mis-heedings of his youth. It concerneth mee (whom he chose out of all his acquaintance, to breath his last words in my eares, and to make me the eye, and the tongue witnesse of his ende,) to doe him this right, to satisfie with my testimonie such, who being better acquainted with his course of life then my selfe was, might finde in it more to dislike, and might therefore suspect his death: to those, and for discharge

of my duetie to my honourable friende, though departed, I haue caused these papers to speake more publiquely that, which in a full hearing I deliuered to those which were present at his Funerals; and I protest herein my sinceritie; for as all my seruice done to him, had beginning in my loue of his vertue; So neither my labour was mercenary with him, nor my penne hired: for it is sufficiently knowen, that I neuer receiued from him more than the rich reward of his thanks, and acknowledgment of that comfort which he receiued from mee; which I hold so deare a recompence, that I could sow dayly, to reape but such an harvest.

What I haue herein deliuered, I present vnto your Honour, beseeching you, who haue vouchsafed to be the Patrone of my studies, to receiue this; and herewithall my most humble duetie.

*Deptford this* 8. *December*, 1605.

Your Honour's Chaplaine in
all duetie and seruice,

SAMUELL PAGE.

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2 SAM. 3. vers. 38.

*And the King said to his Seruants, Know ye not that a Prince and a great Man is fallen this day in Israel?*

"ABNER is dead, David the King is become a mourner; hee followed the beare of *Abner* to the graue: When hee came to the sepulchre, hee lift vp his voyce and wept: He bemoned his death to the people: hee refused his meate till the sunne was downe. And in this verse he pleadeth the cause of his griefe to his seruantes, and makes them sensible of his losse: *Know ye not that there is*, &c.

how artificiall sorrow is, in telling of her owne tale here is not a word in this speech of the Kinges, but it hath the taste and the relish of the grieued heart where it grew. Though I haue found as much difference betweene man and man, as betweene high and low, rich and poore, great and small; yet I haue set mine eye in the second place, vpon the mortalitie of Great Men, because my text saith, *A great man is fallen.* It hath cost the liues of the greatest to exemplifie this to vs: from *Adam*, the father of vs all, by whose disobedience sinne came into the world, and by sinne, death, euen to this moment of time wherein thousands are breathing their last in sundry places, and by sundry sorts of death.

Where be those great ones, euen the greatest of the sonnes of men, which haue ouercome kingdomes and people, with an inundation of power, and taught the earth to groane, and made vnder the burthen of their armes? Did not God blow vpon them, and they withered? and did not the whirlewind take them away as stubble? *Exod.* 24. When *Iob* was out of taste with his life, he wisht that he had gone immediately from the wombe to the graue: for saith he, then should I haue slept, and been at rest, with the kinges and counsellours of the earth, which haue builded them selues desolate places; or with the princes that had gold, and haue filled their houses with siluer. *Iob* iii. 13.

Dignitie, friends, followers, wealth, plentie, the best supporters that the world could find (of temporall happines) giue way when death commeth. The Centurion sayth to his seruant Goe, and he goeth: Death sayth to the Centurion Come, and he commeth. Death's nettes are not cobwebbes to take none but small flyes, nor mat's for none but small birdes: If great men should not die, small men should not liue. Vnrestrayned greatnes growes saluage: but the thought of death makes it come to hand, and become tame.

All the life of some, is a rize from one aduancement to another, till they haue lost themselues in their owne greatnes:

but they shall fall euen from the greatest. It was ordained in Paradice, when we were all yet in the loynes of our first parents, before there was any such difference betwixt vs in dignitie. *For out of it wast thou taken, because thou art dust, and into dust shalt thou returne. Gen.* iii. 19. Dust is our first, and last. The most neate, and the most curious amongst vs, shall not brush off this dust, till we rise againe, euen till our mortall doe put on immortalitie.

In a lesse matter in 2 *Reg.* vi. 7. when a woman in the famine of Samaria, cryed, *Helpe my Lord, O King.* The King of Israel said: *Seeing the Lord doth not succour thee, how should I helpe with the Barne or the Wine-presse?* Kings then haue their wings clipt: God will haue them knowne to be but men: the winde blowes on them, the sunne heates them, the raine doth wet them: griefe and care is as ordinary a guest with them, as with their meanest subiects: their great friendes fall also like other men: *More æquo pulsat pede*, it goes with an euen foote, and carryeth an indifferent hand, and feares Kinges that only remedy, to sitte downe and weepe ouer their dead, as David heere doth ouer Abner.

It is not long since our eyes saw the fall of Maiestie, the death of the great Lady of these realmes, the Soueraigne of all the honest hearts vnder these her dominions, the wonder of her sexe, deseruing better of her people, then we haue words to expresse: as much aboue my prayse, as I was beneath her greatnes, the holy annoynted seruant of God, hath not she read vs a lecture of mortality, and shewed vs out of what pit Princes are digged?

I would my words could go so neare the hearts of the greatest in this assemblie, as to perswade them to lay this much to heart, and to make it their philosophy (and best learning) to learne to die.

This meditation were enough to kill the moath in their garments; and to scoure off the rust from their gold, and to set their imprisoned money at liberty: it were enough to cleath

the naked, to feede the hungry, to comfort the oppressed, to make rich men liue to God, and not to themselues, or to regard themselues chiefly for a common good.

It were enough to distaste to men that anxious and solicitous impropriation of all their respects vnto themselues, and to enlarge their heartes to the pursuite of the good of their brethren.

This meditation were enough to reare vp Temples to God, Colledges for Artes and Learning, Hospitals for the poore and diseased: for there is nothing that killes Charitie and Good workes sooner, then hope of long life.

I beseech you, if your eare be open, to entertaine this needful instruction, let it be tenible in your remembrance also, that whilst you liue, you may do good to all: and that when you die, your workes may follow you: not the merite of your workes: for, your well doing extendeth not to God.

This were condignitie on your part: but the reward of your workes: for God rewardeth abundantly those that do well: this is gratiuitie on God's part. It is sayd of them that die, thus, τὰ ἔργα αὐτῶν, Their owne workes follow them, that they might not depende hopefully on the workes of other men, much lesse vpon their multiplyed reiterations of prayers for them. It is also sayd, ἀκολουθεῖ, which signifieth immediately following, and therefore no stay by the way, μετὰ αὐτῶν euen with themselues.

It is the reproch of Protestants, and the shame of our professours at this day: It is spoken of in *Gath*, and it is proclaimed in the streets of Askelon; the Church of Roome doth iustly charge vs with it: Good workes liue in exile from vs: encroachments vpon our Church-reuenewes, and bequeathments of dying men to holy vses, euen for the maintenance of good artes and learning.

The reentries of the Laye vpon the rentes of God, are frequent: the Church hath not the ouerflowings now of the fullest cuppe: it is honour enough to them, that inuade not these consecrate and hallowed beneuolences, that make a conscience

of this gripple seasure, and vnrighteous intrusion, though they giue nothing themselues.

What are the walls about our strongest townes, but heapes of stone and congestions of earth? *Theopompus* in *Plutarch* to one that shewed him the walles of his cittie, asking him if they were not goodly and strong? Aunswered well, *ειγυναικων*, no, if your cittie hold none but women. Our shippes are but walles of wood; our ordinance but the messengers of death: and there must be some to sende these messengers abroade.

Indeed all our defence, our strongest bulwarkes and propugnacles of our land, what are they without the ministerie and seruice of men, but as shaftes and arrowes hunge vp against the wall? And what are men, without order and discipline, but as droues of wilde beastes? So did disordered confusion fashion the vnschool'd minoritie of the world, euen then when the Romane Empire, like a young budd of greatnesse, was first inoculate in the ranckstocke of vndisciplin'd times: So sayth a learned Romane,

*Disciplina militaris acriter retenta,* &c.

Millitarie discipline seueerely retained, made Rome spread ouer towne and countrie, land and sea, and bredd the empire of all the earth, in the poore cottage of *Romulus*.

And was not all this performed by the vertue of men of action, and vndertaking, such as are called *Great men?*

*Philip* of *Macedon* had wont to call the *Athenians* an hippie people; because they had such store of Great Men of worth, as yeerely to choose tenn fitt to be leaders: whereas he had in all his time, found none but *Parmenio*, worthy to take charge vnder him. But now I begin to see how I do idle the time, to shew you how great a misse a state may haue of Worthy men, and to endeare to you men of action.

For we haue put off our armour, and our swordes and shickles hang vp rather as monumentes of old, then instrumentes of new warres: our ships are double moor'd, our men

of warre liane, wished euer welcome peace into our borders, *Abner* hath leaue to die, and men of action could neuer haue been better spared: Smooth and euen is the face and outside of all things amongst vs. Let not our eyes, O Lord, nor the eyes of our vnborne children and nephewes, euer see it wrinkled any more: Let vs all ioyne in prayer alwayes for the peace of our *Ierusalem*, and let them prosper that loue it.

Yet by the faire leaue of a gentle peace, let vs consider that the sonnes of *Zeruiah* may be too hard for vs, and therefore let not *Abner* die without sence of a publique losse, euen without an vniuersal condolement of the State wherein he liues, and of which he hath deserued well.

It is our great fault that when God giueth any such blow to our State, the smart of it is too soone past, and their memorie buried in the same graue with them. This is a great discouragning of Worthy men, from great vndertakinges: For this land hath buried, in our memorie, of Worthies that are all dead, their actes, their name and all; such an honourable breed, as liuing eyes cannot find paragons too, and our present hopes (which yet are our franckest promises,) cannot apprehend: Let them all goe with this honour done them in heauen, *In memoria æterna erit iustus.*

Concerning this occasion of meeting, let me also borrow your patience and attention.

Though I know you haue saued me a labour in the application: and your vnderstandings in their cleare light, haue seene that this honorable Knight, of whom there is now but thus much left, euen a morsell fitte for the wormes, and a tenant for the house, and a guest for the bedd in the darke, of which *Iob* speaketh, *He hath beene my Teate*, the *Abner*, the Great and Worthie man whom I haue personated all this while: and our sceane lieth in our *Israel*, and that this fight is the catastrophe of our tragedy.

Yet I beseech you, let mee pay the debt which I owe to his

[illegible]

his witnesse, that he looked vpon his life past, with a censorious eye: hee charged himselfe with his defaultinges without excuse or mitigation of his sinnes, euen with detestation of his vnthriftines of good howers, and sorrow for the loss of so pretious minutes, that should haue been better spent, and with most serious deprecation of God's wrath.

It pleased him in my attendaunce vpon his honourable Father in law into Spayne, wherein this worthy Knight had a great place of commaund and charge: it pleased him in this expedition, to take knowledge of mee, and often to vouchsafe mee his conference: and being desirous to sing the song of the Lord in a strange land, he receiued at my hands the Sacrament of the body and blood of Christ, accompanied with many worthy Knights, and Gentlemen of qualitie, in one of the harborroughs of that land; where there was peace for our persons, but not for our religion: Yea, many wayes he testified to mee, his loue of God and of our religion: He looked iudicially into the difference betweene vs and the Church of Rome, touched with commiseration of the darknes wherein they lyued, and wishing encrease of zeale amongst vs, and knowledge with them.

After his returne, it pleased Almighty God by his last sickness, to put him in minde that he must *set his house in order: For he must die.* This he maturely regarded: and after the setting of his estate, he reserued the remaine of his time, as a vacation from all temporall thoughts, and consecrated it to his preparation for his remooue of the body, that he might dwell with the Lord.

It pleased him then, to remember his acquaintaunce with mee; and when hee had dispatched a messenger with his letters to mee, to entreat my resort to him, I preuented expectation: for the vnwelcome newes of his dangerous sicknesse, was to mee messenger enough to call vpon mee to doe so honourable a friende my last seruice.

He receiued my free and voluntarie visitation, with more

then thankes: and desirous to be priuate with me, to this purpose he bespake mee.

First, he tolde me of his present weaknes, and appeared to mee sensible of his danger and death, and therefore protested an earnest desire to spend that short time of life limited then to him, in a religious preparation for that end.

Hee began at the accusing of his former leawd life, (so he was pleased to call it, with a sorrowfull detestation of it) and complayning to mee of his present infirmitie, which had so weakened his memorie and vnderstanding, that he could not lay him selfe so open before God as he desired, nor comprehend in fitte wordes his suite to God for pardon of his sinnes, and the assistance of his holy Grace to the last gaspe, as he wished: Hee earnestly desired mee to conceiue a forme of confession of his sinnes to God, and a prayer for those mercies which I might leaue with him when I should depart from him.

This I soone satisfied him in, for I had more vse herein of my memorie of that which he had deliuered to mee, then of my inuention for that which I was to delyuer to him: His sorrowes had the true face of woe; and his feeling of his owne griefe for sinne, was so sensible, his zeale so feruent, his humiliation made him so dejected, that I saw in him a true mirrour and president of repenting in good earnest.

O let mee heare the tongue speake which is prompted by a soule truely humbled before God. Hee vsed this forme of prayer, with an affection sanctified, and a spirit wayned from this world: And this done, he desired mee now to supply the weakenes of his memorie, by calling into his remembraunce those thinges which are most fitte to be the last thoughts of a dying man.

I spared not my best endeauour herein, and entertained him with all the comfortes which I could.

Hee heard mee attentiuely, vnderstandingly, consentfully, and beleeuingly; And confessed this doctrine of peace, which

passeth all vnderstanding, to be the best phisicke; and that onely which now he desired.

Thus commending him in my earnest prayers to God, hee dismissed mee, protesting that he had much cheared and refreshed his ouercharged spirit with these holy exercises; hee desired mee to repaire to him the morning following betimes: this I did gladly, and full of hope that the Lord would haue mercy on vs, that he might liue.

When I came, hee gaue mee a louing and chearefull welcome, and then desired mee not to depart from him, till I had seene the last of him. Hee told mee of the sorrowes which he had sustained the night past, and that he saw no possibilitie of life beyonde the morning following, he found such decay in himselfe: then I vnderstood how in the night past, he had called vpon God, and what good watch he kept, that if at midnight, or at the dawning, God had sent for him hence, hee might not be vnprouided.

Hee then in the hearing of vs all present, made his confession of sinnes, and prayers to God so earnestly and effectually, that when he requested vs all to pray to God for him, hee taught vs to be importunate, and that it past not good manners to take no nay of our God. I neuer sowed my comfort in a better ground; for I began to reape, ere I had done sowing. Hee heard our prayers for him, with great content and comfort.

This whole day was spent in prayers, and reading of those things to him which might best endeare to him the ioyes of Heauen: and when he felt his decay more sensible, he desired our prayers to God for him againe, as loth to loose the aduantage of any minute of that short time of his life: and after vs, hee sayd the Lord's Prayer, to our great reioycing in his zeale, who grieued so much for his weaknesse; and he testified to vs witnesses, the religion and fayth wherein hee died.

I desired him to be plaine and true to me in one demaunde: I shewed him how those that are in miserie (as *Iob* speaketh)

seeke after death, and reioyce when they can finde the graue; but their miserie and wearines of suffering, bringeth foorth in them these desires: But for him who had plentie of all that his heart could wish for his meanes of maintenance, greatnesse in his place, honour in his employments, grace with his Soueraigne, loue with the multitude, and the common language of all men to applaude his noble desertes of the state in which hee liued: I enquired therefore if hee, who had so many prouocations to desire to liue, could be content to forsake this life, and all these thinges? Hee smiled cheerefully, and protested that hee dyed as willingly, as that poore man mentioned in *Iob*, that had nothing but miserie to forsake; for Heauen was his hope, and God his exceeding great reward.

Shortly after, hee began to decay more and more, and slumbring out a little time, after some pange and strong conuulsions, hee fell into this last sleepe, leauing teares in euery beholder's eye, and diuiding amongst vs his friends and followers, a well witnest sorrow: and leauing this body of clay to these our last obsequies.

Thus leauing him with God; and to God commending our selues, I conclude. I haue but planted and watered; the Lord giue the encrease."

# Biographiana.

1. *Dr. Isaac Bargrave, Dean of Canterbury, died in 1642.*

ISAAC BARGRAVE, son of Robert Bargrave, of Bridge, in the county of Kent, Esq. being Canon of this Church, was promoted to be Dean, anno 1625, and died 1642. He was buried on Jan. 25, near his predecessor, Dr. Boys. His picture, fair drawn to the life upon copper, is fixed upon the wall, near his grave; and under it is this inscription:

"Isaacus Bargrave, Cantianus, S. T. P. hujus Ecclesiæ Decanus, et ingens decus: amæno ingenio pietatem et eruditionem ornavit: in seculo novitatis nimium avido, vixit moribus antiquis, gentibus exteris domique nobilibus gratissimus hospes, hospitio generosissimo reposuit. Bello Civili expertibus regiis Caroli Martyris stetit et cecidit.

"Post varia per Europam itinera hic tandem fixus, obiit anno salutis reparatæ 1642, æt. 56.

"Johannes Bargrave, S. T. D. Canon. posterorum expensis ponendum curavit, A.D. 1679."

"Isaacus Bargrave, S. T. D. ad ecclesiam de Eythorne in Com. Cant. admissus 18 Oct. 1614; Carolo Principi a sacris: ad canonicatum ecclesiæ Cant. 6 Nov. 1622: ad ecclesiam de Chartham ab Archiepiscopo collatus die 5 Januar. 1627: ad decanatum Cant. 14 Oct. 1625. Obiit 1642, ætat. 56. Uxorem duxit Elizabetham Dering: pepotem habuit Johannem Bargrave ejusdem demum ecclesiæ Canonicum, qui obiit xi Maii, 1680."

Sir Anthony Weldon in his *Court of K. James* saith that Dr. Bargrave was promoted by the Duke of Buckingham, to whom he paid an annual pension out of his Deanery.

Mr. Lloyd in his *Memoirs* (*Fol.*) p. 687, says, Dr. Isaac Bargrave, Dean Boys's brother in law, and himself Dean of Canterbury, a gentleman of [illegible] study, great travels, intimate acquaintance with Padre Poulo of Venice, who told him that the doctrine and discipline of the Church of England were the most primitive of any in the world; and of great esteem with the Parliament, 1622, 1623, 1624, 1626, 1627, 1628, who took the sacrament constantly at his hands at St. Margaret's, Westminster, where he was many years the faithful minister; and advice from his mouth often at Convocation, whereof he was several times an eminent and active member. He had suffered for his zeal in a sermon before the Parliament, 1623, upon the text, *I will wash mine hands in innocence and compass thine altar*, against popery, evil counsellors, and corruption; and now suffered for being a patron of both; his house being ransacked; his family frighted and abused; the will of Dr. Boys, and some gold they found in his wife's (now 80 years of age) chamber, threatened to be embezzled; his wife led up and down the house in her morning gown at midnight; his son carried prisoner to Dover Castle; at last the Dean himself seized at Gravesend, and sent prisoner to the Fleet; with sorrow for which usages from one, the commander in this business, whom he had saved from the gallows at Maidstone some years before, he died broken-hearted.

*Extract of a Letter from K. Charles to Archbishop Laud in the Tower.**

"We are informed that Dr. Isaac Bargrave, Dean of our Cathedral of Canterbury, is very lately deceased; and by his death the parsonage of Chartham near Canterbury become void. Many good motives and reasons have inclined us to favour therewith *John Reading*, clerk, now beneficed at Dover. Given at our Court at Oxford the 27th. of January, 1642."

See *History of the Troubles and Trial of Abp. Laud.* Fol. p 200, 207.†

The aforesaid Dr. John Bargrave was Canon in the 5th. Pre-

* Prynne's Abp. Laud, p. 32.

† For full memoirs of Dean Bargrave see Todd's *Deans of Canterbury*, 8vo.

bend of the Cathedral at Canterbury. He died anno 1680, May 11, and was interred in this church, near to the going into the Martyrdom, where a flat marble lies over him, with this short inscription:

"Hic asservantur exuviæ
Johannis Bargrave S. T. D.
Hujus ecclesiæ Canonici,
Qui obiit xi die Maii, 1680,
70 ætatis suæ anno."*

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2. *Francis Rous, Provost of Eton College, died Jan. 7. 1658–9.*

He wrote

"*The Arte of Happieness, consisting of three parts: whereof the first searcheth out the happieness of man: the second particularly discovers and approves it: the third sheweth the meanes to attaine and encrease it. By Francis Rous. London, printed for John Parker,* 1619." 8vo.

In the Epistle dedicatory to his most honoured Father he says, "A son cannot present his labours more fitly than to a Father, especially when they bring with them so excellent a thing as blessedness. I began the study of the Law, until a storm from Heaven chased me away to the study of eternity." Dated from my house in Lausake, April 29.

Wood says he was a younger son of Sir Anthony Rous, by Elizabeth his first wife, daughter of Thomas Southcote, Gent. was born at Halton in Cornwall, and at 12 years of age became a Commoner of Broadgate Hall, 1591; where continuing under a constant and severe discipline, he took the degree of Bachelor of Arts: he went afterwards as it seems to the Inns of Court, though some there be (he continues) that would needs persuade me that he took holy orders, and became minister of Saltash in Cornwall. A man of parts devoted to the puritanic party, elected by the men of Truro in his own county to serve in Parliament." &c.*

* Kennet's MSS.

### 3. *Dr. John Jegon, Bishop of Norwich, died March* 15, 1617.

"He was master of Benet College. He was a severe governor, yet of a facetious disposition. I will produce an instance while Master of the College. He chanced to punish all under graduates for some general offence; and the penalty was put upon their heads in the Buttery. And because he disdained to convert the money to any private use, it was expended in new whiting the College Hall, whereon a scholar set up these verses on the screen:

"Dr. Jegon, Benet College Master,
Broke the scholars' heads, and gave the wall a plaister."

To these the Doctor subscribed extempore:

"Knew I the wag that made
These verses in a bravery,
I would commend him for his wit,
And whip him for his knavery.

He died March 13, 1617, and was buried at Aylsham, in Norfolk. In 1619 his widow Lilia was remarried to Sir Charles Cornwallis."*

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### 4. *Robert Wynter, Esq. and Stephen Lyttelton, Gent. two of the Gunpowder Traitors*, 1605.

"These are thus described in the proclamation for their apprehension—

"Robert Wynter is a man of mean stature, and rather low than otherwise; square made, somewhat stooping; near forty years of age; his hair and beard brown; his beard not much, and his hair short.

"Stephen Lyttelton is a very tall man; swarthy of complexion; of brown-coloured hair; no beard, or little; about 30 years of age."*

* Kennet's MSS.

## *William Harrison, an eminent Historian and Antiquary, died* 1593.

"1558, Feb. 16. Will. Harrison, Clericus admiss. ad eccles. de Radwinter com. Essex. ad pres. Will. Broke mil. 1593, 11 Feb. Johes Mountfort, A. M. admiss. ad eccles. de Radwinter vac. per mort. Willi Harrison.

Mr. Wood finds him a domestic Chaplain to Sir W. Broke, Kt. Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, and Baron of Cobham in Kent, who, says he, if I mistake not, preferred him to a Benefice.

That Benefice was the Rectory of Radwinter in Essex.

Mr. Wood, after reciting his works, says, "What he hath written besides I know not: nor any thing else, but that he was living in 1587."

He was not only then living and flourishing; but he lived on, and enjoyed the same benefice till the latter end of 1593.

Mr. Wood finds another William Harrison to be installed Canon of Windsor, 1586; being about that time Rector of Radwinter in Essex, who dying, 1593, was buried at Windsor, leaving behind him several children, which he had by his wife Marian, daughter of William Isebrand of Ardenne, nigh to Guisnes in Picardy. Whether this writer be the same with this William Harrison he cannot tell.

It is very plain he was the same person.

Gulielmus Harrison installatus Canonicus Windesor, die 24 April 1586, loco Henrici Ryley, Theol Bacc. Obiit et sepultus Windesoræ anno 1593, et successit Tho. White, S. T. P.

Note—The first volume of *Holinshead's Chronicle*,* as continued to 1586, is dedicated to the Right Honourable and his singular good Lord and Master, Sir William Brook, Knt. Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, and Baron of Cobham—concluding *Your Lordship's humble servant and household Chaplain, W. H.* Wherein he owns that he has *a Chronology* yet in hand. "I must confess that now of late, except it were from the parish

* So far as concerns the historical description of the Isle of Britain, &c. comprehended in these books, and written by W. H.

where I dwell unto your Honour in Kent, or out of London, where I was born, unto Oxford and Cambridge, where I have been brought up, I never travelled forty miles.

In the said *Historical Description* there be several particulars relating to the life of the writer.

Mr. Holinshead, in his Preface to the 3d. volume of *Chronicles*, writes thus for the computation of the years of the world:

"I had by Maister Wolfe's advice followed Funcius; but after his decease, Mr. W. H. [*William Harrison*] made me partaker of a *Chronology*, which he had gathered and compiled with most exquisite diligence, following *Gerardus Mercator*, and other late chronologers, and his own observations, according to the which I have reformed the same."*

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5. ***Dr. Richard Howland, Bishop of Peterborough, died*** 1600.

"Ricardus Howland, filius et hæres Johis Howland de civitate London per Annam filiam ..... Greenway de Clay in Com. Norfolc. baptizatus fuit die 26 Sept. 1540.

He was ancestor in the family of the Howlands, of which one in the direct line lives now near Dunmow in Essex, related by her husband to Mrs. Howland of Streatham, mother in law to the Duchess of Bedford, who himself told me that Bishop Howland of Peterborough was of that family.

A man of good figure in the University for many years."*

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5. ***Sir George Carew, Ambassador to France in*** 1605, ***died*** 1612.

"Sir George Carew dwelt in Carew House in Tothil-Street, Westminster, and dying there, was buried in the middle chancel of the parish church of St. Margaret's, in Nov. 1612.

* Kennett's MSS.

He was a native of Cornwall: a Traveller, Barrister, Secretary to Lord Chancellor Hatton; and in 1597, Master in Chancery."*

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## 6. *Sir Thomas Smith, Master of Requests, died* 1609.

"In the chancel of the church of Fulham on a polished stone is this inscription:

D. O. M.
Thomæ Smitho, Equiti aurato,
Regiæ Majestati a Supplicum
Libellis, et ab Epistolis Latinis,
Viro, doctrina prudentiaque singulari,
Francisca Guil. Baronis Chandois filia
Optimo marito conjux mæstissima
Plorans posuit.
Obiit xxviii die Novem.
MDCIX."†

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## 7. *Dr. Fotherby, Bishop of Salisbury, died* 1619.

"Son of Maurice Fotherby, Esq. of Grimsby in Lincolnshire. He was brother of Charles Fotherby, Archdeacon and Dean of Canterbury,‡ educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, under his relation, Dr. John Whitgift, who afterwards made him his chaplain. Collated to the church of Great Mongeham in Kent, 8 June, 1596; Prebendary of Canterbury, July 30, 1596; Rector of Adisham, Jan. 24. 1602, promoted to the Bishoprick of Salisbury, Mar. 26, 1618.

He entertained K. James at Salisbury, Aug. 2, 1618.

Died 12 March, 1619-20.

Sir Anthony Weldon says that he was promoted to the Bishoprick by the Duke of Buckingham, to whom he paid *l.*3500."§

* Ibid. † Ibid. ‡ Who died 1619. § Kennett's MSS.

8. *Charles Jones, designed to be Speaker of the House of Commons, died on the road to London,* 1640.

" He was son of Sir William Jones, Kt. one of the Justices of the King's Bench, 1637, of whom and his son Bishop Humphrey wrote thus to Anth. a Wood.

" If at any time you should hereafter mention Sir Wm. Jones, be so just to him, and so kind to me, who am under great obligations to his memory, (though he was dead before I was born) by reason of his great and entire friendship to my grandfather and family, (of which Sir William's mother was a daughter) as to add, that he was a most upright judge, an excellent patriot, and true friend, the most steady and zealous that could be, wherever he professed a friendship.

He married Margaret, daughter of Griffith John Griffith of Kyne, Esq. and had by her a numerous issue.

1. William Jones, that died young.

2. Griffith Jones of Castellmarch, Esq. whose daughter and heir was married to Sir William Williams of Vaynol, Bart. and brought the estate of Castellmarch (which Sir William Jones did not much increase) into that family.

3. Charles Jones, a most accomplished, learned Gentleman, bred up in Oxford, and after in Lincoln's Inn. I have often heard persons of great knowledge lament the death of this Gentleman, as the most unseasonable that ever happened to England in any private person; because he was designed to have been SPEAKER *of that unhappy Parliament,* 1641: and if he had been, all that knew him concluded he would, by that great prudence he was master of, the great esteem all parties had for his ability and integrity, and his true zeal for the king and monarchy, have prevented that war; but he died on his way to that Parliament, I think at Lichfield. So another was made SPEAKER, who was too much in the interest of the Rebels. But this good man's memory will never die in these parts, as you'll easily judge by a part of his will, whereby it appears that he was not only a charitable good man, but one that had a true sense of God and religion upon his soul.

4. Robert Jones (Sir William's 4th son) a very loyal, worthy Gentleman, and High Sheriff of Caernarvon in 1645 or 6.

Sir William had many daughters.

1. Sydney, married, first, to Richard Wynne, Archdeacon of Bangor; then to Sir George Calverly of Leyhall in Cheshire; and after him to Sir Edward Littleton, Keeper of the Great Seal: she was the mother of the Lady Littleton now living, widow of one Sir Thomas, and mother to another: both eminent members of Parliament.

2. Elenor, married to John Price of Rhiwlas, mother to Col. Wm. Price and Dr. John Price of New College, Oxford.

3. Catherine, married to Capt. Morgan of Goalgreve, mother of the famous Capt. Morgan, that was killed in the famous Cheshire Rising, 1659.

4. Dorothy, married to Faulconbridge.

You mention—Frances, married to Lewis Anwyll of Park, Esq. grandchild to Sir Robert Owen of Dornton, Kt. and Lucy, unmarried."*

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## 9. *Lewis Bailey, Bishop of Bangor*, 1632.

It is not doubted but that Bishop Bailey was the author of *The Practice of Piety*, printed about 40 times in 8vo. and 12mo. of which the eleventh edition was printed at London, 1619. I have heard (says Dr. Humphry Humphrys, Bishop of Bangor) from some old men, that knew the Bishop, and from others that had it from many of the clergy that were intimate with him, that the Bishop did not want learning for a greater work than that; and that they were well assured he was the true author of it. But this is a lying, malicious Puritan story, invented by that proud Pharisaical faction, who were not willing a book so well esteemed should be writ by a Bishop. And indeed after this book had been

* Kennett's MSS. where is an extract from Charles Jones's will, relative to the endowment of the Alms House, founded by him at Pwllhely in Caernarvonshire.

printed above 30 times in English, and often in several other languages, in the Bishop's name, and particularly in Welsh, above 50 years ago: yet when a new edition of it in that language was set forth in 167-, and the title-page had been wrought off as the former with the Bishop's name, Mr. Gouge ordered that that should be torn out of the book, and another without the Bishop's name printed instead of it. And, when he was by some Gentlemen of this country charged with injuring the Bishop by this, he had the confidence to say, not only that Dr Bayley was not the author of it, but to alledge, that the then Bishop of Bangor, Dr. Humphry Lloyd, had told him so. Whereas on the contrary I was present, and heard that Bishop, not many days before this, rallying Gouge for abusing Bishop Bailey by omitting his name in that edition: and Mr. Gouge leaving a parcel of those books to be distributed in this neighbourhood, the Bishop himself did write Bishop Bailey's name in the title-page of many of them, as I did in the rest by his order. And the Bishop then said that he was well assured that his predecessor Bayley was the author of it: and all this was in Mr. Gouge's presence, tho' he so far forgot it as to tell the contrary story a few days after.

In Bishop Bayley's Register Book on paper I find this account of his sons:

1. John Bayley was A. M. and ordained Deacon by his father, Sept. 22, 1617—preferred to the Prebend of Llanfair, in the Church of Bangor, Sept. 2. same year—to the Vicarage of the same Llanfair, Aug. 20, 1618—to the Rectory of Llandyfnan, Dec. 18, same year—and on Sept. 24, 1631, being then D.D. was instituted to the Rectory sine curâ of Kangrys.

2. Theodore Bayley, literate, ordained Deacon, Sept. 18, 1630—Priest, May 1, 1631—and instituted to Llandyfin, Sept. 20, 1631.

3. Thomas Bailey (of whom A. Wood gives so large an account) was ordained Deacon, (being but A. B.) Aug. 23, 1629; and Priest, May 23, 1630; being yet but A. B. Before he was Priest, Aug. 20, 1629, he was instituted to the Vicarage of Llanwnoc, and the next day after he was Priest (May 24, 1630) to the compertion of Llandinam; and lastly, on the 29 Aug. 1631, being then A. M. to the Rectory of Llangeslyn. This is all in the Registry.

In the first visitation of Bishop Dolben, 1682, I find that then Dr. John Bayley was Warden of Ruthun, and Rector of Llanvedrog and Llanbedr, in Dyffryn Clwyd, and Chantor of Bangor. Dr. John Bayley was also Rector of the sinecure of Llandrillo.... Rhos, in the Diocese of St. Asaph, and died in autumn, 1688. Dr. Thomas Bayley was Rector of Llandymog and Comportioner of Llandinam. Mr. Theodore Bayley was Comportioner of Llamelidam.*

4. Nicholas Bayley was the Bishop's younger son, a military man, and a Major in Ireland. He died in May or June, 1689.

*Bp. Humphreys.*"

Bishop Lewis Bayley was a native of Carmarthen.

* Nicholas Bayley, 4th son of the Bishop, was father of Sir Edward Bayley, created a Baronet of Ireland 1730, who died 1741, leaving his eldest son, Sir Nicholas his successor, who died 1782, aged 75, father of Henry, late Earl of Uxbridge. For a farther account of Bishop Bayley, see Wood's *Ath.* I. 567.

## DEKKER HIS DREAME.

*In which, beeing rapt with a Poeticall ❖ Enthusiasme, the great Volumes of Heaven ❖ and Hell to him were opened, in which he ❖ read many Wonderfull Things. ❖*

*Est Deus in Nobis, agitante calescimus Illo.*

(Representation on wood, of a bed, with the author in it, no doubt in the midst of his seven years' dream.)

*London, ❖ printed by Nicholas Okes.* 1620."

In 4to. pp. vi. and 37.

The Epistle Dedicatory "To the trvely-accomplished Gentlemen, and worthy deseruer of all Men's Loues, Master Endymion Porter." This is followed by an address "To the Reader;" which, as it explains the occasion and manner of the writer's dreaming, and the nature of his extraordinary dream, is here transcribed:

"Out of a long Sleepe, which for almost seuen yeares together, seized al my sences, drowning them in a deep Lethe of forgetfulnesse, and burying mee to the world, in the lowest graue of obliuion: Meeting in that drowsy voyage with nothing but frightfull apparitions by reason (as I now guesse) of the place in which I lay, beeing a Caue strongly shut vp by most diuellish and dreadfull Enchantments; I did at last fall into a Dreame, which presented to my waking Soule, infinite Plea-

sures, commix'd with in-vtterable Horrors. More did I behold thus sleeping, then euer I could before, when my eies were wide open. I climbed to the tops of all the trees in Paradise, and eate sweeter apples than *Adam* euer tasted. I went into the Star-Chamber of Heauen, where Kings and Princes were set to the barre, and vvhen the Court arose, I fed vpon *Manna* at a table with Angels. *Ierusalem* vvas the Pallace I lined in, and Mount *Sion* the hil, from whose top I vvas dazled vvith glories brighter than Sun-beames. This vvas my Banquet: The course-meate was able to kill mee. For I was throvvne (after all this Happinesse) into a sea infernall, and forced to svvim through torrents of vnquenchable fire. All the Iayles of Hell vvere set open. And albeit the arraingements vvere horrid, yet the executions vvere ten-times more terrible. Ioyes tooke me by the hand in the first dance, but feares and sorrovves vvhipt me forward in the second. I must not novv tell vvhat I savv, neither can I see so much as I haue told. What musicke led both these measures, do but open my song-booke, and the lessons are there set downe.

If the notes please thee, my paines are well bestowed. If to thine eare they sound vntuneable, much are they not to be blamed, in regard they are the aires of a sleeping man.

Farewell."

An account of the Author, (as far as is known) and a list of his numerous productions, will be found in Dr. Nott's excellent reprint of *Dekker's Gulls Horn-book*. A few extracts might have been given from this strange performance, had I not been afraid they would have produced a soporific effect upon the reader, which the author himself was afraid of, as appears from the conclusion of his Epistle Dedicatorie, where he says, "If I hold the Pen longer in my hand, I shall fall asleepe againe."

"*A Facile treatise, contenand, first: ane infallible reul to discerne trevo from fals religion: Nixt, a declaration of the nature, numbre, vertevo and effects of the sacraments; togidder vvith certaine Prayeres of deuotion.*

"*Dedicat to his Soverain Prince, the King's Maiestie of Scotland, King Iames the Saxt. Be Maister Ihone Hamilton, Doctor in Theologie.*

"*The kirk of God is the piller and sure ground of the veritie.*' 1 Timoth. iii.

"*VVha heiris nocht the kirk, let him be to the, as a Pagan and Publican.*" Matth. xviii.

"*At Lonan, imprinted be Laurence Kellam. Anno Dom. M. DC.*"

In small twelves, pp. 444. besides several leaves not numbered, of the Epistle to his Maiestie, Prayeres, and other prefixes, both at beginning and end.

Several extracts from this curious little volume are given by Lord Hailes, in a "*Sketch of the Life of John Hamilton*," printed about the year 1784. "He was a man," says his Lordship, who, "hardly remembered in his own country," was "distinguished above all Scottish Ecclesiastics in the sixteenth century, by his zeal in the cause of the *Court*, as well as of the *Church* of Rome."

Of the early history of the author the notices are rather obscure. He was descended of noble parents, and bred for the Church; for several years he was one of the Professors in the University of St. Andrews, but when it was new-modelled in the year 1579, Hamilton, with the rest of those of the Cathnlick persuasion, was ejected. After this he was obliged to leave the country, when he fixed his residence at Paris, and there filled several important stations. Being "one of the most furious zealots for the *League*" on the accession of Henry IV. to the French throne, he was forced to leave France, and retired to the Low Countries. In 1601 he revisited Scotland, but was not suffered to continue long in his native country. He died in the Tower of London in 1609.

Shortly after Hamilton's arrival in France, he printed his earliest work, (at Paris, 1580-1, in small 8vo.) entituled—

"*A catholick and facile traictise, drawin out of the holie scriptures, treulie exponit be the ancient doctores, to confirm the real and corporell presence of Christ's pretious bodie and blude in the sacrament of the alter;*"

to which were added

"*Certain orthodox and catholik conclusiones—proponit to ye ministeris in the deformit kirk of Scotland,*" &c.

Besides several answers and replies published at the time; after Hamilton's arrival in Scotland, Alexander Hume, then Maister of the High School in Edinburgh,

began writing a confutation of this work; in the course of which he fell in with the second, (viz. of 1600) and so made his remarks upon both.

This treatise "Of the true and catholick meaning of our Saviour's words, *This is my body*," &c. by Hume, was printed at Edinburgh by Robert Walde-graue, 1602, 8vo. and he inscribed it to Hamilton, who was his old regent.

Whether any other works by Hamilton, except the two preceding, were printed, is now uncertain. That he was disposed to have continued writing is evident, had he received encouragement, and obtained the means, as he complains much of the want of money, which kept him from proceeding. In one part of the present volume he mentions, that "The rest lyes vn prentit for layk of moyen."

At the end of this volume is a short poem in the Scottish dialect, which is here extracted; to whom the initials subjoined to it belong, though I am unable to determine, yet some of your readers may.

"*The trevv vse of the Crucifix vvith a Detection of tvva calumnious lies of ye Caluinolatrie Ministers, 1. That the crucifix, and other Images of Christ's and of his Saincts and Angels, ar Idols. 2. That the Catholiks adoris thame for thair Gods.*"

Then

"*A confortable standart to Catholiks:*
*And feirful to Sathan and his supposts.*

In passing be the Crucifix,
Adore vpon thy knie;

Nocht it, bot Christ whome it presents,
VVith al humilitie:
For God is he vvhome it raportes,
No image God can be.
Adore vvhat thovv beholdis in it:
Tak it for memorie.

Caluin dois say that vve transgress,
Ane of the ten commands,
Whilk bearis, vve suld adore na thing,
VVrocht be grauers hands.
VVe do confirme vvhat he dois say,
And knavvis better nor he,
VVhat difference is of God aboue,
From clay, from stone, or trie.

Bot he, not vve, perverts the same,
Cleir by the Lord's intent:
And vve knavv vveil, bot na vvayes he,
VVhat God thairbe haith ment.
For idols vvere the images,
Whilks onlie, God forbad
Be this command, of al fals Gods,
VVhilks gentils that tyme had.

So wha to Idols dois compaire
The image of our lord:
That he ane fals God is, as thay,
Thairto he most accord.
VVhat filthie speach and hovv absurd,
Appeiris this consequent?
Is moir nor cleir to euerie one
Of solid iudgement.

Consider than vvith equal eies,
VVhat heretiks obiects,

Gainst vvs, wha be this aduere heir
Thair knauerie detects.
For nather stok nor stone vvil yve
Do vvorschep nor adore:
Bot him vvhais image thay present,
VVha sits in heauenlie gloire.

Than vvhen ze sie the crucifix,
Giue prayse to Christ, I say,
Ze guid and constant catholiks,
In hymnes and cantiques ay:
VVha be his figure on the croce
Presents vnto zour eies,
His vvoundis, his forme, his passion,
His bluidie sacrifice.

Composit be L. F. S. E. B. C. P."

* * *

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'*Epigrams both pleasant and seriovs, written by that all-worthy Knight, Sir Iohn Harrington, and neuer before printed.*

*Pro captus Lectoris habent sua fata libelli.*

'*London, imprinted for Iohn Budge, and are to be sold at his shoppe at the South dore of Pauls, and at Britaines Burse.* 1615."

In 4to. F.

SIR John Harrington died in 1612. Ritson observes, that it "contains only 115 Epigrams, (he ought

to have said 116,) and forms the 4th. book of the entire collection in 1618, 1625, and 1634.'

The dedication to William Earle of Pembrooke is signed by "I. B." (the publisher, John Budge, whom Ritson calls Bridges, in a mistake) followed by an advertisement to the reader, most probably by the same; beginning, "*Why should I penne the prayses of the author? Is not his name a sufficient apology? His mad* Orlando *will fight for him,*" &c. These Epigrams are well known; as also quite accessible by their being subjoined to Harington's translation of Ariosto.

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"*The Husband.* ⊛ *A Poeme* ⊛ *expressed* ⊛ *in a compleat man.* ⊛

*Loripedem rectus derideat, Æ* ⊛ *thiopem albus. Juv. Sat. pri.*

"*London,* ⊛ *printed for Lawrence L'isle, dwelling at the Tygre's head* ⊛ *in Paul's Churchyard,* ⊛ 1614." ⊛

Sm. 8vo.

DEDICATION.

"*To his truly honored Friend, M. Anth. Croftes.*

"WHEN I give you this, the worlde may thinke I understand myselfe, and not the world's meaning; which first writes, then intends; or at least intends more then it can write to an innocent purpose.

I therefore only would expresse my writing to the world,

to laugh at their dulness; my intention is to you to distinguish your insight. You may gather my remote studie from opposition by a small belief, and I persuade myself you do believe: If the world also will apprehend this, it may be satisfied, but looke for no special certificat: I challenge the name of Patron from you; you are within the lists of my better knowledge.

The world challenges to be an expositor from me; for it will be within my divulged mystery, your tuition shall exclude no sensible reader to protect their good meaning; but my gift shall exclude you from the purchase of any thing injuriously wrested, if credit cannot absolve the meaning. Your use and absolute assurance of this shall be my chiefest eminence. Adieu.

June 19, 1614."

Epistle to the Reader.

COMMENDATORY VERSES.

1. To the worthy Author on *The Husband*. By Ben Jonson.
2. Ditto. By J. C.
3. By Ra. Wynn.
4. By Jo. Calve, ex Int. Temp.
5. By A. H. ex Med. Temp.
6. By Philomus: ex Graii Hosp.
7. By Rob. Vesey.
8. By M. Freeman.

The poem commences thus, having only one stanza on a page.

" Life was inspir'd, the first life was divine:
Then life divided was: the number two

Made both unequal: but the chiefest signe
Of dutie is to thinke and then to doe:
Both which had purchas'd a perpetual life,
If Adam had been equal with his wife.

For then inferior woman had not strove
To tempt her monarch: who did thoughtless yield,
Seeing he had none equal, nor above,
But his Creator in the spacious field:
Thinking for any there was then no roome,
But for himself, himself to overcome."

&c.

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"*A Banquet of Essayes fetcht out of Famous Owen's Confectionary, disht out, and serv'd up at the Table of Mecænas.*

"*By Henry Harflete, sometime of Grayes Inne, Gent.*

"*London, printed by T. R. and E. M. and are to be sold by Joseph Barbors, at the signe of the Lambe, in the new buildings in Paul's Churchyard,* 1653."

Sm. 8vo. pp. 86.

DEDICATION.

"*To the Right Worshipful, and my much honoured Friend and Kinsman, Sir Christopher Harflete, Kt.*

"Sir,

"Your former favours oblige me to a *votal*, if not *total* requital, at least to an acknowledgement, though't be but in this slight commemoration; and so near alliance may command this dedication. I might have elected some titular protector to

cherish this weak infant of my braine; but I content myself with an inferior choice, desiring yourself my titular patron. Accept of these my poor labours, which were the selected object of my meditations, on purpose to keep me from idleness, the mother of all mischief. That excellent saying of St. Hierome egged me on to these meditations: "Aliquid operis facito, ut te Diabolus inveniat occupatum; non enim facile capitur a Diabolo, qui bono vacat exercitio:" Be always doing something that the Devil may find thee employed: for he is not easily caught in the Devil's snare, who is well busied. Sir, were there not *Lectores* who be *Lictores*, or could all my readers be free from the aspersion of *critically censorious*, I could well afford to imitate my author: commend my book to the reader, and myself to you: however let it be so, I'll expose myself to charitable judgements, and venture it.

Inveniat noster Patronum ut ubique libellus,
Librum lectori dedico, meque tibi.

Your Worship's affectionate
Friend and Kinsman
to command,
HENRY HARFLETE."

Essay I. Of Reading, Understanding, and Practising.
Essay II. Of Books.
Essay III. Of Application.
Essay IV. Of Reprehension.
Essay V. Of Writers and their Works.
Essay VI. Of Praise.
Essay VII. and last, Of Errors in Reason.

The family of HARFLETE were long settled at Ash, near Sandwich, in Kent; and a Kentish man is pleased to revive in these days any proof of literary exertion in a member of that province which the names of Wyatt, Sandys, Digges, Stanley, Hammond, Cowper, Gibbon, Finet, Mennis, Dering, Twysden, and Honeywood of Pett, had already consecrated.

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*The*
*Countesse*
*Of Mountgomeries*
*Urania.*
*Written by the right Honourable the Lady*
*Mary Wroath,*
*Daughter to the right Noble Robert*
*Earl of Leicester,*
*And Neece to the ever famous, and re:*
*nowned Sir Phillips Sidney, Knight, And to*
*ye most exelēt Lady Mary Countesse of*
*Pembroke late deceased.*
*London*
*Printed for Joh: Marriott*
*and John Grismand. And*
*and are to be soulde at theire shop*
*-pes in St. Dunstons Church*
*-yard in Fleetstreet and in*
*Poules Ally at ye signe of*
*the Gunn.*

ALL this within an engraved frontispiece, with the name *Sim: Passæus, sculp:* and on one of the columns the date, 1621.

## THE FIRST BOOK.

"WHEN the Spring began to appear like the welcome messenger of Summer, one sweet, (and in that more sweet) morning, after Aurora had called all careful eyes to attend the day, forth came the fair Shepherdess URANIA, (fair indeed; yet that far too mean a title for her, who for beauty deserved the highest stile could be given by best knowing judgements) Into the mead she came, where usually she drave her flocks to feed, whose leaping and wantonness shewed they were proud of such a guide: But she, whose sad thoughts led her to another manner of spending her time, made her soon leave them, and follow her late begun custom; which was, (while they delighted themselves) to sit under some shade, bewailing her misfortune; while they fed, to feed upon her own sorrow and tears, which at this time she began again to summon, sitting down under the shade of a well-spread beech; the ground, then blest, and the tree with full and fine-leaved branches, growing proud to bear, and shadow such perfections. But she, regarding nothing, in comparison of her woe, thus proceeded in her grief—"Alas, Urania," said she, "the true servant to misfortune, of any misery, that can befall woman, is not this the most, and greatest which thou art fallen into? Can there be any near the unhappiness of being ignorant, and that in the highest kind, not being certain of mine own estate and birth? Why was I not still continued in the belief I was, as I appear, a Shepherdess, and daughter to a Shepherd? My ambition then went no higher than this estate; now flies it to a knowledge; then was I contented, now perplexed. O Ignorance, can thy dullness yet procure so sharp a pain? And that, such a thought as makes me now aspire to knowledge? How did I joy in this poor life, being quiet? Blest in the love of those I took for parents; but now by them I know the contrary, and by that knowledge, not to know myself. Miserable

Urania, worse art thou now than these thy lambs: for they know their dams, whilst thou dost live, unknown of any." By this were others come into that mead with their flocks: but she, esteeming her sorrowing thoughts her best and choicest company, left that place, taking a little path, which brought her to the further side of the plain, to the foot of the rocks, speaking as she went, these lines, her eyes fix'd upon the ground, her very soul turn'd into mourning.

Unseen, unknown, I here alone complain
To rocks, to hills, to meadows, and to springs,
Which can no help return to ease my pain,
But back my sorrows the sad Echo brings.
Thus still increasing are my woes to me,
Doubly resounded by that moanful voice,
Which seems to second me in misery,
And answer gives like friend of mine own choice.
Thus only she doth my companion prove;
The others silently do offer ease:
But those that grieve, a grieving note do love;
Pleasures to dying eyes bring but disease:
And such am I, who daily ending live,
Wailing a state, which can no comfort give.

In this passion she went on, till she came to the foot of a great rock; she thinking of nothing less than ease, sought how she might ascend it; hoping there to pass away her time more peaceably with loneliness, though not to find least respite from her sorrows, which so dearly she did value, as by no means she would impart it to any. The way was hard, though by some windings making the ascent pleasing. Having attained the top, she saw under some hollow trees the entry into the rock: she fearing nothing, but the continuance of her ignorance, went in; where she found a pretty room, as if that stony place had yet in pity given leave for such perfections to come in to the

heart as chiefest, and most beloved place, because most loving. The place was not unlike the ancient, or the descriptions of ancient, hermitages; instead of hangings, covered and lined with ivy, disdaining ought else should come there, that being in such perfection. This richness in Nature's plenty, made her stay to behold it, and almost grudge the pleasant fullness of content that place might have, if sensible, while she must know to taste of torments. As she was thus in passion mixt with pain, throwing her eyes as ildly as timorous lovers do for fear of discovery, she perceived a little light, and such a one as a chink doth oft discover to our sight. She, curious to see what this was, with her delicate hands put the natural ornament aside, discovering a little door, which she putting from her, passed through it into another room, like the first in all proportion; but in the midst there was a square stone, like to a pretty table, and on it a wax candle burning; and by that a paper, which had suffered itself patiently to receive the discovering of so much of it, as presented this Sonnet, as it seemed newly written, to her sight.

Here all alone in silence might I mourn:
  But how can silence be, where sorrows flow?
  Sighs with complaints have former pains outworn;
  But broken hearts can only true grief show.
Drops of my dearest blood shall let Love know,
  Such tears for her I shed, yet still do burn,
  As no spring can quench least part of my woe,
  Till this live earth again to earth do turn.
Hateful all thought of comfort is to me;
  Despised Day, let me still Night possess!
  Let me all torments feel in their excess;
  And but this light allow my state to see.
Which still doth waste, and wasting as this light,
Are my sad days unto eternal night.

"Alas, Urania!" sighed she, "How well these words, this place, and all, agree with thy fortune! Sure, poor soul, thou wert here appointed to spend thy days, and these rooms ordained to keep thy tortures in; none being, assuredly, so matchlessly unfortunate!"

Such is the commencement of the once celebrated *Urania*. It would be a waste of labour to abridge its long and tiresome story. It will be more to the purpose of modern literature to give copious extracts from its numerous, intermingled poetry; as specimens of Lady Mary Wrothe's talents never occur in modern revivals of forgotten genius.

*Song.**

"Love, what art thou? A vain thought,
In our minds by fancy wrought.
Idle smiles did thee beget,
While fond wishes made the net,
Which so many fools have caught.

Love, what art thou? Light and fair,
Fresh as morning, clear as th' air:
But too soon thy evening change
Makes thy worth with coldness range;
Still thy joy is mix'd with care.

Love, what art thou? A sweet flower,
Once full blown; dead in an hour.
Dust in wind as staid remains,
As thy pleasure, or our gains,
If thy humour change to lour.

* P. 144.

Love, what art thou? Childish, vain,
Firm as bubbles made by rain.
Wantonness thy greatest pride;
These foul faults thy virtues hide,
But babes can no staidness gain.

Love, what art thou? Causeless curst,
Yet, alas, these not the worst;
Much more of thee may be said;
But thy law I once obey'd;
Therefore say no more at first."

*Song.*

" Who can blame me, if I love?
Since Love before the world did move.
When I lov'd not, I despair'd,
Scarce for handsomeness I car'd;
Since so much I am refin'd,
As new fram'd of state and mind,
Who can blame me, if I love,
Since Love before the world did move?

Some in truth of Love beguil'd,
Have him blind and childish stil'd;
But let none in these persist,
Since so judging judgment mist.
Who can blame me?

Love in chaos did appear:
When nothing was, yet he seem'd clear:
Nor when Light could be descried,
To his crown a light was tied.
Who can blame me?

Love is truth, and doth delight,
Whereas Honour shines most bright:
Reason's self doth Love approve,
Which makes us ourselves to love.
Who can blame me?

Could I my past time begin,
I would not commit such sin,
To live an hour and not to love;
Since Love makes us perfect prove.
Who can blame me?"*

## *Song.*

" Gone is my joy, while here I mourn
In pains of absence and of care:
The heavens for my sad griefs do turn
Their face to storms, and shew despair.

The days are dark, the nights opprest
With cloud'ly weeping for my pain,
Which in their acting seem distrest,
Sighing like grief for absent gain.

The Sun gives place, and hides his face,
That day can now be hardly known,
Nor will the stars in night yield grace
To sun-rob'd heav'n by woe o'erthrown.

Our light is fire in fearful flames;
The air tempestuous blasts of wind:
For warmth we have forgot the name;
Such blasts and storms are us assign'd.

* P. 145.

And, still you blessed Heavens, remain
Distemper'd, while this cursed power
Of absence rules, which brings my pain;
Let your care be more still to lour.

But when my Sun doth back return,
Call yours again to lend his light;
That they in flames of joy may burn.
Both equal shining in our sight."*

## *Song.*

*A Forest Nymph lying on the ground, a youth hard by her, beholding her with as much amorousness as his young years could entertain, sang this song.*

" Love among the clouds did hover,
Seeking where to spy a lover:
In the court he none could find;
Towns too mean were in that kind:
At last as he was ripe to crying,
In forest woods he found one lying,

Underneath a tree fast sleeping,
Sprite of Love her body keeping,
Where the Soul of Cupid lay,
Though he higher then did stay,
When he himself in her descrying,
He hasted more than with his flying,

And his tender hand soft laying
On her breast, his fires were playing,
Wak'd her with his baby game;
She, who knew Love was no shame,

* Lib. ii. p. 170.

With his new sport smil'd, as delighted,
And homeward went by Cupid lighted.

See the shady woods bestowing
That, which none can ask as owing;
But in courts, where plenties flow,
Love doth seldom pay, but owe.
Then still give me this country pleasure,
Where sweet Love chastely keeps his pleasure."*

*Song.*

" Did I boast of liberty?
'Twas an insolency vain!
I do only look on thee;
And I captive am again!†

" Love, farewell! I now discover
Thee a tyrant o'er a lover.
All thy promis'd sweets prove crosses;
Thy rewards are only losses.

A pretty thing I did deem thee;
Innocent and mild esteem thee;
But I find thee as curst matter,
As a swelling high-wrought water.

Cupid's name, a pleasant folly
Hath beguiled hearts most holy,
E'en to sacrifice in homage
Life and soul unto their domage.

* Lib. iii. 294. † Lib. iv. p. 453.

Mine an offering once I proffer'd,
Happily refus'd when offer'd,
I'll keep now but to revile thee,
From the craft which did beguile me."*

## *Song.*

"Love, grown proud with victory,
Seeks by sleights to conquer me;
Painted shows he thinks can bind
His commands in women's mind.
Love but glories in fond loving;
I most joy in not removing.

Love, a word, a look, a smile,
In these shapes can some beguile;
But he some new way must prove
To make me a vassal love.
Love but, &c.

Love must all his shadows leave,
Or himself he will deceive:
Who loves not the perfect sky,
More than clouds that wanton fly?
Love but, &c.

Love, yet thus thou mayst me win,
If thy staidness would begin:
Then like friends would kindly meet,
When thou prov'st as true as sweet.
Love, then glory in thy loving;
And I'll joy in my removing."†

* Lib. iv. p. 483. † Ibid, p. 550.

## *Song.**

" Sweetest Love, return again;
Make not too long stay,
Killing mirth and forcing pain;
Sorrow leading way:
Let us not thus parted be;
Love and absence ne'er agree.

But since you must needs depart,
And me hapless leave,
In your journey take my heart,
Which will not deceive:
Yours it is; to you it flies,
Joying in those loved eyes.

So in part we shall not part,
Though we absent be;
Time, nor place, nor greatest smart,
Shall my bands make free:
Tied I am; yet think it gain;
In such knots I feel no pain.

But can I live, having lost
Chiefest part of me?
Heart is fled, and sight is cross'd;
These my fortunes be:
Yet, dear heart, go: soon return;
As good there, as here, to burn."

* From Poems annexed to Urania, entitled *Pamphilia to Amphilanthus.*

## *Song*

" Love as well can make abiding
In a faithful Shepherd's breast,
As in Prince's; whose thoughts, sliding,
Like swift rivers, never rest.

Change to their minds is best feeding;
To a Shepherd all his care,
Who, when his love is exceeding,
Thinks his faith his richest fare.

Beauty but a slight inviting,
Cannot strive his heart to change;
Constancy his chief delighting,
Strives to flee from fancies strange.

Fairness to him is no pleasure,
If in other than his love;
Nor can esteem that a treasure,
Which in her smiles doth not move.

This a Shepherd once confessed,
Who lov'd well, but was not lov'd;
Though with scorn and grief oppressed,
Could not yet to change be mov'd.

But himself he thus contented,
While in love he was accurst;
This hard hap he not repented,
Since best lovers speed the worst."

*Sonnet.*

" Poor Love in chains and fetters, like a thief,
I met led forth as chaste Diana's gain,
Vowing the untaught lad should no relief
From her receive, who gloried in fond pain.
She call'd him thief; with vows he did maintain
He never stole; but some sad slight of grief
Had given to those, who did his power disdain;
In which revenge his honour was the chief.
She said, he murder'd, and therefore must die:
He, that he caus'd but Love, did harms deny.
But while she thus discoursing with him stood,
The Nymphs untied him, and his chains took off,
Thinking him safe; but he, loose, made a scoff;
Smiling and scorning them, flew to the wood."

*Song.*

" Love, a child, is ever crying;
Please him, and he strait is flying;
Give him: he the more is craving;
Never satisfied with having.

His desires have no measure;
Endless folly is his treasure:
What he promiseth, he breaketh;
Trust not one word, that he speaketh.

He vows nothing but false matter;
And to cosen you will flatter;
Let him gain the hand; he'll leave you,
And still glory to deceive you.

He will triumph in your wailing;
And yet cause be of your failing:
These his virtues are, and slighter
Are his gifts; his favours lighter.

Fathers are as firm in staying;
Wolves no fiercer in their preying:
As a child then, leave him crying;
Nor seek him so given to flying."

## *Song.**

" Come, merry Spring, delight us;
For Winter long did spite us;
In pleasure still persever,
Thy beauties ending never:
Spring, and grow,
Lasting so,
With joys increasing ever.

Let cold from hence be banish'd,
Till hopes from me be vanish'd;
But bless thy dainties growing,
In fullness freely flowing:
Sweet birds, sing;
For the Spring
All mirth is now bestowing.

Philomel, in this arbour,
Makes now her loving harbour;
Yet of her state complaining,
Her notes in mildness straining,

* From the subjoined " *Crown of Sonnets dedicated to Love.*"

Which though sweet,
Yet do meet
Her former luckless paining.

*Sonnet.*

" Late in the forest I did Cupid see;
Cold, wet, and crying, he had lost his way;
And being blind, was farther like to stray;
Which sight a kind compassion bred in me.
I kindly took, and dried them, while that he,
Poor child, complain'd, be starved was with stay,
And pin'd for want of his accustom'd prey;
For none in that wild place his host would be.
I glad was of his finding, thinking sure,
This service should my freedom still procure;
And in my arms I took him then unharm'd,
Carrying him safe unto a myrtle bower:
But in the way he made me feel his power,
Burning my heart, who had him kindly warm'd."*

*Concluding Sonnet.*

" My Muse, now happy, lay thyself to rest;
Sleep in the quiet of a faithful love;
Write you no more; but let these fancies move
Some other hearts; wake not to new unrest.
But if your study be those thoughts addrest
To truth, which shall eternal goodness prove,
Enjoying of true joy the most and best,
The endless gain, which never will remove,

* It is needless to point out the imitation here attempted of Anacreon's celebrated ode, which has been so often translated.

Leave the discourse of Venus, and her son
To young beginners, and their brains inspire
With stories of great Love, and from that fire
Get heat to write the fortunes they have done.
And thus leave off! What's past shews you can love;
Now let your constancy your honour prove!"

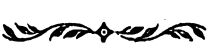
---

"*Nocturnall Lucubrations: or Meditations divine and morall. Whereunto are added Epigrams and Epitaphs. Written by Rob. Chamberlain.*

*In mundo spes nulla boni, spes nulla salutis:*
*Sola salus servire Deo, sunt cætera fraudes.*

"*London: printed by M. F. for Daniel Frere, at the signe of the red Bull in Little Brittaine.* 1638."

12mo. pp. 124.



This little volume is curious on account of its rare occurrence, and valuable on account of its meritorious contents. The prose portion is inscribed to "The worshipful and his honored master, Peter Balle, Esq. sollicitor-generall to the Queen:" and the poetical pages, which do not much exceed thirty, are dedicated to "His honored and dearely affected master, Mr. Wm. Balle," son to the former; who, as Wood informs us,* sent the author to Exeter College, Oxford, to complete his academical learning, in the beginning

* Ath. Oxon. i. 639.

of the year 1637, at the age of 30. In the *Biog. Dram.* it is conjectured that he was bred to the pulpit. At what time our author died, Wood had not been able to ascertain: but a comedy was published by him in 1640, entitled "*The Swaggering Damsel,*" with five copies of verses prefixed. Winstanley, probably from Wood, speaks of a Pastoral by Chamberlain, under the name of "*Sicelides;*" but this is likely to have been the "*Piscatory Drama*" attributed, on no sufficient ground, to Phineas Fletcher. Chamberlain has complimentary verses before Leonard Blunt's *Asse upon Asse*, a poem, and Nabbes's *Spring's Glory*, 1638. The latter has repaid the obligation by a tribute in the present volume.

I proceed to exhibit a selection of extracts from each portion of his neatly printed publication.

"Learning is like Scanderbeg's sword, either good or bad, according to him that hath it: an excellent weapon, if well used; otherwise, like a sharp razor in the hand of a child.

To incurre God's displeasure for man's favour, is for a man to kill himselfe to avoid a hurt.

Though the waies of Vertue seem rough and craggie, yet they reach to Heaven; and in the end invest humanity in the bright robes of immortality. *Tendit in ardua Virtus.*

Humility is a grace itself, and a spotlesse vessel to entertain all other graces.

Fair commendation sets a foole in the chaire of ostentation, but dyes the cheek of wisdome a scarlet blush.

Halcyon days make a man forget both God and himselfe; but afflictions make us runne to seek God early.

To master a man's self, is more than to conquer a world: for he that conquered the world, could not master himself.

There is not halfe so much danger in the desperate sword of a known foe, as in the smooth insinuations of a pretended friend.

The greatest canker that can be to love, is the bosome nursing of a concealed grudge.

Reason at first produceth opinion; but afterwards an ill received opinion may seduce the very soule of reason.

That man is commonly of a good nature, whose tongue is the true herald to his thoughts.

In the clearest sunshine of fair prosperity, we are subject to the boystrous stormes of gloomie adversity.

Too much to lament a misery, is the next way to draw on a remedilesse mischiefe.

Bootlesse griefe hurts a man's selfe, but patience makes a jest of an injury.

Where the scale of sensuality weighs down that of reason, the baseness of our nature conducts us to most preposterous conclusions.

Faire words without good deeds to a man in misery, are like a saddle of gold clapt upon the back of a gall'd horse.

A foolish man in wealth and authority, is like a weak-timber'd house with too ponderous a roofe.

Heaven without earth is perfect, but earth without Heaven is but the porch of hell.

There are no riches like to the sweetnesse of content, nor no poverty comparable to the want of patience.

He that consults with his body for the saving of his soule, shall never bring it to heaven. If we hope to reape in joy, we must sow in tears.

Harsh reproof is like a violent storm, soon washt down the channell: but friendly admonitions, like a small shower, pierce deep, and bring forth better reformation.

Sordid manners in a comely feature, are like black clouds in a faire sky. Outward perfection without inward goodness, sets but the blacker dye upon the mind's deformity.

If a man be not so happy as he desires, let this be his comfort—that he is not so wretched as he deserves.

If the hand of Omnipotency should please to try us with all manner of affliction, to lock us in the griping sins of misery, to steep us in the dregs of poverty, to rain down shame and defamation on our heads; we are to fly only, in this depth of extremity, to the safe sanctuary of faith and a good conscience, which turne the bitter waters of affliction into the sweet nectar of never-dying comfort.

Ill newes flies with eagle's wings, but leaden weights are wont to clog the heels of gladsome tidings.

He that wanders too far into the wildernesse of this world, cannot when he please creep back to the lodge of safety.

It is not in the power of man when he please, to tread the happy steps of heavenly repentance.

It is Love that makes the eternall mercy to bear so much the foul crimes of transgressing humanity.

It is better to be well deserving without praise, than to live by the air of undeserv'd commendation.

Honour is like a palace with a low door, into the which no man can enter, but he must first stoop.

A ruinous end attends a riotous life. Well were it for the drunkard, as he hath liv'd like a beast, if he could so die.

Men are not rich or poore according to what they possesse, but to what they desire. The only rich man is he that with content enjoys a competencie.

High time it is to flee vanity, when the drum of age beats a quick march towards the silent grave.

We should all follow the world, as a serving-man followeth his master and a stranger; whilst they go together, he follows them both: but when the stranger leaves his master, he leaves the stranger and followeth his master. So should we follow the world. As long as the world goes with God, we should follow them both: but when the world leaves God, we should leave the world, and with prepared hearts follow our master God.

*Disce mori, nec te ludat spes vana salutis,*
*Nam nescis statuant quem tibi fata diem.*

He that rectifies a crooked stick, bends it the contrary way: so must he that would reform a vice, learn to affect its meere contrary, and in time he shall see the springing blossoms of a happy reformation.

It is dangerous in holy things to make reason the touchstone. He that disputeth too much with God about things not revealed, all the honour he gets, is but to go to hell more learnedly than the rest. It is good to be *pius pulsator*; for then the more importunate, the more pleasing: but a *temerarius scrutator* may be more bold than welcome.

He that would hit the mark he aims at, must wink with one eye. Heaven is the mark; he that would hit it, must wink with the eye of reason, that he may see better with that of faith.

Action is the crown of virtue, perseverance the crown of action, sufferance the crown of perseverance, a good cause the crown of sufferance, and a crown of glory the crown of a good cause. *Esto fidelis usque ad mortem, et dabo tibi coronam vitæ.*"

The following pieces are not without poetical merit and moral interest. The second is a singular instance of rhyming hexameters.

### *In praise of a Country Life.*

"The winged fancies of the learned quill
Tell of strange wonders: sweet Parnassus' hill,
Castalia's well, the Heliconian spring,
Star-spangled valleys where the Muses sing.
Admired things another storie yields,
Of pleasant Tempe and th' Elysian fields;

Yet these are nothing to the sweet that dwells
In low-built cottages and country cells.
What are the scepters, thrones, and crownes of kings,
But gilded burdens, and most fickle things?
What are great offices, but cumbring troubles?
And what are honours, but dissolving bubbles?
What though the gates of greatness be frequented
With chains of glittering gold? He, that's contented,
Lives in a thousand times a happier way,
Than he that's tended thus, from day to day.
Matters of state, nor yet domestick jars,
Comets portending death, nor blazing stars,
Trouble his thoughts: hee'l not post-haste run on
Through Lethe, Styx, and fiery Phlegeton,
For gold or silver: he will not affright
His golden slumbers in the silent night,
For all the precious wealth, or sumptuous pride
That lies by Tiber, Nile, or Ganges' side.
Th' embroider'd meadows, and the crawling streams
Make soft and sweet his undisturbed dreams.
He revels not by day, nor in the nights,
Nor cares he much for musicall delights:
And yet his humble roofe maintains a quire
Of singing crickets round about the fire.
This harmless life he leads—and, I dare say,
Doth neither wish, nor fear, his dying day."

## *Death's Impartiality.*

Carmen Hexametrum.

" High-minded Pyrrhus, brave Hector, stout Agamemnon,
Hannibal and Scipio, whom all the world did attend on:
That worthy captain, world-conquering great Alexander,
That tender, constant, true-hearted, lovely Leander,

That cunning painter, that curious-handed Apelles,
Mirmidons insatiate, that kept the tent of Achilles,
Alphonsus Aragon, that great mathematicall artist,
That stately queen of beauty, that lady Mars kist,
Wit, wealth, and beauty—yea, all these pomps that adorne us,
Must see black Phlegeton, rough Styx, and fatall Avernus."

I add one more, as it refers to a poet of considerable merit.

*On the death of Mr. Charles Fitz-geffrays, Minister of God's word.*

" O thou the saddest of the Sisters nine!
Adde to a sea of teares one teare of thine.
Unhappy I, that am constrain'd to sing
His death, whose life did make the world to ring
With echoes of his praise. A true divine
In's life and doctrine, which like lamps did shine
Till they were spent and done, did never cease
To guide our steps unto eternal peace.
Thy habitation's now the starry mount,
Where thy great Maker makes of thee account.
Farewell! thou splendor of the spacious West,
Above th' æthereal clouds for ever blest:
The losse of thee a watry mountaine reares
With high spring-tide of our sad trickling teares."

¶

" *Delightes* ⌘ *for Ladies, to adorne* ⌘ *their Persons, Tables,* ⌘ *Closets, and Distil-* ⌘ *latories: with* ⌘ *Beauties, Banquets, Perfumes* ⌘ *and Waters.* ⌘

*Reade, practice, and censure.*

" *At London* ⌘ *printed by Humfrey Lownes,* ⌘ 1611."

12mo. not paged, sig. H.

" *To all true Louers of Art and Knowledge.*

Sometimes I write the formes of burning balles,
Supplying wa̅ts that were by woodfals wrought:
Somtimes of tubs defended so by art,
As fire in vaine hath their destruction sought:
Sometimes I write of lasting beverage,
Great Neptune and his pilgrims to content:
Sometimes of food, sweet, fresh and durable,
To maintaine life, when all things else were spent:
Sometimes I write of sundry sorts of soile,
Which neither Ceres nor her handmaides knew.
I write to all, but scarcely one believes,
Saue *Dive* and *Denshire*, who haue found the true.
When heauens did mourne in cloudy mantles clad,
And threatned famine to the sons of men:
When sobbing earth denied her kindly fruit
To painfull ploughman and his hindes: even then
I writ relieuing remedies of dearth,
That Art might helpe where Nature made a faile:
But all in vaine, these new-born babes of Art,
In their untimely birth straight-way do quaile
Of these and such like other new found skils,
With painefull pen I whilom wrote at large,

Expecting stil my countrie's good therein,
And not respecting labour, time or charge:
But now my pen and paper are perfum'd,
I scorne to write with coppresse or with gall,
Barbarian canes are now become my quils,
Rose-water is the inke I write withall:
Of sweets the sweetest I will now commend,
To sweetest creatures that the earth doth beare:
These are the Saints to whom I sacrifice
Preserues and conserues; both of plum and peare.
Empaling now adieu: tush, marchpane wals
Are strong enough, and best befits our age;
Let piercing bullets turne to sugar bals,
The Spanish feare is husht, and all their rage.
Of marmalade and paste of Genua,
Of musked sugar I intend to wright,
Of leach, of sucket, and quidinea,
Affording to each Lady her delight.
I teach both fruites and flowers to preserue,
And candie them, so nutmegs, cloues, and mace,
To make both marchpane paste, and sugred plate,
And cast the same in formes of sweetest grace,
Each bird and foule, so moulded from the life,
And after caste in sweet compounds of Arte,
As if the flesh and forme which Nature gaue,
Did still remaine in every lim and part.
When crystall frost hath nipt the tender grape,
And cleane consum'd the fruits of euery vine,
Yet heere behold the clusters fresh and faire,
Fed from the branch, or hanging on the line.
The wallnut, small nut, and the chesnut sweet,
Whose sugred kernels lose their pleasing taste,
Are heere from yeere to yeere preserued meet,
And made by arte with strongest fruits to last:

Th' artichoke and th' apple of such strength,
The quince, pomgranate, with the barbarie,
No sugar vs'd, yet colour, taste, and smell
Are here maintain'd, and kept most naturally.
For Ladies' closets and their stillatories,
Both waters, ointments, and sweet smelling bals,
In easie tearms without affected speech,
I heere present most ready at their cals.
And least with carelesse pen I should omit
The wrongs that Nature on their persons wrought,
Or parching sun with his hot firie rayes,
For those likewise relieuing meanes I sought.
No idle thoughts, nor vaine surmised skils,
By fancie framde within a theorique braine,
My Muse presents vnto your sacred eares:
To win your fauours falsly I disdaine.
From painefull practice, from experience,
I sound, though costly, mysteries deriue:
With firie flames, in scorching Vulcan's forge,
To teach and fine each secret I do striue.
Accept them well, and let my wearied Muse
Repose herselfe in Ladies' laps awhile.
So when she wakes, she happily may record,
Her sweetest dreames in some more pleasing stile.

H. PLAT."*

---

EXTRACT.

*" How to drie Rose leaues, or any other single flower, without wrinkling.*

If you would performe the same wel in rose leaues, you must in rose time make choice of such roses as are neither in

* Sir Hugh Plat.

the bud, nor full blowne, (for these haue the smoothest leaues of all other) which you must especially cull and choose from the rest. Then take right callis sand, wash it in some change of waters, and drie it thoroughly well, either in an ouen, or in the sunne; and hauing shallow, square or long boxes of 4, 5, or 6 inches deepe, make first an euen lay of sand in the bottome, upon the which lay your rose leaues one by one (so as none of them touch other) till you haue couered all the sand, then strowe sand vpon those leaues till you haue thinly couered them all, and then make another laie of leaues as before, and so laie vpon laie, &c. Set this box in some warme place in a hot sunnie daie, (and commonlie in two hote sunnie dayes they will be through drie) then take them out carefullie with your hand without breaking. Keepe these leaues in jarre glasses, bounde about with paper, neere a chimney or stoue, for feare of relenting. I finde the red rose leafe best to be kept in this manner; also take away the stalkes of pansies, stocke gilliflowers, or other single flowers, pricke them one by one in sande, pressing downe their leaues smooth with more sande laid euenlie vpon them. And thus you may haue rose leaues, and other flowers to laie about your basons, windowes, &c. all the winter long. Also this secret is very requisite for a good simplifier, because hee maie drie the leafe of any hearbe in this manner, and laie it being drie in his Herball, with the simple which it representeth, whereby he maie easily learne to knowe the names of all simples which he desireth."

Annexed to the "Delightes" is

"*A Closet for Ladies and Gentlewomen, or, the Arte of Preseruing, Conserving, and Candying.*

"*With the manner how to make diverse kindes of Syrupes: and all kinde of banqueting stuffes.*

" *Also diuerse soveraigne Medicines and Salues for sundry Diseases.*

" *London, printed for Arthur Johnson, dwelling neare the great north dore of Paules.* 1611."

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" *A spiritual Spicerie: containing sundrie sweet Tractates of Devotion and Piety. By Ri. Brathwaite, Esq.*

CANT. c. 1. 12. c. 5. 13.

*My wellbeloved is a bundle of myrrhe unto me: he shall lye betweene my brests.*

*His cheeks are as a bed of spices.*

" *London, printed by J. H. for George Hutton at his shop within turning stile in Holborne,* 1638."

12mo.

---

" *To the truly ennobled Thomas Lord Fauconberge, Baron of Yarom: together with his pious Progeny, those succeeding Branches of a prospering Family, R. B. zealously dedicates this Spiritual Spicerie.*

*Upon the translation of his Divine Dialogue.*

To you (my Lord) who knowes th' originall,
This may seem fruitlesse; yet these sacred flowers,
Like a Bride-poesie at a Nuptiall,
May tender choice content to some of yours,
Which blest effect would crowne this Work of ours,
That we should be so happy as to giue,
Where we do liue, Rules how to dye and liue.

" Which for his sake we aske that is our Saviour,
That we may live in's feare, dye in his favour."

---

" *The Life of Jacobus Gruytrodius, Author of this divine Dialogue: or Christian Manuall, faithfully rendered according to the Originall.*

" JACOBUS GRUYTRODIUS, a German, a man singularly versed in divine and humane Learning: And opposite in constancy of opinion, and consonancie of doctrine, to those surreptitious errours of the time; who, as he had commendably passed his youth in the Liberall Sciences, so he consecrated and happily bestowed the residue of his time to the honour of God, in a devout privacie: having his pen ever vers'd in works of devotion and piety: never in arguments of division or controversy.

He lived in the yeare
M.CCCC.LXXII."

## SPECIMEN

### *From Holy Memorials, or Heavenly Memento.*

" HIS LIFE.

### MEMORIAL IX.

LIFE is a race, or progress to death. The house I sojourne in, a tent or tabernacle. The people I converse and consort with, as I am, and all our fathers before us, pilgrims. Every day has his date, yesterday was not to day, nor to day as to-morrow. Two things there are, which makes mee ever to

wonder, the more I thinke of them. The one is, to heare a stranger (as we are all) to breathe out so many longing wishes, languishing desires: "O that I were at home! O that I were in mine owne country!" And what home is this hee meanes? Is it his owne home? his owne native countrey? No; it is his earthly tabernacle. Perchance he liveth (if a pilgrimage may be properly called a living) farre in the north, and upon occasion he is call'd up to the south: O how tedious are his houres till he returne! Yet was he as neare his countrey before as now. The latter is, to see a poore way-faring man (as we are all) when he is in his journey, and wearied with travaile, overload himselfe, as if he purposely meant to fore-slow his speed to his countrey: or set himselfe on building in the way, as if he had quite forgot the place whereto he was to goe. This, I am sure, is my estate. Albeit, I have found even in those who would have highly rejoyced in enjoying that light which I am call'd to; and no doubt, would have made far better use of it, than I doe; excellent resolves touching their contempt of earth: although their understandings were so darkned, as their misguided thoughts could mount no higher. "Wheresoever we be, we are in our countrey, and our countrey with us, so it be well with us, so long as passions of the minde disquiet us within, and infirmities enfeeble us without." I heare some call this life a prison; but yet these who call it so, live not like prisoners. Delights and delicacies become not fetters. Nay, if we truely held it a prison, we would desire our libertie: but we either know not, or acknowledge not our misery. Others can call it a banishment; others a death. But if a banishment, why wish wee not to be restored? if a punishment, why seeke we not to be released? and if a death, why sleepe we in it, and desire not to be raised? No, no, these are but words in the aire. Like such as commend abstinence in their surfets; or discourse of mortification in their cups. Not one of these, who compare themselves to prisoners, would be, if they might bee, freed; nor one of these exiles, infranchised; nor one of those,

who hold themselves thus punished, delivered; nor one of these, who hold themselves dead-alive, revived. This, I am sure, is my case: though I finde all things in the world to bee nothing but vanitie; and of those, man the greatest vanitie; and of all men, myselfe the fullest of vanitie. For I have rejoyced all my dayes, in a thing of nought. And I thought still in mine heart to put farre away the evil day by approaching to the seat of iniquitie: but I found that the eyes of the Almighty were upon mee, and that I groped but in darknesse, to wound my selfe. Wretched man! How long have I been in a miserable state, and knew it not? How long have I beene a stranger to my father's house, and returned not? I have read it, deare Lord, in thy Book; and I have found it by experience in that publike register of man's mortality: how this life is truly compared to a course, to a poast; and what swifter? To a weaver's shuttle; and what quicker? To a tale that is told; what shorter? To a shadow; what sooner vanishing? To grasse; what sooner withering? To the tracke of a ship; what lesse appearing? To the flight of a bird; what more speedily gliding? Yet for all this have I loaded my selfe with thicke clay; as if I were too fleet in my course to heaven, and needed trashing. But would you know in what places I have beene most versed; and with what persons most conversed? I shall render you a just account; meane time, what account I shall make for my mis-pent houres, heaven knowes.

After such time, as my parents had brought mee vp at schoole, to get me an inheritance in that, wherewith no earthly providence could endow me; I was sent to the universitie; where (still with an humble acknowledgement of others' favours and seasonable endeavours) I became such a proficient, as time call'd mee, and examination approv'd me for a graduate. And in these studies I continued, till by universall voice and vote, I was put upon a task, whose style I have, and shall ever retaine, the Sonne of Earth; *Terræ Filius*. From the performance of which exercise, whether it were the extraordinary

favour which the universitie pleased to grace mee withall, or that shee found some tokens in mee of such future proficience as might answer the hopes of so tender a mother, I know not, but, sure I am, I received no small encouragement both in the studies and free tender of ample preferment. And too apt was I to apply this the worse way. For this extraordinery grace begot in mee a selfe-conceit of my own worth: ever thinking, that if this had not proceeded from some more deserving parts in me, that rich seminary of all learning would not have showne so gracefull a countenance towards me. Notwithstanding, I laboured by that grace which was given mee, to suppresse this opinion in mee, and humbly to acknowledge my wants and weaknesse in all; my abilitie in nothing. But applause is a dangerous eare-ring, which I found by giving too easie eare to my owne praise; which, as it deluded my judgement, so it expos'd me to censure. True, too true I found it, that in the sight of our own parts, wee need no borrowed lights. This it was, and onely this that induced mee to put my selfe forward in publique exercises with such confidence: wherein (such happinesse it is to be possest of opinion) I seldome or never came off with disgrace.

Having for sundry yeares together thus remained in the bounteous bosome of this my nursing-mother; all which time, in the freedome of those studies, I reap't no lesse private comfort, than I received from others incouragement; I resolved to set my rest upon this, to bestowe the most of my time in that place, if it stood with my parents' liking. But soone was I crossed by them in these resolves: being enjoyned by them to twine the course of my studies from those sweet academick exercises, wherein I tasted such infinite content, and to betake myselfe to a profession, which I must confesse suited not well with my disposition: for the fresh fragrant flowers of divine poesie and morall philosophy could not like well to be removed, nor transported to those thorny places and plashes of the law. But no remedy; with an unwilling farewell I took my leave of

philosophy, to addresse my studies to that knowledge which at first seemed so far different from my element, as if I had been now to be moulded to some new dialect; for though I was knowne to most tongues, I became a meere novice in this. Here I long remained, but lightly profited: being there seated; where I studied, more for acquaintance than knowledge. Nor was I the onely one (though a principal one) who run deeply in areeres with time, and gulled the eyes of opinion with a law-gowne. For I found many in my case, who could not recompence their parents many yeares' charge with one booke-case.

Yet amidst these dis-relishing studies, whereto I was rather enforced than enclined, I bestowed much precious time (better spent then in tavernes and brothells) in reviving in mee the long-languishing spirit of poetrie, with other morall assayes, which so highly delighted mee, as they kept mee from affecting that loose kind of libertie, which through fulnesse of meanes, and licentiousnesse of the age, I saw so much followed and eagerly pursued by many. This moved me some times to fit my buskin'd Muse for the stage, with other occasional presentments or poems; which, being free-borne, and not mercenarie, received gracefull acceptance of all such as understood my ranke and qualitie. For so happily had I crept into opinion, (but weake is that happinesse that is grounded on opinion) by closing so well with the temper and humour of the time, as nothing was either presented by mee (at the instancie of the noblest and most generous wits and spirits of that time) to the stage, or committed by mee to the presse, which past not with good approvement in the estimate of the world. Neither did I use these private solaces of my pen, otherwise than as a *play* onely to the imagination: rather to allay and season more serious studies, than account them any fixt employment. Nor did I onely bestow my time on these; for I addressed my selfe to subjects of stronger digestion; being such as required more maturity of judgment, though lesse pregnancie of invention: relishing more of the lampe than those lighter measures which

I had formerly penned: wherein I grew as strong in the opinion and reputation of others as before. This, I must confesse, begot in me a glowing heat and conceit of my selfe: but this I held an easie errour, and the more dispensable, because arising from the infirmitie of nature. Howsoever, I can very well remember (and what other followers can bee to such a remembrancer but penitent teares and incessant feares) that I held it in those dayes an incomparable grace to be styled one of the *Wits*. Where, if at any time invited to a publique feast, or some other meeting of the Muses, wee hated nothing more than losing time; reserving ever some select houres of that solemnity to make proofe of our conceits in a present provision of epigrams, anagrams, with other expressive (and many times offensive) fancies.

But wits so ill employed were like weapons put into mad men's hands. They hurt much, benefitted little: distasting more than they pleased; for they liked onely such men's palats as were male-contents, and critically affected. By this time I had got an eye in the world, and a finger in the street: *There goes an Author! One of the Wits!* Which could not chuse, but make me looke bigge, as if I had been casten in a new mold. O how in privacie, when nothing but the close evening, and dark walls accompany me, doth the remembrance of these lightest vanities perplex mee! How gladly would I shun the memory of them! How willingly forgoe that sweetnesse which many conceive to be in them! But let mee goe on; for I am yet but entring that high-bet path of my younger follies. Having thus, for divers years together, continued at inns of court; where that opinion the world had of my works, gained mee more friends, than the opinion men had of my law, got me fees; (for such as affected scenes more than suits were my clients;) I thought with my selfe to take a turne or two in Pauls, and to peruse a whole gazetta in one walke. This I conceived might improve me; first, by endearing and ingratiating my selfe with that societie, which, I must confesse, were

richly endowed with two excellent parts, Invention and Memorie. Secondly, by screwing some subject from their relations, which might set my pen a work upon occasion.

But I found not there what I expected, which made mee leave that walke, and turne Peripateticke, a civill exchangeman; where in short time I got acquaintance of the best; being such gentle merchants, as their wealth could not so darken their worth, but they would willingly enter lists in a combat of wit. These, I grant, tooke great felicitie in my company: nor did it repent mee of bestowing some houres with these, whose discourse of forraine newes, strengthened by such able intelligence, did infinitely please. And these, without so much as the least losse to themselves (I may safely vow) would not stick upon occasion to accommodate me; which winged my desires for the court, the better to accomplish mee: where I found gracefull acceptance, with choycest acquaintance. But Cynthia could not be still in her full orbe. I begun to withdraw my thoughts from the pursuit of these, and recount with my selfe what I had seene: store of wealth in the one, and a beseeming state in the other. Yet for all this I found my selfe but a planet in both. Fixt, I could not bee, till some constant calling admitted me. I resolved then, seeing I found nothing either in court or citie but cares: cares in the one, of getting to hoord and gather; cares in the other, of getting to spend and scatter: in the one, more rinde and pith; in the other, more pith and rinde. This partaking more of complement than of substance: yet a naturall straine of insinuation in both: but their objects different. The one making a cringe for fashion; the other for gaine. While the former makes his vowes too familiar with his protests, to be beleeved; the other sets too deepe a glosse of his commodities, with shop oaths to be lik't. The one, with a low clook of your servants servant, proclaims him the servant of time, and no ones servant. This I wholly dislik't, for I found the title of servant otherwise aplyed by that divine vessell of election, that devout sanctuarie

of sanctification, that pure mirrour of supreme contemplation. His title was, as it was likewise of others of his fellow-labourers, *Paul a servant of Jesus Christ*; *James a servant of Jesus Christ*; *Jude a servant of Jesus Christ*. With this complement, these began their epistles: a saint-like preamble! an heavenly courtship! Such as all Christians are to imitate.

The other, with his subtill weights and measures (reserving ever by best thoughts for the best) made me suspect him, that hee sold his commodities by retaile, and his conscience by whole sale. Upon review of these, (I say) I resolv'd to leave those cinnamon trees of the court, with their sweet rindes; and those palmatos of the citie with their broad shades, and to turne honest countrey-man, where my parents' providence had setled a competent estate upon mee. Here I lookt to finde nothing but plaine dealing, where I found in very deed nothing lesse. For upon a more serious perusall of that life, with the benefits that rose from it, and conditions of those who were borne and bred in it, I found a cunning colt wrapt up in a russet coat. Men as apt to catch, as if they had been hatcht in the harpie's nest: such as would not stick to hazard their part and portion in the tabernacle for a symoniacall contract. And still I went on to dive into the qualitie of those islanders: where I found some pining through want, others repining at their neighbours' wealth, few or none content with their estate: yet none so poore in estate, as hee would not, though he spared it from his belly, have a fee in store to maintain a suit. Long I had not remained in this fashion, till it pleased the prince to put mee in commission for administration of justice: a vertue, and a choyce one too, yet such an one, as by the abuse of man, not of time, may be compared to the *celedony* stone, which retaineth her vertue no longer than it is rubbed with gold. For my carriage therein I appeale to such as knew mee: many imperfections and failings (Heaven knows) accompanyed mee, which by an humble acknowledgement of mine owne wants, and an earnest desire of supply by God's grace, became so rectified in mee; as

what before seemed crooked, was by that golden rule of his divine will in mee streightened.

Thus have I passed my dayes; traced many wayes; where the longer I liv'd, the more I sinned; which caused mee to wash my couch with teares, and to remember the follies of my youth, manhood, and age, with anguish of heart. O how much it now grieves mee, to have grieved so much at the sight or thought of gray hairs; and to have grieved so little at the thought or sight of my sinnes! May it then be my care to call for grace, lest I bring my gray haires with lasting sorrow to their grave. O may the remainder of my dayes teach me to number my dayes, that I may goe to him, and live with him, who is the length of dayes!"

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"*The Valley of Varietie: or, Discourse fitting for the Times, containing very learned and rare Passages out of Antiquitie, Philosophy, and History. Collected for the use of all ingenious Spirits and true lovers of Learning. By Henry Peacham, Mr. of Arts, sometime of Trinitie Colledge in Cambridge.*"

*——inutilis olim*
*Ne videar virisse.*—PALINGEN.

"*London, printed by M. P. for James Becket, at his shop at the Inner-Temple Gate in Fleet-Street,* 1638."

12mo. pp. 174.

"*To the Right Honourable and truly Noble Henry* Earle of Dover, &c.*

My Lord,

I have beene heretofore very much ingaged to your Honour, as well for many noble courtesies conferred upon me at your respect, and ever well-wishing towards mee, altogether unworthie: I confesse, so great a devotie to it must hereunto adde the dutie, wherein I stand obliged unto your religious and honourable Countesse, since thy last being at your house, in Broad Street, for her really expressed favour to me and mine: as also to my Lord of Rochford, the hope of your ancient and renowned family.

But since I am not able, Cum tota mea suppellex sit Chaldaica, as Erasmus saith of himself, To requite you with any thing but paper; I offer unto your Honour these selected collections of mine, not altogether (at your houres of leisure) unworthie your view and perusall, since, for ought I know, not any of them hath English before: beside they are compact of Rarities, to enable ingenious and schollerly discourse. But howsoever, such as they are, I humbly present them to your Honour's patronage, (whom I know, as many more beside) to be a true lover of the church of God, as also of learning, and all vertuous parts; and with them, my service to your Honour, and my most noble Ladie; who shall ever be

Devoted unto
you both

HENRY PEACHAM."

* Henry Carey, *Editor.*

## EXTRACT.

### Chapter xvi.

### *" Of Margaret the Wife of Herman, Earle of Henneberge.*

This Ladie lived in the time of Henrie the 3d. Emperor, she brought forth at one birth 365 children, the just number of daies in the yeare; in memory whereof, not far from *Leiden* in Holland, in a village called *Lansdunen*, there is yet a faire table of marble, which containeth the whole historie of this stupendious accident; which, as it there standeth ingraven upon the marble, I will truly relate: for I my self have twice or thrise, when I lived in Holland, seen the same: these two verses are ingraven uppermost,

En tibi monstrosum nimis, et memorabile factum,
Quale nec à mundi conditione datum.

Margaret the wife of Herman, Earle of Henneberge, and daughter of Florence the 4th Earle of Holland and Zeland, sister of William, King of the Romanes, and after Cæsar, or Governor of the empire, and of Alithea, Countesse of Henault, whose uncle was the Bishop of Utrecht, and cousin to the Duke of Brabant, and the Earle of Thuringia, &c. This noble Countesse being about forty yeares of age, upon Easter day, and aboute nine of the clocke in the yeare of our Lord, 1276, was brought to bed of three hundred sixtie and five children, all which were baptized in two brazen basons, by Guido the Suffragane of Utrecht; the males, how many soever there were of them, were christened by the name of John; the daughters were al named Elizabeth, who all together with their mother dyed the same day, and with their mother lie buried in this church of Losdunen. This happened by the meanes of a

poore woman, who carried in her armes two children, who were twinnes, and both of them males, which the Countesse admiring, said, That she could not have them by one father, and so shooke her off in contempt and scorn. Whereupon this poore woman, being much perplexed in her mind, presently prayed to God to send her as many children as there were dayes in the whole yeare: which thing beside the course of nature, in a stupendious and wonderfull manner came to passe, as it is briefly set downe and declared in this table for a perpetuall memorie, testified as well by ancient manuscripts, as by many printed chronicles. The Almightie and great God of Heaven hereupon bee feared, honoured, and prayed, from this time forth evermore. Amen."

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"*Spare-Minutes; or resolved Meditations, and Premeditations and premeditated Resolutions. Written by Arthur Warwick.*

———*Ego cur acquirere pauca*
*Si possim invidear?*

*The fift Edition.*

"*London, printed by G. M. for Walter Hammond, and are to be sold by Michael Sparke, in Greene Arbour,* 1636."

Small 12mo. pp. 92. 2d. Part, pp. 99.

## DEDICATION.

*To the Right Worshipful, my much honoured Friend, Sir William Dodington, Knight, all health and happiness.*

"RIGHT WORSHIPFUL,

I WILL not make an over large gate to my little city: a short epistle best suits with so small a volume; and both fitly resemble your knowledge of me, and mine acquaintance with you, short and small. But a mite freely given makes a poor widow liberal; and in this present, poor, like my abilities, is a thankfulness, infinite like your deservings. To speak much might be thought flattery; to say nothing, would be known ingratitude: I must therefore be short; I may not be silent. The happy fortune of my tongue hath encouraged my pen: And I humbly crave in the one, what I favourably found in the other, a courteous acceptance. Which if you please to add to your former favours and my happiness, I shall have just cause to rest

Your Worship's truly devoted

ARTHUR WARWICK."

## RESOLVED MEDITATIONS, ETC.

### I.

"It is the over-curious ambition of many, to be best or to be none: if they may not do well as they would, they will not do so well as they may. I will do my best to do the best; and what I want in power, supply in will. Thus whiles I pay in part, I shall not be a debtor for all. He owes most that pays nothing.

II.

"Pride is the greatest enemy to reason, and discretion the greatest opposite to pride. For whiles wisdom makes art the ape of nature, pride makes nature the ape of art. The wise man shapes his apparel to his body; the proud man shapes his body by his apparel. 'Tis no marvel then, if he know not himself, when he is not to day, like him he was yesterday; and less marvel, if good men will not know him, when he forgets himself, and all goodness. I should fear, whiles I thus change my shape, lest my Maker should change his opinion: and finding me not like him he made me, reject me, as none of his making. I would any day put off the old cause of my apparel, but not every day put on new fashioned apparel. I see great reason to be ashamed of my pride; but no reason to be proud of my shame."

III.

"The reason that many men want their desires is, because their desires want reason. He may do what he will, that will do what he may."

XXII.

"Abundance is a trouble; want a misery; honour a burden; baseness a scorn; advancements dangerous; disgrace odious. Only a competent estate yields the quiet of content. I will not climb, lest I fall; nor lie on the ground, lest I am trod on. I am safest whiles my legs bear me. A competent heat is most healthful for my body; I would desire neither to freeze nor burn."

## XXXII.

"When I see leaves drop from their trees, in the beginning of Autumn, just such, think I, is the friendship of the world. Whiles the sap of maintenance lasts, my friends swarm in abundance; but in the winter of my need, they leave me naked. He is an happy man that hath a true friend at his need: but he is more truly happy that hath no need of his friend."

## L.

"It is one, not of the least evils, not to avoid the appearance of evil, which oft makes the innocent justly punished with undeserved suspicion. I would desire to be thought good; yet I had rather be so. It is no small happiness to be free from suspicion; but a greater to be void of offence. I would willingly be neither evil, nor suspected; but of the two, I had rather be suspected, and not deserve it, than deserve evil, and not be suspected."

# PART II. (POSTHUMOUS.)

An engraved Frontispiece by *T. Clarke.*

*"A brief Elogium upon this Author, and his pious Meditations, with an allusion to this emblematical Frontispiece.*

BY GEORGE WITHER.

"Inflam'd with love, and winged with desire,
This pious heart, in life-time, did aspire

Above the world; and with a true delight
Enjoy'd the day-time; and employ'd the night
In climbing nearer to that *Three-in-One*,
Who filleth all things, and is fill'd of none.
The Law's mysterious night, the Gospel's day,
Affliction's moonshine, and the sunny ray
Of prosperous Hopes, did limit out that path,
Through which his contemplation mounted hath,
And up above those columns made him rise,
A pleased, and a pleasing sacrifice.
From out of his dead embers, raked were
A few quick sparklings; which have kindled here
These papers; and were left behind, to shew
Which way his well-disposed spirit flew:
And that their flame to others may derive
The light and heat of this *Contemplative*.
Accept, as God hath done, this broken-heart;
For every parcel yields, from every part,
A bright reflection of his living graces,
In just so many perfect looking-glasses,
As here are pieces; and ye may by these
Put on fair Virtue's dressings, if you please."

Then follows a copy of Latin verses on the same frontispiece signed, GULIEL. HAYDOCK.

## DEDICATION.

*"To the virtuous and religious Gentlewoman, my much esteemed friend, Mrs. Anne Ashton, be health and happiness here, and hereafter.*

"WORTHY MISTRESS,

The acknowledgement of your favours shall be my meanest thanks; and to thank you for those favours

must be my best acknowledgement. I can do no more; I will do no less. Nor have I any better means, to shew my own living gratefulness, than by coupling it with my *dead son's* thankfulness, and by reviving his, to enliven my own, and to testify both to posterity, by this small memorial. Neither is it unsuitable, that his study should yield some matter of thankfulness after his death, who in his life time studied to be thankful to you, his most deserving friend. Which gave me, *his sad father*, a fit hint to dedicate these his *last Meditations* to yourself, to whose name and worth he meditated and intended to raise a fairer monument, had he lived. This prevented, what remaineth, but that this remnant cloath his thankfulness as far as it can; and supply the necessitated defect of his uneffected purpose. These collected out of those loose papers seem to be wrought in some sudden temperate heat of his honest fancy, and hammered on the anvill of objected occasions; and being forged roughly into these shapes, were cast a cooling into the next pages that came to hand: and so wanting filing and polishing, must crave pardon for their ruder form. They assume their greatest worth and value from your courteous acceptance, and account it their chiefest happiness, if for them you love his memory while you live, who endeavoured to make your memory out live yourself: This, if you deign to do, you shall much comfort the sadness of

Your assured and
devoted friend,
ARTHUR WARWICK."

## MEDITATION VII.

"He that too much admires the glory of a prince's court, and drawn up thither by his ambition, thinks high places to be the highest happiness, let him view the foggy mists, the moist

vapours, and light exhalations drawn up from the earth by the attractive power of the glorious sunbeams: which when they are at highest, either spend themselves there in portending meteors, to others' terror and their own consumption; and either by resolution are turned into rain, or congelation unto hail or snow, which sink lower into the earth at their fall, than they were at their ascending. For my part I may admire such a glowing coal: I will not with the satyr kiss it. As I think it not the least and last praise to please sinners; so, I know, it is not the least danger of times, to live with them, *procul a Jove, procul a fulmine.* He presumes too much of his own brightness, that thinks to shine clear near the sun; where if his light be his own, it must be obscured by comparison; if borrowed from the sun, then is it not his, but another's glory: A candle in the night's obscurity shines brighter then a torch at noonday. And Cæsar thought it a greater glory to be the first man in some obscure town, than the second man in Rome, the head city of the world."

## IX.

"When I see the sun rising from the East in glory, like a giant ready for the course; within an hour's space obscured with mists, darkened with clouds, and sometimes eclipsed with the moon's inferior body: and however, without these, after noon declining, descending, setting, and buried under our horizon; I seem to see an earthly King mounting his throne in glory; yet soon clouded with cares, and fear of dangers; sometimes darkened in honour by the malicious envy of his subjects; sometimes eclipsed in his dominions by the interposition of Foreign Powers; and however, without these, descending and setting at the evening of his life, and seldom passing the whole day thereof in perfect continual glory. Then think I, O the odds of comfort in that heavenly and these earthly kingdoms;

O the comfort of this odds! There each saint is a glorious King; each King hath his incorruptible crown; each crown a boundless, fearless, endless kingdom. Let me strive for the glory of such a kingdom only, which is a kingdom of such glory.

"Fælices animæ, quibus hæc cognoscere sola,
Inque domos superum scandere, cura fuit."

*A Meditation of the Author, found written before a Sermon of his, for Easter-Day.*

"My heart a matter good indites; O then,
Lord, make my tongue a ready writer's pen;
That so assisted by thy grace's art,
Thy grace unto the world I may impart:
So raise my thoughts, my willing mind so bless,
That I thy glorious rising may express.
And rais'd from death of sinful ignorance,
Thy self-advancing power may advance;
And if my simple willingness wants skill,
Thou madst me willing; Lord, accept my will."

*Another, written before a Sermon of his, on the* LI. Psalm, v. 1.

"Lord, guide my tongue, that covets to declare
How great my sins, how great thy mercies are.
I both would shew; and yet so great is either,
That whilst I both would shew, I can shew neither:
They both are infinite; they both began,
Ere I beginning had, or shape of man.
Where then shall I begin, with hope to shew
How great both are, who both exceeding know.

Mercy still pardons; Sin doth still offend;
And being endless both, where shall I end?
Thou first and last, whose mercy heals my sin,
Shew me to end, and teach me to begin!

*The last thing the Author wrote, a few days before his death.*

"A bubble broke, its air looseth,
By which loss the bubble's lost;
Each frost the fairest flowers bruiseth;
Whose lives vanish with that frost.
Then wonder not we die, if life be such;
But rather wonder whence it is we live so much.

Tales, long or short, whether offending
Or well pleasing, have their end:
The glass runs; yet the set time ending,
Every atom doth descend.
If life be such, (as such life is, 'tis sure)
When tales and times find ends, why should life still endure?

This world is but a walk of pain,
That has only end by death.
This life's a war, in which we gain
Conquest by the loss of breath.
Who would not warfare and travels cease,
To live at home in rest, and rest at home in peace?

Nothing here but constant pains,
Or unconstant pleasures be:
Worthless treasures; losing gains,
Scanty store, chain'd liberty.
If life afford the best no better fate,
How welcome is that death, that betters that sad state!

What's the earth, when trimmest drest,
To that crystal spangled dwelling?
Yet the saint, in glory least,
Is in glory far excelling.
Glorious Redeemer, let this earth of mine,
Thy glorious body see, and in thy glory shine.

Oft I see the darksome night
To a glorious day returning;
As oft doth sleep entomb my sight,
Yet I wake again at morning.
Bright Sun, return, when sleep hath spent death's night,
That these dim eyes of mine may in thy light see light.

---

## MARLOW'S AND CHAPMAN'S HERO AND LEANDER.*

### *The Argument of the Third Sestyad.*

*" Leander to the envious light*
*Resigns his night-sports with the night,*
*And swims the Hellespont again;*
*Thesme the deity sovereign*
*Of customs and religious rites*
*Appears, improving his delights,*
*Since nuptial honours he neglected;*
*Which straight he vows shall be effected.*
*Fair Hero, left devirginate,*
*Weighs, and with fury wails her state:*
*But with her love and woman wit*
*She argues, and approveth it.*

" New light gives new directions, fortunes new,
To fashion our endeavours that ensue:

* See p. 171.

More harsh, at least more hard, more grave and high
Our subject runs, and our stern *Muse* must fly.
Love's edge is taken off, and that light flame,
Those thoughts, joys, longings, that before became
High unexperienc'd blood, and maids' sharp plights,
Must now grow staid, and censure the delights,
That being enjoy'd ask judgement; now we praise,
As having parted: evenings crown the days.
And now, ye wanton Loves, and young Desires,
Pied Vanity, the mint of strange attires;
Ye lisping Flatteries, and obsequious Glances,
Relentful Musics, and attractive Dances,
And you detested Charms constraining love,
Shun love's stol'n sports by that these lovers prove.
By this the Sovereign of heaven's golden fires,
And young Leander, lord of his desires,
Together from their lovers' arms arose:
Leander into Hellespontus throws
His Hero-handled body, whose delight
Made him disdain each other epithet.
And as amidst the' enamour'd waves he swims,
The God of Gold of purpose gilt his limbs,
That this word guilt, including double sense,
The double guilt of his incontinence.
Might be exprest, that had no stay t'employ
The treasure which the love-god let him joy
In his dear Hero, with such sacred thrift,
As had beseem'd so sanctified a gift:
But, like a greedy vulgar prodigal,
Would on the stock dispend, and rudely fall
Before his time, to that unblessed blessing,
Which for lust's plague doth perish with possessing.
*Joy graven in sense, like joy in water wastes;*
*Without preserve of virtue, nothing lasts.*
What man is he, that with a wealthy eye,
Enjoys a beauty richer than the sky,

Through whose white skin, softer than soundest sleep,
With damask eyes, the ruby blood doth peep,
And runs in branches through her azure veins,
Whose mixture and first fire his love attains;
Whose both hands limit both love's deities,
And sweeten human thoughts like Paradise;
Whose disposition silken is and kind,
Directed with an earth-exempted mind;
Who thinks not heaven with such a love is given?
And who like earth would spend that dower of heaven,
With rank desire to joy it all at first?
What simply kills our hunger, quencheth thirst,
Clothes but our nakedness, and makes us live!
Praise doth not any of her favours give;
But what doth plentifully minister
Beauteous apparel and delicious cheer,
So order'd that it still excites desire,
And still gives pleasure freeness to aspire;
The palm of bounty, ever moist preserving
To love's sweet life this is the courtly carving.
Thus Time and all states ordering ceremony
Had banish'd all offence: Time's golden thigh
Upholds the flow'ry body of the earth,
In sacred harmony, and every birth
Of men, and actions, makes legitimate,
Being us'd aright; the use of time is fate.
Yet did the gentle flood transfer, once more,
This prize of love home to his father's shore;
Where he unlades himself of that false wealth
That makes few rich; treasures compos'd by stealth.
And to his sister kind Hermione,
Who on the shore kneel'd praying to the sea
For his return, he all Love's goods did show,
In Hero seiz'd for him, in him for Hero.

His most kind sister all his secrets knew,
And to her, singing, like a shower he flew,
Sprinkling the earth, that to their tombs took in
Streams dead for love, to leave his ivory skin,
Which yet a snowy foam did leave above,
As soul to the dead water that did love;
And from thence did the first white roses spring,
For Love is sweet and fair in every thing,
And all the sweeten'd shore, as he did go,
Was crown'd with od'rous roses, white as snow.
Love-blest Leander was with love so filled,
That love to all that touch'd him he instilled.
And as the colours of all things we see,
To our sight's powers communicated be:
So to all objects that in compass came
Of any sense he had, his senses' flame
Flow'd from his parts, with force so virtual,
It fir'd with sense things mere insensual.
Now with warm baths and odours comforted,
When he lay down he kindly kiss'd his bed,
As consecrating it to Hero's right,
And vow'd thereafter, that whatever sight
Put him in mind of Hero, or her bliss,
Should be her altar to prefer a kiss.
Then laid he forth his late enriched arms,
In whose white circle Love writ all his charms,
And made his characters sweet Hero's limbs,
When on his breast's warm sea she sideling swims.
And as those arms, held up in circle, met,
He said; see, sister, Hero's carquenet,
Which she had rather wear about her neck,
Than all the jewels that doth Juno deck.
But as he shook, with passionate desire,
To put in flame his other secret fire,

A music so divine did pierce his ear,
As never yet his ravish'd sense did hear;
When suddenly a light of twenty hues,
Brake through the roof, and like the rainbow-views,
Amaz'd Leander, in whose beams came down
The Goddess Ceremony, with a crown
Of all the stars; and heaven with her descended:
Her flaming hair to her bright feet extended,
By which hung all the bench of deities;
And in a chain, compact of ears and eyes,
She led Religion; all her body was
Clear and transparent as the purest glass,
For she was all presented to the sense:
Devotion, Order, State, and Reverence,
Her shadows were; Society, Memory;
All which her sight made live, her absence die.
A rich disparent pentacle she wears,
Drawn full of circles and strange characters:
Her face was changeable to every eye;
One way look'd ill, another graciously;
Which while men view'd, they cheerful were and holy;
But looking off, vicious and melancholy.
The snaky paths to each observed law,
Did *Policy* in her broad bosom draw;
One hand a mathematic christal sways,
Which gathering in one line a thousand rays
From her bright eyes *confusion* burns to death,
And all estates of men distinguisheth.
By it *Morality*, and *Comeliness*,
Themselves in all their sightly figures dress.
Her other hand a laurel rod applies,
To beat back *Barbarism* and *Avarice*,
That followed, eating earth and excrement
And human limbs; and would make proud assent

To seats of Gods, were *Ceremony* slain;
The *Hours* and *Graces* bore her glorious train;
And all the sweets of our society
Were spher'd and treasur'd in her bounteous eye.
Thus she appear'd, and sharply did reprove
Leander's bluntness in his violent love;
Told him how poor was substance without rites,
Like bills unsign'd; desires without delights;
Like meats unseason'd; like rank corn that grows
On cottages, that none or reaps or sows:
Not being with civil forms confirm'd and bounded,
For human dignities and comforts founded:
But loose and secret all their glories hide;
Fear fills the chamber, Darkness decks the bride.*
She vanish'd, leaving pierc'd Leander's heart
With sense of his unceremonious part,
In which with plain neglect of nuptial rites
He close and flatly fell to his delights:
And instantly he vow'd to celebrate
All rites pertaining to his married state.
So up he gets, and to his father goes,
To whose glad ears he doth his vows disclose;
The nuptials are resolv'd with utmost power,
And he at night would swim to Hero's tower.
From whence he meant to Sestus' forked bay
To bring her covertly, where ships must stay,
Sent by her father, thoroughly rig'd and man'd,
To waft her safely to Abydus' strand.
There leave we him; and with fresh wing pursue
Astonish'd Hero, whose most wished view
I thus long have forborn, because I left her
So out of countenance, and her spirits bereft her.
*To look of one abash'd is impudence,*
*When of slight faults he hath too deep a sense.*

* A beautiful line, anticipating by a century the rhythm of Dryden. *Editor.*

Her blushing heat her chamber: she look'd out,
And all the air she purpled round about,
And after it a foul black day befell,
Which ever since a red morn doth foretell:
And still renews our woes for Hero's woe;
And foul it prov'd, because it figur'd so
The next night's horror, which prepare to hear;
I fail if it profane your daintiest ear.

* Then now most strangely-intellectual Fire,
That proper to my soul hast power t' inspire
Her burning faculties, and with the wings
Of thy unsphered flame visitst the springs
Of spirits immortal! Now, (as swift as Time
Doth follow motion) find th' eternal clime
Of his free soul, whose living subject stood
Up to the chin in the Pierean flood,
And drunk to me half this Musean story,
Inscribing it to deathless memory:
Confer with it, and make my pledge as deep,
That neither's draught be consecrate to sleep.
Tell it how much his late desires I tender,
If yet it know not and to light surrender
My soul's dark offspring, willing it should die
To loves, to passions, and society!

Sweet Hero left upon her bed alone,
Her maidenhead, her vows, Leander gone,
And nothing with her but a violent crew
Of new-come thoughts, that yet she never knew,
Even to herself a stranger; was much like
Th' Iberian city that war's hand did strike
By English force, in princely *Essex'* guide,
Whence Peace assur'd her towers had fortified;
And golden-finger'd India had bestow'd
Such wealth on her, that strength and empire flow'd

* Here seems to begin Chapman's part, with a noble address to the spirit of his departed precursor, Marlow.

Into her turrets, and her virgin waist
The wealthy girdle of the sea embrac'd:
Till our Leander, that made Mars his Cupid,
For soft love-suits, with Iron thunders chid,
Swum to her towns, dissolv'd her virgin zone;
Led in his power, and made *Confusion*
Run through her streets amaz'd, that she supposed
She had not been in her own walls inclosed:
But rapt by wonder to some foreign state,
Seeing all her issue so disconsolate;
And all her peacefull mansions possest
With war's just spoil, and many a foreign guest
From every corner driving an enjoyer,
Supplying it with power of a destroyer.
So far'd fair Hero, in th' expugned fort
Of her chaste bosom; of every sort
Strange thoughts possest her, ransacking her breast
For that that was not there, her wonted rest.
She was a mother straight, and bore with pain,
Thoughts that spake straight, and wish'd their mother slain;
She hates their lives, and they their own and hers.
Such strife still grows where sin the race prefers.
*Love is a golden bubble, full of dreams,*
*That waking breaks, and fills us with extremes.*
She mus'd how she could look upon her Sire,
And not shew that without, that was intire.
For as a glass is an inanimate eye,
And outward forms imbraceth inwardly:
So is the eye an animate glass, that shews
In forms without us, and as Phœbus throws
His beams abroad, though he in clouds be closed,
Still glancing by them till he find opposed,
A loose and rorid vapour that is fit
T' event his searching beams, and useth it

To form a tender twenty-coloured eye,
Cast in a circle round about the sky.
So when our fiery soul, our body's star
(That ever is in motion circular)
Conceives a form; in seeking to display it
Through all our cloudy parts, it doth convey it
Forth at the eye, as the most pregnant place,
And that reflects it round about the face,
And this event uncourtly Hero thought,
Her inward guilt would in her looks have wrought:
For yet the world's stale cunning she resisted,
To bear foul thoughts, yet forge what looks she listed,
And held it for a very silly sleight
To make a perfect metal counterfeit:
Glad to disclaim herself, proud of an art,
That makes the face a pandar to the heart.
Those be the painted moons, whose lights profane
Beauty's true heaven, at full still in their wane;
Those be the Lapwing faces that still cry,
Here 't is, when that they vow is nothing nigh.
Base fools, when every Moorish fool can teach
That which men think the height of human reach.
But custom, that the apoplexy is
Of bedrid nature, and lives led amiss,
And takes away all feeling of offence,
Yet braz'd not Hero's brow with impudence;
And this she thought most hard to bring to pass,
To seem in countenance other than she was,
As if she had two souls; one for the face,
One for the heart, and that they shifted place
As either list to utter, or conceal
What they conceiv'd: or as one soul did deal
With both affairs at once, keeps and ejects
Both at an instant contrary effects:

Retention and ejection in her powers
Being acts alike: for this one vice of ours,
That forms the thought, and sways the countenance,
Rules both our motion and our utterance.
These and more grave conceits toil'd Hero's spirits:
For though the light of her discoursive wits,
Perhaps might find some little hole to pass
Through all these worldly cinctures; yet alas
There was a heavenly flame incompass'd her;
Her goddess, in whose Fane she did prefer
Her virgin vows, from whose impulsive sight
She knew the black shield of the darkest night
Could not defend her, nor wit's subtlest art:
This was the point pierc'd Hero to the heart;
Who heavy to the death, with a deep sigh,
And hand that languish'd, took a robe was nigh,
Exceeding large, and of black cypress made,
In which she sate, hid from the day in shade,
E'en overhead and face, down to her feet;
Her left hand made it at her bosom meet;
Her right hand lean'd on her heart-bowing knee,
Wrapt in unshapeful folds: 'twas death to see
Her knee staid that, and that her falling face
Each limb help'd other to put on disgrace.
No form was seen, where form held all her sight:
But like an embrion that saw never light:
Or like a scorched statue made a coal
With three-wing'd lightning: or a wretched soul
Muffled with endless darkness, she did sit:
The night had never such a heavy spirit.
Yet might an imitating eye well see,
How fast her clear tears melted on her knee
Through her black veil, and turn'd as black as it,
Mourning to be her tears: then wrought her wit

With her broke vow, her goddess' wrath, her fame,
All tools that ingenious despair could frame:
Which made her strow the floor with her torn hair,
And spread her mantle piece-meal in the air.
Like Jove's son's club, strong passion struck her down,
And with a piteous shriek inforc'd her swoon:
Her shriek made with another shriek ascend
The frighted matron that on her did tend:
And as with her own cry her sense was slain,
So with the other it was call'd again.
She rose and to her bed made forced way,
And laid her down e'en where Leander lay:
And all this while the red sea of her blood
Ebb'd with Leander: but now turn'd the flood,
And all her fleet of spirits came swelling in
With crowd of sail, and did hot fight begin,
With those severe conceits, she too much mark'd,
And here Leander's beauties were imbark'd.
He came in swimming, painted all with joys,
Such as might sweeten hell: his thought destroys
All her destroying thoughts: she thought she felt
His heart in hers: with her contentions melt,
And chid her soul that it could so much err,
To check the true joys he deserv'd in her.
Her fresh heat blood cast figures in her eyes,
And she suppos'd she saw in Neptune's skies
How her star wandred, wash'd in smarting brine
For her love's sake, that with immortal wine
Should be embath'd, and swim in more heart's ease,
Than there was water in the Sestian seas.
Then said her Cupid-prompted spirit, Shall I
Sigh moans to such delightsome harmony?
Shall slick-tongued fame patch'd up with voices rude,
The drunken bastard of the multitude,

Begot when father judgment is away,
And gossip-like, says because others say,
Takes news as if it were too hot to eat,
And spits it slavering forth for dog-fees meat,
Make me for forging a phantastic vow,
Presume to bear what makes grave matrons bow?
Good vows are never broken with good deeds,
For then good deeds were bad: vows are but seeds,
And good deeds fruits; even those good deeds that grow
From other stocks than from th' observed vow,
That is a good deed that prevents a bad:
Had I not yielded, slain myself I had.
Hero Leander is, Leander Hero:
Such virtue love hath to make one of two.
If then Leander did my maidenhead get,
Leander being myself, I still retain it:
We break chaste vows when we live loosely ever,
But bound as we are, we live loosely never.
Two constant lovers being join'd in one,
Yielding to one another, yield to none.
We know not how to vow, till love unblind us,
And vows made ignorantly never bind us;
Too true it is, that when 'tis gone men hate
The joys as vain they took in love's estate:
But that's, since they have lost, the heavenly light
Should shew them way to judge of all things right.
When life is gone, death must implant his terror,
As death is foe to life, so love to error.
Before we love, how range we through this sphere,
Searching the sundry fancies hunted here:
Now with desire of wealth transported quite
Beyond our free humanity's delight:
Now with ambition climbing falling towers,
Whose hope to scale, our fear to fall devours:

Now rapt with pastimes, pomp, all joys impure;
*In things without us no delight is sure.*
But love with all joys crown'd, within doth sit;
O Goddess, pity love, and pardon it.
This spake he weeping: but her Goddess ear
Burn'd with too stern a heat, and would not hear.
Aye me! hath heaven's straight fingers no more graces,
For such a Hero, than for homeliest faces?
Yet she hop'd well, and in her sweet conceit
Weighing her arguments, she thought them weight:
And that the logick of Leander's beauty,
And them together, would bring proofs of duty.
And if her soul, that was a skilful glance
Of heaven's great essence, found such imperance
In her love's beauties; she had confidence.
Jove lov'd him too, and pardon'd her offence.
*Beauty in heaven and earth this grace doth win,*
*It supples rigor, and it lessens sin.*
Thus, her sharp wit, her love, her secrecy,
Trooping together, made her wonder why
She should not leave her bed, and to the temple!
Her health said she must live; her sex dissemble.
She view'd Leander's place, and wished he were
Turn'd to his place, so his place were Leander.
Aye me, said she, that Love's sweet life and sense
Should do it harm! my love had not got hence,
Had he been like his place. O blessed place!
Image of constancy! Thus my love's grace
Parts no where but it leaves some thing behind
Worth observation: he renowns his kind.
His motion is like heaven's orbicular:
For where he once is, he is ever there.
This place was mine; Leander, now 'tis thine;
Thou being myself, then it is double mine:
Mine, and Leander's mine, Leander's mine.

O, see what wealth it yields me, nay, yields him:
For I am in it, he for me doth swim.
Rich, fruitful love, that doubling self estates
Elixir like contracts, though separates.
Dear place, I kiss thee, and do welcome thee,
As from Leander ever sent to me."

*The end of the third Sestyad.*

ARE the Readers of RESTITUTA tired of this Love-Tale? The Editor presumes to think that it possesses, and especially Marlow's part, very extraordinary poetical merit. It exhibits in almost every line proofs of that high character ascribed to Marlow both by Phillips (or rather his uncle Milton) and by Drayton; of that glowing sentiment, that fervency of language, that copiousness of natural and beautiful imagery, which breathe the soul of the genuine child of the Muse, bathed in the living waters of the Pierian spring, and animated with a fancy that throws more vivid colours on all the charms of creation.

It is impossible for any one who has taste and feeling, to confound this with those cotemporary productions, that are only valuable as curiosities, to which time has given an adventitious interest. Here are all the marks of the real bard!

"Thoughts that breathe and words that burn."

And after all the multitudinous criticisms and discussions of what is true poetical genius, does not this short line comprehend the whole secret?

Dec. 26, 1814.

# HERO AND LEANDER.

## *The Argument of the Fourth Sestyad.*

*" Hero, in sacred habit deckt,*
*Doth private sacrifice effect.*
*Her scarf's description wrought by fate,*
*Ostents, that threaten her estate.*
*The strange, yet physical events,*
*Leander's counterfeit presents.*
*In thunder, Ciprides descends,*
*Presaging both the lovers' ends.*
*Ecte, the Goddess of Remorse,*
*With vocal and articulate force*
*Inspires Leucote, Venus' swan,*
*T" excuse the beauteous Sestian.*
*Venus, to wreak her rites' abuses,*
*Creates the monster Eronusis;*
*Enflaming Hero's sacrifice,*
*With lightning darted from her eyes:*
*And thereof springs the painted beast,*
*That ever since taints every breast.*

Now from Leander's place she arose, and found
Her hair and rent robe scatter'd on the ground:
Which taking up, she every piece did lay
Upon the altar; where in youth of day
She us'd t' exhibit private sacrifice:
Those would she offer to the deities
Of her fair Goddess, and her powerful son,
As relics of her late-felt passion:
And in that holy sort she vow'd to end them,
In hope her violent fancies, that did rend them,

Would as quite fade in her love's holy fire,
As they should in the flames she meant t' inspire.
Then put she on all her religious weeds,
That deck'd her in her secret sacred deeds:
A crown of icicles, that sun nor fire
Could ever melt, and figur'd chaste desire.
A golden star shin'd in her naked breast,
In honour of the Queen-light of the East.
In her right hand she held a silver wand,
On whose bright top *Peristera* did stand,
Who was a nymph, but now trasform'd a dove,
And in her life was dear in Venus' love:
And for her sake she ever since that time
Chus'd doves to draw her coach thro' heav'n's blue clime:
Her plenteous hair in curled billows swims
On her bright shoulder: her harmonious limbs
Sustain'd no more but a most subtile veil,
That hung on them, as it durst not assail
Their different concord: for the weakest air
Could raise it swelling from her beauties fair;
Nor did it cover, but adumbrate only
Her most heart-piercing parts, that a blest eye
Might see, as it did shadow, fearfully,
All that all-love deserving paradise:
It was as blue as the most freezing skies;
Near the sea's hue, for thence her goddess came:
On it a scarf she wore of wondrous frame;
In midst whereof she wore a virgin's face,
From whose each cheek a fiery blush did chase
Two crimson flames, that did two ways extend,
Spreading the ample scarf to either end,
Which figur'd the division of her mind,
Whiles yet she rested bashfully inclin'd,
And stood not resolute to wed Leander.
This serv'd her white neck for a purple sphere,

And cast itself at full breadth down her back.
There, since the first breath that begun the wrack
Of her free quiet from Leander's lips,
She wrought a sea in one flame full of ships:
But that one ship where all her wealth did pass,
Like simple merchants' goods, Leander was:
For in that sea she naked figur'd him;
Her diving needle taught him how to swim,
And to each thread did such resemblance give,
For joy to be so like him it did live.
*Things senseless live by art, and rational die*
*By rude contempt of art and industry.*
Scarce could she work but in her strength of thought,
She fear'd she prick'd Leander as she wrought:
And oft would shriek so, that her guardian, frighted,
Would staring haste, as with some mischief cited.
*They double life that dead things' griefs sustain:*
*They kill that feel not their friends' living pain.*
Sometimes she fear'd he sought her infamy,
And then as she was working of his eye,
She thought to prick it out to quench her ill:
But as she prick'd, it grew more perfect still.
*Trifling attempts no serious acts advance;*
*The fire of love is blown by dalliance.*
In working his fair neck she did so grace it,
She still was working her own arms t' embrace it;
That, and his shoulders, and his hands were seen
Above the stream, and with a pure sea green
She did so quaintly shadow every limb,
All might be seen beneath the waves to swim.
In this conceited scarf she wrought beside
A moon in change, and shooting stars did glide
In number after her with bloody beams,
Which figur'd her affects in their extremes,

Pursuing nature in her Cynthian body,
And did her thoughts running on change imply;
For maids take more delights, when they prepare,
And think of wives' states, than when wives they are.
Beneath all these she wrought a fisherman,
Drawing his nets from forth that ocean;
Who drew so hard, ye might discover well,
The toughned sinews in his neck did swell:
His inward strains drave out his blood-shot eyes,
And springs of sweat did in his forehead rise:
Yet was of nought but of a serpent sped,
That in his bosom flew, and stung him dead;
And this by fate into her mind was sent,
Not wrought by mere instinct of her intent.
All the skarf's other end her hand did frame,
Near the fork'd point of the divided flame,
A country virgin keeping of a vine,
Who did of hollow bulrushes combine
Snares for the stubble-loving grasshopper,
And by her lay her scrip that nourish'd her.
Within a myrtle shade she sate and sung,
And tufts of waving reeds about her sprung;
Where lurk'd two foxes, that while she applied
Her trifling snares, their thieveries did divide;
One to the vine, another to her scrip,
That she did negligently overslip:
By which her fruitful vine, and wholesome fare,
She suffer'd spoil'd, to make a childish snare.
These ominous fancies did her soul express,
And every finger made a prophetess,
To shew what death was hid in love's disguise,
And make her judgment conquer destinies.
O what sweet forms fair ladies' souls do shroud,
Were they made seen, and forced through their blood;

If thro' their beauties, like rich work thro' lawn,
They would set forth their minds with virtues drawn,
In letting graces from their fingers fly,
To still their yas* thoughts with industry:
That their plied wits in number'd silks might sing
Passion's huge conquest, and their needles leading
Affection prisoner through their own built cities,
Pinion'd with stories and Arachnean ditties.
Proceed we now with Hero's sacrifice;
She odours burns, and from their smoke did rise
Unsavoury fumes, that air with plagues inspir'd,
And then the consecrated sticks she fir'd.
On whose pale flame an angry Spirit flew,
And beat it down still as it upward grew.
The virgin tapers that on th' altar stood,
When she inflamed them burned as blood:
All sad ostents of that too near success,
That made such moving beauties motionless.
Then Hero wept, but her affrighted eyes
She quickly wrested from the sacrifice:
Shut them, and inwards for Leander look'd,
Search'd her soft bosom, and from thence she pluck'd
His lovely picture: which when she had view'd,
Her beauties were with all love's joys renew'd;
The odours sweeten'd, and the fires burn'd clear,
Leander's form left no ill object there.
Such was his beauty, that the force of light,
Whose knowledge teacheth numbers infinite,
The strength of number and proportion,
Nature had plac'd in it to make it known.
Art was her daughter, and what human wits
For study lost, intomb'd in drossy spirits.
After this accident, which for her glory
Hero could not but make a history,

* Sic in orig.

Th' inhabitants of Sestus and Abydus
Did every year, with feasts propitious,
To fair Leander's picture sacrifice:
And they were persons of especial prize,
That were allow'd it, as an ornament
T' enrich their houses; for the continent
Of the strange virtues all approv'd it held:
For even the very look of it repel'd
All blastings, witchcrafts, and the strifes of nature
In those diseases that no herbs could cure:
The wolfy sting of Avarice it would pull,
And make the rankest miser bountiful.
It kill'd the fear of thunder and of death:
The discords, that conceits engendereth
'Twixt man and wife, it for the time would cease:
The flames of love it quench'd, and would increase:
Held in a prince's hand, it would put out
The dreadful'st comet: it would ease all doubt
Of threaten'd mischiefs: it would bring asleep
Such as were mad: it would enforce to weep
Most barbarous eyes: and many more effects
This picture wrought, and sprung Leandrian sects,
Of which was Hero first: for he whose form,
Held in her hand, clear'd such a fatal storm,
From hell she thought his person would defend her,
Which night and Hellespont would quickly send her.
With this confirm'd, she vow'd to banish quite
All thought of any check to her delight:
And in contempt of silly bashfulness,
She would the faith of her desires profess:
Where her religion should be policy,
To follow love with zeal her piety:
Her chamber her cathedral church should be,
And her Leander her chief deity.

For in her love these did the gods forego;
And though her knowledge did not teach her so,
Yet did it teach her this, that what her heart
Did greatest hold in her self greatest part,
That she did make her god; and 'twas less nought
To leave gods in profession and in thought,
Than in her love and life: for therein lies
Most of her duties, and their dignities,
And rail the brain-bald world at what it will,
That's the grand atheism that reigns in it still.
Yet singularity she would use no more,
For she was singular too much before;
But she would please the world with fair pretext;
Love would not leave her conscience perplext.
Great men that will have less do for them still,
Must beat them out, tho' th' acts be ne'er so ill.
Meanness must pander be to Excellence;
Pleasure atones Falsehood and Conscience:
Dissembling was the worst, thought Hero then,
And that was best, now she must live with men.
O virtuous love! that taught her to do best,
When she did worst, and when she thought it least.
Thus would she still proceed in works divine,
And in her sacred state of priesthood shine,
Handling the holy rites with hands as bold,
As if therein she did Jove's thunders hold;
And need not fear those menaces of error,
Which she at others threw with greatest terror.
O lovely Hero! nothing is thy sin,
Weigh'd with those foul faults other priests are in!
That having neither faiths, nor works, nor beauties,
T' engender any sense for slubber'd duties;
With as much countenance fill their holy chairs,
And sweet denouncements 'gainst profane affairs,

As if their lives were cut out by their places,
And they the only fathers of the Graces.
Now as with settled mind she did repair
Her thoughts to sacrifice, her ravish'd hair.
And her torn robe which on the altar lay,
And only for Religion's fire did stay;
She heard a thunder by the Cyclops beaten,
In such a volley as the world did threaten,
Given Venus as she parted th' airy sphere,
Descending now to chide with Hero here:
When suddenly the goddess waggoners,
The swans and turtles that in coupled pairs,
Through all worlds' bosoms draw her influence,
Lighted in Hero's window, and from thence
To her fair shoulders flew the gentle doves.
Graceful *Ædone* that sweet pleasure loves,
And rough-foot *Chreste* with the tufted crown,
Both which did kiss her, though their goddess frown.
The swans did in the solid flood her glass
Proin their fair plumes, of which the fairest was
Jove's lov'd *Leucote*, that pure brightness is;
The other bounty loving *Dapsilis*.
All were in heaven, now they with Hero were:
But Venus' looks brought wrath, and urged fear:
Her robe was scarlet, black her head's attire,
And through her naked breast shin'd streams of fire,
As when the rarified air is driven
In flashing streams, and opes the darken'd heaven.
In her white hand a wreath of yew she bore,
And breaking the icy wreath sweet Hero wore,
She forc'd about her brows her wreath of yew,
And said, now minion to thy fate be true;
Though not to me, endure what this portends:
Begin where lightness will, in shame it ends.

Love makes thee cunning; thou art current now,
By being counterfeit: thy broken vow
Deceit with her pied garters must rejoin,
And with her stamp thou countenances must coin:
Coyness, and pure deceits for purities,
And still a maid will seem in cousen'd eyes,
And have an antique face to laugh within,
While thy smooth looks make men digest thy sin.
But since thy lips, lest thought forsworn, forswore,
Be never virgin's vow with trusting more.

When beauty's dearest did her goddess hear,
Breathe such rebukes 'gainst that she could not clear;
Dumb sorrow spake aloud in tears and blood,
That from her grief-burst veins, in piteous flood,
From the sweet conduits of her savor fell.
The gentle turtles did with moans make swell
Their shining gorges: the white black-ey'd swans
Did sing as woful Epicedians,
As they would straightways die: when Pity's queen,
The goddess Ecte, that had ever been
Hid in a wat'ry cloud near Hero's cries,
Since the first instant of her broken eyes,
Gave bright Leucote voice, and made her speak,
To ease her anguish, whose swoln breast did break
With anger at her goddess, that did touch
Hero so near for that she us'd so much.
And thrusting her white neck at Venus, said—
Why may not amorous Hero seem a maid?
Though she be none, as well as you suppress
In modest cheeks your inward wantonness?
How often have we drawn you from above,
T' exchange with mortals rites for rites in love?
Why in your priest then call you that offence,
That shines in you, and is your influence?

With this the Furies stopt Leucote's lips,
Enjoin'd by Venus; who with rosy whips
Beat the kind bird. Fierce lightning from her eyes
Did set on fire fair Hero's sacrifice,
Which was her torn robe, and inforced hair;
And the bright flame became a maid most fair
For her aspect: her tresses were of wire,
Knit like a net, where hearts all set on fire,
Struggled in pants, and could not get releas'd:
Her arms were all with golden pincers dress'd,
And twenty fashion'd knots, pullies, and brakes,
And all her body girdled with painted snakes.
Her downy parts in a scorpion's tail combin'd,
Freckled with twenty colours; pied wings shin'd
Out of her shoulders; cloth had never dye,
Nor sweeter colours never viewed eye,
In scorching Turkey, Cares Tartary,
Than shone about this spirit notorious;
Nor was Arachne's web so glorious.
Of lightning and of shreds she was begot;
More hold in base dissemblers is there not.
Her name was *Eronusis*. Venus flew
From Hero's sight, and at their chariot drew
This wondrous creature to so steep a height,
That all the world she might command with sleight
Of her gay wings: and then she bade her haste,
Since Hero had dissembled, and disgrac'd
Her rites so much, and every breast infect.
With her deceits she made her architect
Of all dissimulation, and since then
Never was any trust in maids nor men.
O it spighted
Fair Venus' heart to see her most delighted.
And one she chus'd for temper of her mind,
To be the only ruler of her kind,

So soon to let her virgin race be ended;
Not simply for the fault a whit offended:
But that in strife for chasteness with the Moon,
Spiteful Diana bade her shew but one,
That was her servant vow'd, and liv'd a maid;
And now she thought to answer that upbraid,
Hero had lost her answer; who knows not
Venus would seem as far from any spot
Of light demeanour, as the very skin
'Twixt Cynthia's brows; Sin is asham'd of Sin.
Up Venus flew, and scarce durst up for fear
Of Phœbus' laughter, when she past her sphere:
And so most ugly clouded was the light,
That day was hid in day; night came ere night,
And Venus could not through the thick air pierce,
Till the day's king, god of undaunted verse,
Because she was so plentiful a theme,
To such as wore his laurel *Anademe:*
Like to a fiery bullet made descent,
And from her passage those fat vapours rent,
That being not thoroughly rarified to rain,
Melted like pitch as blue as any vein,
And scalding tempests made the earth to shrink
Under their fervor, and the world did think
In every drop a torturing spirit flew,
It pierc'd so deeply, and it burn'd so blue.
Betwixt all this and Hero, Hero held
Leander's picture, as a Persian shield:
And she was free from fear of worst success;
The more ill threats us, we suspect the less:
As we grow hapless, violence subtle grows,
Dumb, deaf, and blind, and comes when no man knows.

*The end of the fourth Sestyad.*

## *The Argument of the fifth Sestyad.*

*" Day doubles her accustom'd date,*
*As loth the night, incens'd by fate,*
*Should wrack our lovers; Hero's plight*
*Longs for Leander, and the night:*
*Which, ere her thirsty wish recovers,*
*She sends for two betrothed lovers,*
*And marries them, that, with their crew*
*Their sports and ceremonies due,*
*She covertly might celebrate,*
*With secret joy, her own estate.*
*She makes a feast, at which appears*
*The wild nymph Teras, that still bears*
*An ivory lute, tells ominous tales,*
*And sings at solemn festivals.*

Now was bright Hero weary of the day,
Thought Olympiad in Leander's stay.
Sol, and the soft-foot Hours hung on his arms,
And would not let him swim, foreseeing his harms:
That day Aurora double grace obtain'd
Of her love Phœbus; she his horses rein'd,
Sat on his golden knee, and as she list
She pull'd him back; and as she pull'd, she kist
To have him turn to bed; he lov'd her more,
To see the love Leander Hero bore.
Examples profit much ten times in one;
In persons full of note good deeds are done.
Day was so long, men walking fell asleep:
The heavy humours, that their eyes did steep,
Made them fear mischiefs. The hard streets were beds
For covetous churls, and for ambitious heads,
That spite of Nature would their business ply.
All thought they had the falling epilepsy;

Men grovel'd so upon the smother'd ground,
And pity did the heart of heaven confound.
The Gods, the Graces, and the Muses came
Down to the Destinies, to stay the frame
Of the true lovers' deaths, and all world's tears:
But death before had stopt their cruel ears.
All the Celestials parted mourning then,
Pierc'd with our human miseries more than men.
Ah, nothing doth the world with mischief fill,
But want of feeling one another's ill.

With their descent the day grew something fair,
And cast a brighter robe upon the air.
Hero, to shorten time with merriment,
For young *Alcmane* and bright *Mya* sent,
Two lovers that had long crav'd marriage dues
At Hero's hands: but she did still refuse,
For lovely Mya was her consort vow'd
In her maid state, and therefore not allow'd
To amorous nuptials: yet fair Hero now
Intended to dispense with her cold vow,
Since hers was broken, and to marry her:
The rites would pleasing matter minister
To her conceits, and shorten tedious day.
They came; sweet musick usher'd th' odorous way,
And wanton air in twenty sweet forms danc'd
After her fingers; Beauty and Love advanc'd
Their ensigns in the downless rosy faces
Of youths and maids, led after by the Graces.
For all these Hero made a friendly feast,
Welcom'd them kindly, did much love protest,
Winning their hearts with all the means she might,
That when her fault should chance t' abide the light,
Their loves might cover or extenuate it,
And high in her worst fate make pity sit.

She married them, and in the banquet came
Borne by the virgins: Hero strove to frame
Her thoughts to mirth. Aye me, but hard it is
To imitate a false and forced bliss.
Ill may a sad mind forge a merry face,
Nor hath constrained laughter any grace.
Then laid she wine on cares to make them sink;
*Who fears the threats of fortune, let him drink.*
To these quick nuptials enter'd suddenly
Admired *Teras* with the ebon thigh;
A Nymph that haunted the green Sestian groves,
And would consort soft virgins in their loves,
At gaysome triumphs, and on solemn days
Singing prophetic elegies and lays:
And fing'ring of a silver lute, she tied
With black and purple scarfs by her left side.
Apollo gave it, and her skill withal,
And she was term'd his dwarf, she was so small:
Yet great in virtue, for his beams inclos'd
His virtues in her: never was propos'd
Riddle to her, or augury strange or new,
But she resolv'd it: Never slight tale flew
From her charm'd lips, without important sense,
Shewn in some grave succeeding consequence.
This little Sylvan, with her songs and tales,
Gave such estate to feasts and nuptials,
That though oft times she forewent tragedies,
Yet for her strangeness still she pleas'd their eyes;
And for her smallness they admir'd her so,
They thought her perfect born, and could not grow.
All eyes were on her: Hero did command
An altar deck'd with sacred state should stand
At the feast's upper end, close by the bride,
On which the pretty nymph might sit espied.

Then all were silent; every one so hears,
As all their senses climb'd into their ears:
And first this amorous tale, that fitted well,
Fair Hero and the nuptials she did tell:

THE TALE OF TERAS.

Hymen, that now is God of nuptial rites,
And crowns with honour love and his delights,
Of Athens was a youth so sweet of face,
That many thought him of the female race:
Such quick'ning brightness did his clear eyes dart,
Warm went their beams to his beholder's heart.
In such pure leagues his beauties were combin'd,
That there your nuptial contracts first were sign'd.
For as proportion, white and crimson, meet
In beauty's mixture, all right clear, and sweet,
The eye responsible, the golden hair,
And none is held without the other, fair:
All spring together, all together fade;
Such intermixt affections should invade
Two perfect lovers: which being yet unseen,
Their virtues and their comforts copied been,
In beauty's concord, subject to the eye,
And that, in Hymen, pleas'd so matchlessly,
That lovers were esteem'd in their full grace,
Like form and colour mix'd in Hymen's face;
And such sweet concord was thought worthy then
Of torches, music, feasts, and greatest men:
So Hymen look'd, that e'en the chastest mind
He mov'd to join in joys of sacred kind:
For only now his chin's first down consorted
His head's rich fleece, in golden curls contorted;
And as he was so lov'd, he lov'd so too,
So should best beauties, bound by nuptials, do.

Bright *Eucharis*, who was by all men said
The noblest, fairest, and the richest maid,
Of all th' Athenian damsels, Hymen lov'd;
With such transmission, that his heart remov'd
From his white breast to hers, but her estate,
In passing his, was so interminate
For wealth and honour, that his love durst feed
On nought but sight and hearing, nor could breed
Hope of requital, the grand prize of love;
Nor could he hear or see, but he must prove
How his rare beauty's music would agree
With maids in consort: therefore robbed he
His chin of those same few first fruits it bore,
And clad in such attire, as virgins wore,
He kept them company, and might right well,
For he did all but Eucharis excel
In all the fair of beauty: yet he wanted
Virtue to make his own desires implanted
In his dear Eucharis; for women never
Love beauty in their sex, but envy ever.
His judgment yet, that durst not suit address,
Nor past due means, presume of due success;
Reason got fortune in the end to speed
To his best prayers: but strange it seem'd indeed,
That fortune should a chaste affection bless:
*Preferment seldom graceth bashfulness:*
Nor grac'd in Hymen yet; but many a dart,
And many an amorous thought, enthral'd his heart,
Ere he obtain'd her; and he sick became,
Fort'd to abstain her sight, and then the flame
Rag'd in his bosom. O what grief did fill him!
Sight made him sick, and want of sight did kill him.
The virgins wonder'd where *Dictia* staid,
For so did Hymen term himself a maid:

At length with sickly looks he greeted them:
'Tis strange to see 'gainst what an extreme stream
A lover strives; poor Hymen look'd so ill,
That as in merit he increased still,
By suffering much, so he in grace decreas'd.
Women are most won, when men merit least:
If Merit look not well, Love bids stand by;
Love's special lesson is to please the eye.
And Hymen soon recovering all he lost,
Deceiving still these maids, but himself most.
His love and he with many virgin dames,
Noble by birth, noble by beauty's flames,
Leaving the town with songs and hallow'd lights,
To do great *Ceres Elusina* rites
Of zealous sacrifice, were made a prey
To barbarous rovers that in ambush lay,
And with rude hand enforc'd their shining spoil,
Far from the darken'd city, tir'd with toil.
And when the yellow issue of the sky
Came trooping forth, jealous of cruelty,
To their bright fellows of this under heaven,
Into a double night they saw them driven;
A horrid cave, the thieves' black mansion,
Where weary of the journey they had gone,
Their last night's watch, and drunk with their sweet gains,
Dull Morpheus enter'd, laden with silken chains,
Stronger than iron, and bound the swelling veins,
And tired senses of these lawless swains.
But when the virgin lights thus dimly burn'd;
O what a hell was heaven in! how they mourn'd
And wrung their hands, and wound their gentle forms
Into the shapes of sorrow! Golden storms
Fell from their eyes: as when the sun appears,
And yet it rains, so shew'd their eyes their tears.

And as when funeral dames watch a dead corse,
Weeping about it, telling with remorse
What pains he felt, how long in pain he lay,
How little food he eat, what he would say;
And then mix mournful tales of others' deaths,
Smothering themselves in clouds of their own breaths;
At length, one cheering other, call for wine,
The golden bowl drinks tears out of their eine,
As they drink wine from it; and round it goes,
Each helping other to relieve their woes:
So cast these virgin Beauties mutual rays,
One lights an other, face the face displays;
Lips by reflection kiss'd, and hands hands shook,
E'en by the whiteness each of other took.
But Hymen now us'd friendly Morpheus' aid,
Slew every thief, and rescued every maid.
And now did his enamour'd passion take
Heart from his hearty deed, whose worth did make
His hope of bounteous Eucharis more strong;
And now came Love with Proteus, who had long
Juggled the little god with prayers and gifts,
Ran through all shapes, and varied all his shifts,
To win Love's stay with him, and make him love him;
And when he saw no strength of sleight could move him
To make him love, or stay, he nimbly turn'd
Into Love's self, he so extremely burn'd.
And thus came Love with Proteus and his power,
T' encounter Eucharis: first like the flower,
That Juno's milk did spring the silver lily,
He fell on Hymen's hand, who straight did spy
The bounteous godhead, and with wondrous joy
Offer'd it Eucharis. She wondrous coy
Drew back her hand: the subtle flower did woo it,
And drawing it near, mix'd so you could not know it:

As two clear tapers mix in one their light,
So did the lily and the hand their white:
She view'd it; and her view the form bestows
Amongst her spirits: for as colour flows
From superficies of each thing we see,
E'en so with colours forms emitted be:
And where Love's form is, Love is; Love is form;
He enter'd at the eye, his sacred storm
Rose from the hand, Love's sweetest instrument:
It stirr'd her blood's sea so, that high it went,
And beat in bashful waves 'gainst the white shore
Of her divided cheeks; it rag'd the more,
Because the tide went 'gainst the haughty wind
Of her estate and birth: and as we find,
In fainting ebbs, the flowery Zephyr hurls
The green hair'd Hellespont, broke in silver curls
'Gainst Hero's tower: but in his blast's retreat,
The waves obeying him, they after beat,
Leaving the chalky shore a great way pale,
Then moist it freshly with another gale:
So ebb'd and flow'd in Eucharis's face,
Coyness and Love strove which had greatest grace.
Virginity did fight on Coyness' side;
Fear of her parents' frowns, and female pride
Loathing the lower place, more than it loves
The high contents, desert and virtue moves.
With Love fought Hymen's beauty and his valour,
Which scarce could so much favour yet allure
To come to strike, but fameless idle stood,
*Action is fiery valour's sovereign good.*
But love once enter'd, wish'd no greater aid
Than he could find within; thought, thought betray'd;
The brib'd, but incorrupted garrison,
Sung *Io Hymen*; there those songs begun,

And Love was grown so rich with such a gain,
And wanton with the ease of his free reign,
That he would turn into her roughest frowns
To turn them out; and thus he Hymen crowns
King of his thoughts, man's greatest empery:
This was his first brave step to deity.

Home to the mourning city they repair,
With news as wholesome as the morning air,
To the sad parents of each saved maid:
But Hymen and his Eucharis had laid
This plot, to make the flame of their delight
Round as the moon at full, and full as bright.

Because the parents of chaste Eucharis
Exceeding Hymen's so, might cross their bliss;
And as the world rewards deserts, that law
Cannot assist with force: so when they saw
Their daughter safe, take 'vantage of their own,
Praise Hymen's valour much, nothing bestown,
Hymen must leave the virgins in a grove
Far off from Athens, and go first to prove,
If to restore them all with fame and life,
He should enjoy his dearest as his wife.
This told to all the maids; the most agree:
The riper sort knowing what 'tis to be
The first mouth of a news so far deriv'd,
And that to hear and bear news brave folks liv'd,
As being a carriage special hard to bear,
Occurrents, these occurrents being so dear,
They did with grace protest, they were content
T' accost their friends with all their compliment,
For Hymen's good: but to incur their harm,
There he must pardon them. This wit went warm
To *Adoleshe's* brain, a nymph born high,
Made all of voice and fire, that upwards fly;

Her heart and all her forces neither train,
Climb'd to her tongue, and thither fell her brain,
Since it could go no higher: and it must go,
All powers she had, even her tongue did so.
In spirit and quickness she much joy did take,
And lov'd her tongue, only for quickness' sake,
And she would haste and tell. The rest all stay,
Hymen goes on: the nymph another way:
And what became of her I'll tell at last:
Yet take her visage now: moist lipp'd, long fac'd,
Then like an iron wedge, so sharp and tart,
As 'twere of purpose made to cleave Love's heart.
Well were this lovely beauty rid of her,
And Hymen did at Athens now prefer
His welcome suit, which he with joy aspir'd:
A hundred princely youths with him retir'd
To fetch the nymphs: chariots and music went,
And home they came: heaven with applauses rent.
The nuptials straight proceed, whilst all the town,
Fresh in their joys, might do them most renown.
First gold-lock'd Hymen did to church repair,
Like a quick off'ring burn'd in flames of hair,
And after, with a virgin firmament,
The godhead-proving bride, attended went
Before them all, she look'd in her command,
As if form-giving Cypria's silver hand
Grip'd all their beauties, and crush'd out one flame;
She blush'd to see how beauty overcame
The thoughts of all men. Next before her went
Five lovely children, deck'd with ornament
Of her sweet colours, bearing torches by,
For light was held a happy augury
Of generation, whose efficient right
Is nothing else but to produce to light,

The odd disparent number they did chuse,
To shew the union married loves should use,
Since in two equal parts it will not sever,
But the midst holds one to rejoin it ever,
As common to both parts: men therefore deem,
That equal number gods do not esteem,
Being authors of sweet peace and unity,
But pleasing to th' infernal empery,
Under whose ensigns Wars and Discords fight,
Since an even number you may disunite
In two parts equal, nought in middle left,
To reunite each part from other reft:
And five they hold in most especial price,
Since 'tis the first odd number that doth rise
From the two foremost number's unity,
That odd and even are; which are two and three,
For one no number is: but thence doth flow
The powerful race of number. Next did go
A noble matron, that did spinning bear
A housewife's rock and spindle, and did wear
A weather's skin, with all the snowy fleece,
To intimate that e'en the daintiest piece,
And noblest born dame should industrious be;
That which does good disgraceth no degree.
And now to Juno's temple they are come,
Where her grave priest stood in the marriage room:
On his right arm did hang a scarlet veil,
And from his shoulders to the ground did trail,
On either side, ribbands of white and blue;
With the red veil he hid the bashful hue
Of the chaste bride, to shew the modest shame,
In coupling with a man, should grace a dame.
Then took he the disparent silks, and tied
The lovers by the waists, and side to side,

In token that thereafter they must bind
In one self sacred knot each other mind.
Before them on an altar he presented
Both fire and water: which was first invented,
Since to ingenerate every human creature,
And every other birth produc'd by nature,
Moisture and head must mix: so man and wife
For human race must join in nuptial life.
Then one of Juno's birds, the painted jay,
He sacrific'd, and took the gall away.
All which he did behind the altar throw,
In sign no bitterness of hate should grow,
'Twixt married loves, nor any least disdain.
Nothing they spake, for 'twas esteemed too plain
For the most silken mildness of a maid,
To let a public audience hear it said
She boldly took the man: and so respected
Was bashfulness in Athens: it erected
To chase *Agneia*, which is shamefacedness,
A sacred temple, holding her a goddess.
And now to feasts, masks, and triumphant shows,
The shining troops return'd, e'en till earth throws
Brought forth with joy the thickest part of night,
When the sweet nuptial song that us'd to cite
All to their rest, was by *Phemonor* sung:
First Delphian prophetess, whose graces sprung
Out of the Muses, well she sung before
The bride into her chamber: at which door
A matron and a torch-bearer did stand:
A painted box of comfits in her hand
The matron held, and so did other some
That compass'd round the honour'd nuptial room.
The custom was that every maid did wear,
During her maidenhead, a silken sphere

About her waist, above her inmost weed,
Knit with Minerva's knot, and that was freed
By the fair bridegroom on the marriage night,
With many ceremonies of delight:
And yet eternis'd Hymen's tender bride,
To suffer it dissolv'd, so sweetly cry'd.
The maids that heard, so lov'd and did adore her,
They wish'd with all their hearts to suffer for her:
So had the matrons, that with comfits stood
About the chamber, such affectionate blood,
And so true feeling of her harmless pains,
That every one a shower of comfits rains.
For which the bride-youths scrambling on the ground,
In noise of that sweet hail their cries were drown'd.
And thus blest Hymen joy'd his gracious bride,
And for his joy was after deified.
The saffron mirror by which Phœbus' love,
Green Tellus, decks her, now he held above
The cloudy mountains: and the noble maid,
Sharp-visag'd Adolesche, that was stray'd
Out of her way, in hasting with her news,
Not till his hour th' Athenian turrets views,
And now brought home by guides: she heard by all,
That her long kept occurrents would be stale,
And how fair Hymen's honours did excel
Far those rare news, which she came short to tell.
To hear her dear tongue, robb'd of such a joy,
Made the well-spoken nymph take such a toy,
That down she sunk: when lightning from above,
Shrunk her lean body, and for mere free love,
Turn'd into the pied-plumed *Psittacus*,
That now the *Parrot* is surnam'd by us,
Who still with counterfeit confusion prates,
Nought but news common to the common'st mates.

This told, strange Teras touch'd her lute, and sung
This ditty, that the torchy evening sprung.

EPITHALAMION TERATOS.

Come, come, dear Night, love's mart of kisses,
Sweet close of his ambitious line,
The fruitful summer of his blisses,
Love's glory doth in darkness shine.
O come, soft rest of cares, come, Night,
Come, naked virtues only tire,
The reaped harvest of the light,
Bound up in sheaves of sacred fire.
Love calls to war,
Sighs his alarms;
Lips his swords are,
The field his arms.

Come, night, and lay the velvet hand
On glorious Day's outfacing face;
And all thy crowned flames command,
For torches to our nuptial grace.
Love calls to war,
Sighs his alarms;
Lips his swords are,
The field his arms.

No need have we of factious Day,
To cast, in envy of thy peace,
Her balls of discord in thy way:
Here Beauty's day doth never cease,
Day is abstracted here,
And varied in a triple sphere.
Hero, Alcmane, Mya, so outshine thee,
Ere thou come here let Thetis thrice refine thee.

Love calls to war,
Sighs his alarms;
Lips his swords are,
The field his arms.

The evening star I see;
Rise, youths, the evening star
Helps Love to summon war,
Both now embracing be.

Rise, youths, Love's right claims more than banquets; rise,
Now the bright marygolds, that deck'd the skies,
Phœbus' celestial flowers, that, contrary
To his flowers here, ope when he shuts his eye,
And shuts when he doth open, crown your sports;
Now love in sight, and night in love exhorts.
Courtship and dances: all your parts employ,
And suit night's rich expansure with your joy;
Love paints his longings in sweet virgins' eyes;
Rise, youths, Love's right claims more than banquets; rise.
Rise, virgins, let fair nuptial loves infold
Your fruitless breasts: the maidenheads ye hold
Are not your own alone, but parted are;
Part in disposing them your parents share,
And that a third part is: so must you save
Your loves a third, and you your thirds must have.
Love paints his longings in sweet virgins' eyes:
Rise, youths, Love's right claims more than banquets; rise.

Herewith the amorous spirit, that was so kind
To Teras' hair, and comb'd it down with wind,
Still as it comet-like, brake from her brain,
Would needs have Teras gone, and did refrain
To blow it down: which staring up, dismay'd
The timorous feast, and she no longer staid;

But bowing to the bridegroom and the bride,
Did like a shooting exhalation glide
Out of their sights: the turning of her back
Made them all shriek, it look'd so ghastly black.
O hapless Hero, that most hapless cloud
Thy soon succeeding tragedy foreshew'd.
Thus all the nuptial crew to joys depart,
But much wrung Hero, stood Hell's blackest dart:
Whose wound because I grieve so to display,
I use digressions thus to' increase the day.

*The end of the fifth Sestyad.*

---

'*An Improvement of Imprisonment, Disgrace, Poverty, into real Freedom, honest Reputation, perdurable Riches; evidenced in a few Crums and Scraps lately found in a Prisoner's-Basket at Newgate: and saved together, by a visitant of oppressed prisoners, for the refreshing of himself and those who are either in a worse prison, or (who loathing the dainties of the Flesh) hunger and thirst after Righteousness.*

*He who five thousand hungry souls had fed*
*With two small fishes and five loaves of bread,*
*Would have the fragments sav'd: for that is sweet*
*To some, which others trample under feet.*
*This Prisoner's late experiments may be*
*Of use to them who know much more than he:*
*For men to credit those are soonest mov'd,*
*Whose words, to be sincere, by deeds are prov'd.*

By *George Wither. London printed in the year* 1661."

8vo. pp. 124.

An analysis of the voluminous works of this active and singular writer, in the *British Bibliographer*, vol. i. stated the general contents of the present publication. As much of it is of an interesting cast, I shall not offer any apology for introducing a succession of extracts to the readers of Restituta.

It opens with an address from Wither to those friends who had inquired after him, since the seizure of his person, books, and papers, for having written an imputed libel against the House of Commons.

His pious resignation and contentation on the occasion are exemplary.

"I nothing want, that's truly needful, save
Due thankfulness to God for what I have;
Who hitherto, in an unusual wise,
Without my care, vouchsafeth me supplies;
Which hereby I acknowledge, to this end,
That others may in straits on Him depend.
Though now there be not left with me one line
Of what I last wrote, I no whit repine:
For Providence will further my intent,
Thereby much better than the course I meant;
Or else will raise up, if that be calcin'd,
A sprightlier product of the self-same kind;
Which to obliterate none shall presume,
Nor time abolish, nor the flame consume,
Till it hath took effect to that good end
For which I did, at first, the same intend."

— — —

The following passages are worthy of extraction.

"Should none reprove but persons wholly free
From sinfulness, no sin reprov'd should be:

And where our general reproofs offend,
Few men their private errors will amend.
All that is in my thoughts, my words, or deeds
Approvable, from God's free grace proceeds:
And none deserveth blame but I alone,
If I do what now is thought misdone.
I love and honour more a foe that's just,
Than him who saves my life, and breaks his trust;
And will not thank them who shall see wherein
I merit blame, yet palliate my sin;
Or shall excuse me from due punishment,
When I shall know my faults, and not repent.
When more desire to be affected thus,
It will be better both for them and us:
And he who makes these things his chief ambition,
Though wrongs he feel, can never fear perdition."

The following passages are taken from his first meditation upon his commitment to Newgate, and bespeak a mind imbued with true Christian principles and fortitude of a very superior nature to that of stoical philosophy.

"And is this Newgate, whereof so afraid
Offenders are? Is this the dismal place
Wherein, before I came, I heard it said
There's nothing but grief, horror, and disgrace?
I find it otherwise: and, doubtless, either
It is bely'd—or they who are sent hither
Within themselves, when to this house they come,
Bring that which makes it seem so troublesome.

I no worse here, than where I was before,
Accommodated am: for though confin'd

From some things, which concern my body more
Than formerly—it hath inlarg'd my mind.
  Here, by degrees, with what the world most fears,
  With torments and their executioners,
I may be so acquainted, if I please,
That things, which threaten pain, shall bring me ease.

For that cost they supplied have, to whom
My life, it seems, is dearer than to me;
And they engaged for me are become:
Lord! whence proceeds this kindness, but from thee?
  So is it, that I now can hardly tell
  Whether my friends to save me shew more zeal,
Or they more malice, who have sought of late
To ruin both my person and estate.

My soul! these things consider well, and whence
They do proceed: consider why, likewise:
Who puts into thy heart this confidence:
Who, by unknown hands, each day's want supplies;
  Who comforts doth augment as griefs increase;
  Who clothes and feeds thee in this wilderness;
And, when terrestrial aids are quite bereaven,
Rains on thee quails and manna down from heaven."

Let therefore these experiments with awe
Be entertain'd: and if henceforth God should,
As he perhaps will, common helps withdraw,
Let them quite go, and catch on him fast hold.
  For if thou then despair, or shalt distrust
  His love, who never was to thee unjust,
This will then prove to be a carnal boast,
And thou, with all thy vain hopes, wilt be lost.

Search thou thy heart, therefore, with prudent care,
That malice, pride, nor vengeance lurk within;

That love of God, and all mankind be there,
Link'd with a detestation of all sin:
And if thou find it so, be not afraid
Whate'er against thee shall be done or said:
For resolution, built upon that rock,
Will, of all raging storms, endure the shock.

Make Jesus Christ to be the sole foundation
Of thy affection, of thy hope and trust,
Of thy belief, of thy sanctification,
Of all thy musings, and of all thou dost:
For nothing justifies, but doth condemn,
That is not—in, for, from, and by Him;
Without respect to any interest,
Except what with His glory may consist.

Lord! thou hast by renewing, in some measure,
My much depraved will, inclined me
In all things to submit to thy good pleasure;
Let what's defective now, made perfect be,
That known it may be to this generation,
Man may attain to such a resignation,
That he shall more delight Thy will to do
Than that which his own will provokes him to."

The following lines occur in an Address to the city of London, of which, from the time I believe of his publishing *Britain's Remembrancer*, he had conceived himself to be a kind of political augur and spiritual laureat.

"What I have been to thee, it hath been shown,
What thou to me art, it will now be known:
And, possibly, another generation
Will heed, that I am somewhat to this nation,

Deserving better, than that lie I should
Within a jail, at seventy-three years old,
For acting and designing nothing worse
Than how to save them from a greater curse.
Look to yourselves: for whether bond or free
I am, I know my God will look to me;
And I and mine shall be both cloth'd and fed,
When they who slighted us, want robes and bread.

So believeth GEORGE WITHER."

I extract a few characteristic stanzas from "An other Meditation, or Ballad, (as the world perhaps will call it) composed by the same prisoner since his commitment to Newgate."

"My soul, since we are left alone
In our confinement here,
Where we disturbed are of none,
To God, come, draw we near;
For part of his three dreaded woes
Are now so carrying on,
That if to him we cling not close,
We may be quite undone.

'Tis but the suburbs unto hell
Whereto we now are sent;
And, for the future, none can tell
What here to us is meant.
To better men worse things befall
Than seem to be our meed;
And our afflictions are but small
To those which may succeed.

With sickness we are not opprest
In body or in mind:

No outward cares disturb our rest,
No inward fears we find.
For all the sufferings wherewith we
As yet afflicted seem,
Are only such as grievous be
In other men's esteem.

But should I, being old and poor,
Diseased grow within:
With aches have my limbs made sore,
Or, with an ulcer'd skin,
Be turn'd into the common jail,
To lie upon the ground;
And all those outward helps quite fail,
Which I have lately found.

The plagues, which others to despair
And to blaspheming move,
Shall stir me up to praise and prayer,
And fill my heart with love.
Yea, that which on the kings of earth
Will dreadful horrors bring,
Shall make me with triumphant mirth
A Hallelujah sing.

How blessed is that heavenly place
Where thou, O Christ! dost dwell;
If thou canst bring such joy and peace
Into this earthly hell.
He with whom thou still present art,
Whate'er on him is laid,
If thee he loves with all his heart,
Needs no where be afraid.

*Sept.* 3, 1661."

The following appears to have been written in the

very temper and spirit of the great Apostle of the Gentiles.

*"A Return, in answer to some of them who sent to know how it fares with me in my Imprisonment.*

God gave me grace; by grace I did conceive
A saving faith, by saving faith I live.
My life of faith hath had a preservation,
By hearing, acting, and by meditation.
By meditation I reduce to words
What my experience in this life affords:
By that experience which I have attain'd,
A patience in my troubles I have gain'd:
My patience hath such hopefulness begot,
That this disgraceful prison shames me not.
Though I am poor, and, as our proverb says,
As poor as Job, unto my God be praise,
I am no beggar; for I have not yet
Been forc'd to ask for money, clothes, or meat;
Nor tempted, having daily bread, to borrow,
Through fear of wants that may befal to-morrow.
And well remembring who was pleas'd to say—
There's care enough belonging to each day;
I, for a day to which I may not live,
Will not, of what I have, myself deprive.
With my condition I am pleas'd, and merry;
Of my long sufferings I am not grown weary;
And wish those, who pursue me with most hate,
No worse, than to enjoy the like estate,
Except my bands.—I have acquir'd this rest
By those means and degrees afore exprest;
And this unfeignedly to you declares
How at this present time with me it fares.

*Sept.* 7, 1661. *From Newgate.*"

A short poem, entitled "A Passage in relation to those who seem offended at my present scribblings, as they call them," speaks with much self-complacency of the consolations resulting to himself from his own writings.

"Although my former poems and my musings
Had not, until of late days, those perusings
Which I expected, nor now valued be
Of many,—they have much refreshed me
And, otherwise, for supplements have stood
Instead of sleep, of raiment, or of food.
In troubles me they more content have made
Than wealth, repute, and all the friends I had
They cause me to be fearless of my foes,
When I am vex'd, my spirit they compose;
When I am poor, they are instead of wealth
When I am sick, they help repair my health
When I am well, they are my recreation
When tempted to despair, hope's reparation
Thereby, when sadness comes, to mirth I turn it
When I am slighted, they do make me scorn it
In prisons when my body is confin'd,
They do so many ways inlarge my mind,
That, doubting whether will for me prove best,
The freedom lost, or that which is possest,
I use the means of both; but wholly leave
The choice to God; and what he gives, receive.
They are companions, when I'm left alone;
They find me work to do, when I have none.
By day, me from ill company they keep,
Make nights less tedious, when I cannot sleep.
They ease me, when I am oppress with wrongs;
When I want music, they do make me songs."

His apology for composing the poem called *Vox Vulgi*, is of considerable length, and has many passages of strong feeling and vindictive energy. A few of them only shall be now given. He writes this apology to clear his aspersed innocence.

" And to declare, what I shall now express,
I may hereafter want both time and place:
Or, being dead, before my trial-day,
My false accusers to my charge may lay
What they shall please: and none be certain why
I was committed in this jail to die.
God give me strength to finish this, and then
Let all my foes do and say what they can."

He complains of the garbled extracts which had been taken from his production, with an evil intent; and of the fallacious inferences deduced from those extracts, in order to make it appear that he had cast aspersions on the Lower House of Parliament. He thus proceeds:

" My cause may, for the present, injur'd be,
But all the world can do no harm to me.
Though that which is *without* me wrong'd hath been,
And may be still, all shall be safe *within*,
So long as God assisteth me,—by whom
I, with this confidence, am arm'd become:
And, peradventure, they who think to spoil
This confidence, may give themselves the foil."

On the loss of his property he thus consoles himself:

" I, with my losses was as well content,

As is a Christian when by Turks pursued,
Who overpower him by their multitude,
He wrecks his vessel on a friendly shore,
Where he hath life and freedom, though no more."

He then states the cause of persecution against him—

——" that whereby most blame to me may come,
And which will probably be charged home,
Is an *impeachment* for a heinous thing,
That some are pleas'd to call a *libelling*
Against the *Commons:* which, if proved true,
I'll ask no favour; for I think none due;
And if it be an unjust imputation,
I, for my sufferings, claim a reparation.
By feigned speakers, I have only said
What was to be by common fame convey'd,
And murmur'd in most places, to worse ends
Than that, whereto my harmless poem tends,
And if I may presume the truth to tell,
I am rewarded ill for doing well.
For thereby I not only turn'd aside
That general reproach which was applied
To all the House of Commons, and alone
To them confin'd it, who brought blame thereon."

The personal offence was given to Sir Richard Onslow, M. P.

The remainder of this tract may furnish matter for another article in continuation.

¶

*Haue with you to Saffron-Walden, or Gabriell Harvey's Hunt is up. Containing a full Answere to the eldest sonne of the Halter maker. Or Nashe his Confutation of the sinfull Doctor. The Mott or Poesie instead of*

*omne tulit punctum:*
*Pacis fiducia nunquam.*

*As much as to say, as I sayd, I would speake with him.*

*Printed at London by John Danter, 1596.*

4to. Extends to sig. X 3.

THE names of *Tom. Nash* and *Gabriel Harvey* seldom fall together in the same plain of paper without reminding the reader of the story of the tiger and rhinoceros, never meeting without attacking each other; and we expect, as a natural consequence, a spirited skirmish, if not a desperate battle. Though their hatred was little inferior to those animals, and their warfare nearly as rude and ferocious, yet the result was never equally tragical. Their mode of attack was uncertain: sometimes tilting with wit and irony, as courtly as knights errant; and anon, rudely struggling and wrestling to exhibit each other as bedaubed with the filth of the fashionable Ajax. Had either of their restless minds been content with an occasional triumph, their waspish bickering would never have made their controversy to have lasted nearly as many years as the siege of Troy: but a temporary respite seems only to

have been considered as preparatory to a new encounter. Notwithstanding the occasional mendicity which their pages display, the whole are richly diversified with matter and local allusions; enlivened with witticisms, or a studied vein of caustic humour: and furnish such an assemblage of amusing traits of manners and authors, that the controversy may be called the granary for commentators, and those whose research has turned to the Elizabethan era. More notes have been gathered from the light tracts of *Tom Nash* than from the voluminous productions of any one of his contemporaries. It may therefore be regretted that the whole of this literary controversy has never been reprinted compactly in an octavo volume. Even an epitome, done by a well versed hand, would be valuable; but it is not easy to compress all their best flights, or determine what may be rejected, as not likely to elucidate an enigmatical passage in some other writer. This hint is thrown out for those whom it may concern. Certainly in this age of reprints, several have been announced of less value, and undoubtedly more prosing in point of subject. But to our task.

The dedicatory epistle is addressed

"*To the most Orthodoxall and reverent Corrector of staring haires, the sincere and finigraphicall rarifier of prolixious rough barbarisme, the thrice egregious and censoriall antiquiertiser of vagrant mustachios, chiefe scauinger of chins, and principall Head-man* of the parish wherein he dwells, speciall superuisor of all excrementall superfluities for Trinitie Colledge in Cambridge, and (to conclude) a*

* Quasi conversant about heads.

*notable and singular benefactor to all beards in generall*, Don Richardo Barbarossa de Cæsario; *Tho. Nashe wisheth the highest* Toppe *of his contentment and felicitie, and the* shortning *of all his enemies.*

ACUTE and amiable Dick, not *Dic mihi Musa virum*, Musing Dick, that studied a whole yeare to know which was the male and female of red herrings: nor *Dic obsecro*, Dick of all Dickes, that in a Church where the Organs were defac'd, came and offred himselfe with his pipe and taber: nor old Dick of the Castle, that vpon the newes of the losse of Calis, went and put a whole bird-spit in the pipe of his buckler: nor Dick Swash or Desperate Dick, that's such a terrible cutter at a chyne of beefe, and deuoures more meate at ordinaries in discoursing of his fraies, and deep acting of his slashing and hewing, than would serue halfe a dozen Brewers' Dray-men: nor *Dick of the Cow*, that mad Demilance Northren Borderer, who plaid his prizes with the Lord Jockey so brauely, but paraphrasticall gallant patron Dick, as good a fellow as euer was heigh fill the post hostesse: curteous Dicke, comicall Dicke, liuely Dicke, louely Dicke, learned Dicke, olde Dicke of Lichfield, *Iubeo te plurimum saluere*, which is by interpretation, I ioy to heare thou hast so profited in gibridge.

I am sure thou wondrest not a little, what I meane to come vppon thee so straungelye, with such a huge dicker of Dickes in a heape altogether: but that's but to shew the redundance of thy honourable familie, and how affluent and copious thy name is in all places, though *Erasmus* in his *Copia verborum* neuer mentions it.

Without further circumstance to make *short*, (which to speake troth is onely proper to thy trade) the short and long of it is this, There is a certaine kinde of Doctor of late very pittifully growen balde, and thereupon is to be shauen immediately, to trie if that will helpe him: now I know no such nimble

fellow at his weapon in all England as thyselfe, who (as I heare) standst in election at this instant to bee chiefe *Crowner* or clipper of crownes in Cambridge, and yet no defacer of the Queene's coyne neither: and it is pittie but thou shouldst haue it, for thou hast long seru'd as a Clarke in the *crowne* office, and concluded syllogismes in *Barbara* anie time this sixteene yeare, and yet neuer metst with anie requitall, except it were some few *French crownes*, pild Friers' crownes, drye shauen, not so muche worth as one of these Scottish horne crownes: which (thy verie enemies must needes confesse) were but *bare* wages, (yea, as bare as my nayle, I faith) for thy braue desert and dexteritie: and some such *thinne* gratuitie or *Haire-loome* it may be the Doctor may present thee with, but how euer it *falls*, hath his head or his hayre the falling sicknesse neuer so, without anie more dely, *of or on*, trimm'd hee must bee with a trice, and there is no remedie, but thou must needes come and ioyne with me to giue him the terrible cut. Wherefore (good Dick) on with thy apron, and arme thy selfe *to set him downe* at the first word: *Stand to him*, I say, and *take him a button lower*, feare not to shew him a *knacke** of thy occupation, and once in thy life let it be said, that a Doctor weares thy *cloth*,† or that thou hast caus'd him to do pennance, and weare *Haire cloth* for his sinnes. Were he as he hath been, (I can assure thee) he would clothe and adorne thee with manie gracious gallant complements, and not a rotten tooth that hangs out at thy shop window, but should cost him an indefinite Turkish armie of English Hexameters. O, he hath been old dogge at that drunken staggering kind of verse, which is all vp hill and downe hill, like the way betwixt Stamford and Beechfeeld, and goes like a horse plunging through the myre in the deep of winter, now soust vp to the saddle, and streight aloft on his tip toes. In-

* Barbers knacking their fingers.

† Tailors leany napric they put about poore wenches, while they are gaining.

deed, in old King Hartie sinceritie, a kind of verse it is, hee hath been enfeoft in from his minoritie, for as I haue him faithfully informed, hee first cryde in that verse in the verie moment of his birth, and when he was but yet a fresh-in Cantbridge, he set vp *Siquisses*,* and sent his accounts to his father in those ioulting Heroicks. Come, come, account of him as you list by *Poll* and *Aedipoll* I protest, your noble science of decision† and contraction is immortally beholding to him, for twice double his patrimonie hath he spent in carefull cherishing and preseruing his pickerdeuant: and besides a deuine vicarly brother of his, called *Astrologicall Richard*, some few yeares since (for the benefit of his country) most studiously compyled *A profound Abridgement vpon beards*, and therein copiously dilated of the true discipline of peakes, and no lesse frutelessely determined, betwixt the swallowe's taile cut, and the round beard like a rubbing brush. It was my chaunce (O thrice blessed chaunce) to the great comfort of my Muse to peruse it, although it came but priuately in print: and for a more ratefied pasport (in thy opinion) that I haue read it and digested it, this title it beareth, *A Defence*‡ *of short haire against Synesius and Pierius:* or rather in more familiar English to expresse it, A Dash ouer the head against baldnes, verie necessary to be obserued of all the *looser* sort, or *loose* hair'd sort of yong Gentlemen and Courtiers, and no lesse pleasant and profitable to be remembred of the whole Common-wealth of the Barbars. The Posie thereto annexed, *Prolixior est breuitate sua*; as much to say, as burne bees and haue bees, and hair the more it is cut the more it comes: lately deuised and set forth by *Richard Harney*, the vnluckie Prophet of prodigies. If this may not settle thy beleefe, but yet thou requirest a further token to

* *Siquis* a bill for any thing lost.

† For diuision and contraction.

‡ Therfore belike hee gaue it that title because it was most of it short haire his father made ropes of.

make vp euen money, in the Epistle Dedicatorie thereof to a great man of this land, whom he calls *his verie right honourable good Lord*, he recounteth his large bounties bestowed vppon him, and talkes of the secret fauours which hee did him in his studie or closet at Court.

Heare, you Dick, marke you here what a iewell this learning is: how long will it be, ere thou studie thyselfe to the like preferment. No reason, I see, why thou being a Barber shouldst not be as *hair-brain'd* as he. Onely for writing a booke of beards, in which he had no further experience, but by looking on his father when he made hairs, hair lines I meane, and yet not such *lines* of life as a hangman hath in his hand, but haire lines to hang linnen on: for that smal demerit (I say) is he thus aduanced and courted, and from Astrological Dick raited to bee fauorite Dick. And verie meete it is he should be so fauored and rais'd by high personages, for before he was as low a Parson or Vicar, as a man could lightly set ey on.

With teares be it spoken, too few such lowly parsons and preachers we haue, who laying aside all worldly encumbrances, and pleasant co'uersing with Saint Austen, Ierome, Chrisostome, will be content to read a lecture as he hath done *de lana caprina*, (whereof as slender a cast subiect as a catt's smelling haires,) or trauerse the subtile distinctions twixt *short cut and long taile*.

Fie, this is not the fortieth dandiprat part of the affectionate *Items*, hee hath bequeathed on your mysterie, with fiue thousand other doctrinal deuotions, hath he adopted himselfe more than a by founder of your trade, conioyning with his aforesaid Doctor Brother in eightie-eight browne baker's dozen of almanackes.

In euerie of which famous annals of the foure windes, infallible rules are prescribed for men to observe the best time to breed loue-lockes in, and so to ringle* a thorough hayre

* Some holde that any place of a man's chin, beeing rub'd with a gold ring, beeing heated, will so harden the skin, that there shall neuer anie haire grow there more.

for rusting, that it shall neuer put foorth his snayle's hornes again: as also vnder what planet a man maye with least danger picke his teeth, and how to catch the sun in such a phisicall signe, that one may sweate and be not a haire the worse....

Steele thy painted may-pole, or more properly to tearme it, thy redoubted rigorous horsman's staffe (which at thy dore as a manifest signe thou hangst forth of thy martiall prowesse and hardiment) on their insolent creasts, that maligne and despise me, and forbeare not to bring forth all thy brasse peeces against them. It is well knowen thou hast been a Commaunder and a Souldier euer since *Tilbury Campe*, and earlie and late *walkt the round*, and dealt verie *short* and *round* with all those that come vnder thy fingers: strugled through the *foamie* deepe, and skirmisht on the *downes*; wherefore if thou tak'st them not downe soundlie, with a hey downe and a derry, and doost not shuffle and *cut* with them lustilie, *actum est de pudicitia*, I aske of God thou maist light vpon none but bald-pates till thou diest. But, I trow, thou wilt cary a better pate with thee, and not suffer any of these indigent old fashion'd iudgements to carry it away: whose wits were right stuffe when those loue-letters in rime were in request, and whose capacities neuer minded their pace, since Pace the Duke of Norfolke's foole died.....

Plie them, plie them vncessantly *vnico Dick*, euen as a water-man plies for his fares, and insinuate and goe about the bush with them, like as thou art wont to insinuate and go about the grizlie bushie beard of some sauage Saracen Butcher, and neuer surcease flaunting and firking it in fustain, till vnder the vniuersities vnited hand and seale they bee enacted as obsolæte a case of Cockescombes, as euer he was in Trinitie Colledge, that would not carrie his tutor's bow into the field, because it would not edifie: or his fellow *qui quæ codshead*, that in the Latine tragedie of K. Richard, cride, *Ad vrbs, ad vrbs, ad vrbs*, when his whole part was no more but, *Vrbs, vrbs, ad arma, ad arma*.....

Commence, commence, I admonish thee, thy merits are ripe for it, and there haue been Doctors of thy facultie, as Doctor *Dodipowle*, for example: and here in London yet extant *viua voce* to testifie *Doctor Nott* and *Doctor Powle*, none of which in *notting* and *powling* go beyond thee. To vtter vnto thee my fancie as touching those Neoterick tongues thou professest, in whose pronunciation old *Tooly* and thou varie as much as *Stephen Gardineer* and *Sir John Cheeke* about the pronunciation of the Greeke tongue: loe, for a testifying incouragement how much I wish thy encrease in those languages, I haue here tooke the paines to nit and louze ouer the Doctour's Booke, and though manie cholericke cookes about London in a mad rage haue dismembred it, and thrust it piping hot into the ouen vnder the bottoms of dowsets, and impiously prickt the torne sheetes of it for basting paper on the outsides of geese and roasting beefe, to keepe them from burning, yet haue I naturally cherisht it and hug'd it in my bosome, euen as a carrier of *Bosome's Inne* doothe a cheese vnder his arme, and the purest Parmasen magget phrases there-in, cull'd and pickt out to present thee with.

* * * * * * *

Dick, no more at this time, but *Nos-da diu catawby*, and all the recompence I can make thee for being like a Chancery declaration so tiring troublesome vnto thee, is this, if thou wilt haue the Doctour for an anatomie, thou shalt; doo but speake the word, and I am the man will deliuer him to thee to be scotcht and carbonadoed: but in anie case, speake quickly, for heere he lies at the last gaspe of surrendering all his credit and reputation.

*Thy Friend* Tho. Nash,
*if thou beest foe*, Dick, *to all the generation of the* Harueys."

*To all Christian Readers, to whom these presents shall come.*

Well said, my maisters, I perceyue there cannot a new booke come forth but you will haue a fling at it. Say, what are you reading? *Nashe* against *Haruey*. Fo, that's a stale iest, hee hath been this two or three yeare about it. O good Brother Timothie, rule your reason, the miller gryndes more mens' corne than one: and those that resolutely goe through with anie quarrell must set all their worldly business at a stay, before they draw it to the point.....

*Haruey* and I (a couple of beggers) take vpon vs to bandie factions, and contend like the *Vrsini* and *Coloni* in Rome; or as the Turkes and Persians about Mahomet and Mortus Alli, which should bee the greatest: and (with the Indians) head our muenition's arrowes with viper's teeth, and steep them in the bloud of adders and serpents, and spend as much time in arguing *pro* and *contra*, as a man might haue found out the quadrature of the circle in: when all the controuersie is no more but this, he began with mee, and cannot tell how to make an end; and I would faine end or rid my hands of him, if he had not first begun.

I protest I doo not write against him because I hate him, but that I would confirme and plainly shew to a number of weake beleeuers in my sufficiencie, that I am able to answere him: and his frends and not his enemies let him thanke for this heauie load of disgrace I lay vpon him, since theyr extreame disabling of mee in this kinde, and vrging what a triumph he had ouer me, hath made me to ransacke my standish more than I would.

This I will boldly say, looke how long it is since he writ against me, so long haue I giuen him a lease of his life, and he hath onely held it by my mercie.

His booke, or *Magna Charta*, which against M. Lilly and me he addrest, I hauing kept idle by me in a by settle out of sight amongst old shooes and bootes almost this two yere, and

in meere pitie of him would neuer looke vpon it but in some calme pleasing humor, for feare least in my melancholy too cruelly I should haue martyr'd him....

In loue and charity I take my leaue of you all, at least of all such as heere meane to leaue and reade no further, and hast to the launching forth of my dialogue.

HAUE WITH YOU TO SAFFRON-WALDEN.

*Dialogus.*

*Interlocutores, Senior Importuno, Grand Consiliadore, Domino Bentiuole, Don Carneades de boune compagniola, Piers Pennilesse, Respondant.*

Our limits already exceed the customary proportion. In the course of the pages there is a wood cut exhibiting Harvey, that neither Hauns Boll, Hauns Holbine, Hauns Mullier, Blockland, Trusser, or Francis de Mure, could amend, or "doo a thing one quarter so masterly." More will probably be given hereafter from this rare Tract.*

ED. H.

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"*The Trimming of Thomas Nashe, Gentleman, by the high-tituled patron Don Richardo de Medico campo, Barber Chirurgion to Trinitie Colledge in Cambridge.*

*Faber quae fecit compedes ipse gestat.*

*London, printed for Philip Scarlet*, 1597."

4to. G 4.

* It seems by a letter at sig. V 2. as if *Henry Chettle* was a Compositor for the Press. *Editor.*

This that is written in the name of "*Dick Litchfield the Barber of Trinity College*, (following the words of Nashe) a rare ingenious odde merry Greeke," but his character was undoubtedly assumed by Harvey for the purpose of defence.

At the back of the title: "To the learned. *Lege, perlege, nec te precii pœnitebit.* To the simple. Buy mee, read me through, and thou wilt not repente thee of thy cost." On next page an address

"*To the gentle Reader.*

PROFACE gentle Gentlemen, I am sorry I haue no better Cates to preset you with: but pardon, I pray you, for this which I haue heere prouided, was bred in Lent, and Lent (you know) is said of *leane*, because it macerates and makes leane the bodye: if therefore this dish bee leane and nothing answerable to your expectation, let it suffice 'twas bred in Lent: neither had it anye time wherein it might gather anye things vnto it selfe to make it more fat and delightfull. His Epistle I expected any time these three yeares, but this mine aunswer, *sine fuco loquar*, (though it be not worthy to bee called the worke of one well spent houre). I haue wrought foorth out of the stolne houres of three weeks: for although occasion hath been offered euer since the Epistle hath been extant, to answere it: yet held in suspence considering him easily answerable, I haue vndergone it: therefore howsoeuer you see it creep abroad Gentles, receiue it well in worth. Your fauours happily might adde strength vnto it, and stirre vp the faint creeping steps to a more lively pace: it by hard hap being denied of the progresse, keeping at home hath growne somewhat greater. To tell you what the man is, and the reason of this book, were but small and superfluous, only this, you may call it, *The trimming of Thomas Nashe*, wherein hee is described. In trimming of

which description, though I haue founde out and fetcht from the mint some few new wordes to coulor him, grant me pardon, I thinke them fitte for him who is so limmned and coullored with all new found villanie: for if they bee etimologisde, they no whit disagree from his properties. Slander labour hath suffised to weaue this thinne superficiall vaile to couer his crimson Epistle, and shaddow it foorth vnto the world. . . . If this bee not so well set foorth as you could wish it were, blame me not: for as the moon being naked and bare, is said once to haue gone to her mother, and asked of her a coat to cloath her: but she answered, there could bee no coate made fit for her, for her instabilitie, sometime she being in the ful, and somtime in the wane: so hee being a man of so great reuolution, I could not fit him, for if I had vndertaken to speak of one of his properties, another came into my mind, and another followed that, which bred confusion, making it too little for him: therefore were it not too little, it might be 'twold be fit, but howsoeuer, pardon (Gentlemen) my boldnes in presenting to your fauourable viewes this little and ouffused coate.

Yours in all curtesie,

RICHARD LICHFIELD."

"*The Trimming of Thomas Nashe.*

SIR, heere is a gentleman at the doore would speake with you. Let him come in. M. *Nashe!* welcome. What, you would be trim'd? and I cannot denie you that fauour. Come, sit downe, Ile trim you myselfe. How now? what makes you sit downe so tenderly? you crintch in your buttocks like old father *Pater patriæ*, he that was father to a whole countrey of bastards. Dispatch, st, boy, set the water to the fire! but, sirra, hearke in your eare, first goe prouide me my breakfast, that I goe not fasting about him; then goe to the apothecarie,

and fetcht mee some repressiue *Antidotum* to put into his bason, to keep downe the venemous vapors that arise from his infectious excremets: for (I tell you) I like not his countenance, I am afraid he labours of the venereall murre. Muse not (gentle Thomas) that I come so roughly vppon you with Sit-downe, without anie Dedicatorie Epistle, which (I know) you expected; for that your Epistle (in some wise) brought forth this small worke: which purposely I omitted scorting patronage against you. For if (by an Epistle) I had made some Lord or Knight my patron, it would have meninged and giuen courage to you that (not sufficient of myselfe) I should get some Protector to stand out with you.... I made choice of you, that like an asse you might bear your burden, and patronize your owne scourge, as dooth the silly hedge-sparrow, that so long fostereth vp the cuckow in her neast, till at length she be deuoured of her: or the viper that is destroyed of her owne whelpes. All England for a Patron. But to this sodaine ioy, (for sodaine ioy soone ends) this crosse happened. That * knowing it to bee my duetie to gratulate my Patrone with the first hereof, but not knowing where to finde you, for that you (the world's citizen) are heere and there, you may dine in this place, and goe supperless to bed, if you know where to haue your bed: † you may bee in one prison to day, and in another to morrow: so that you haue a place but as a fleeting incorporeall substance, circumscribed with no limits, that of your owne you haue not so much as one of *Diogenes* his poore cottages. You haue indeed a *terminus a quo* (as we Logicians speake) but no *terminus ad quem*. Now, sir, for the vncertaintie of your mansion house, you hauing all the world to keep court in, and being so haunted with an earthquake, that in what house soeuer you are one daye, you are shaken out the next, ‡ my little Booke might kill three or foure porters, that must run vp and downe London to seeke you,

* Item for you. † Wel put in.

‡ How hardly I leaue this common place.

and all this last might dye it selfe for want of succour before it comes to your hands. Yet it might bee, that in your request you are insatiable, you will take no excuse, your will is your reason; nay may not be admitted. Well, it shall be yours: for your Epistle's sake, haue at you with an Epistle.

*Ile the polypragmaticall, parasitupocriticall, and panto-phaimondevoticall Puppie, Thomas Nashe, Richard Eriche-field wisheth the continuance of that he hath; that is, that he want not the want of health, wealth, and liberties.*

*Mitto tibi* Nashum *prora* N *puppi* humque *carentem.* Nus hum.

God saue you (right glossomachicall *Thomas*). The vertuous riches, wherewith (as broad spread Fame reporteth) you are indued, though *fama malum*, (as saith the poet) which I confirme: for that shee is *tam ficti prouique tenax, quam nuncia veri*, as well saith Master William Lilly in his *Adiectiua verbalia in ax*. I say the report of your rich vertues so bewitched me toward you, that I cannot but send my poore Book to be vertuously succoured of you, that when both yours and my frends shall see it, they may (for your sake) vertuously accept of it. But, it may be, you denie the Epistle, the Booke is of you, the Epistle must be to some other. I answer, you are desirous of an Epistle. Did not *Cæsar* write those things himself which himselfe did? and did not *Lucius*, that golden asse, speak of himself, which was the asse? and will not you (though an asse, yet neither golden nor siluer) patronize that which others tooke paines to write of you? *Cæsar* and *Lucius*, for that shall liue for euer: and so shall you, as long as euer you liue. Go too, I say, he is an ill horse that will not carrie his own prouender. But chiefly I am to tell you of one thing, which I chuse to tell you of in my Epistle, both because of Epistles some be denuntiatorie, as also considering that wise saying elswhere of the precise schoole-master: If thy frend commit anie enormious

offence toward thee, tell him of it in an Epistle. And truly this is a great and enormious offence, at which my choller stands vpright, neither will I put it vp. Therefore in sadness prouide your Lawier, I haue mine, it will beare as good an action, as if you should haue come into another man's house, and neuer say, Hoe, God be here: that is, you wrote a foule Epistle to mee, and neuer told me of it before: you might haue said, By your leaue, sir. I warrant you I write but this small Epistle to you, and I tell you of it as long before as the Epistle is long. But now I remember me, there was no hatred betweene vs before, and therefore 'twould be prooued but chaunce-medley. Let it euen alone, it cannot be vndone, for a thing easely done, neuer can be vndone: and a man may quickly become a knaue, but hardly an honest man. And thus (maleuolent Tom) I leaue thee. From my chamber in *Camb.* to your.*

Yours in loue *vsque ad aras*,†

RICH. LICHEFIELD.

You see howe loquingly I deale with you in my Epistle, and tell of your vertues, which (God forgiue me for it) is as arrant a lye as euer was told: but to leaue these parergasticall speeches and to come to your trimming, because I will deale roundly with you,‡ I wil cut you with the round cut, in which I include two cuts: First, the margent cut: Secondly, the perfect cut: The margent cut is nothing els but a preparation to the perfect cut, wherby I might more perfectly discharge that cut vpon you, for as in a deep standing poole, the brinks therof, which are not vnfitly called the margents being pared away, we may the better see thereinto: so the margents which fitly we may terme the brinkes of your stinking standing poole (for it infects the

* Where ca' you tell?

† That is, that wold folow thee euen to the gallowes.

‡ All your parts.

one as doth the stinking poole the smell) being cut away, I may the better finish this perfect cut, and rid myselfe of you. To the margent cut. When first your Epistle came into my hands, I boldly opened it, and scaling the margents of it, I espied a scely note, *quasi conuersant about heads.* I sayd not a word, but turning ouer a leafe or twoo more, to see if you continued in those simple animadversions, and indeed I saw you to bee no changling, for there I espied *barbers knacking of their fingers, and lowsie naperie,* as foolish as the other, *semper idem* (thought I) might be your mot, and so you will dye.... Now to the perfect cut: I cannot but admire you in the tittle you allow me, seeing wee admire monsters as well as vertuous men, and a foole (as oft I haue heard scholers dispute in mine office) as a monster: other Barbers like not the title, it pleaseth me, and all the Dukes in *Spaine* cannot shew the like, and I thinke that halfe a yeere's study did not bring it out of thy dunsticall hammer-headed scalpe, but thou dost to disgrace mee, and thinkst thy title decketh a Barber, and that a Barber with thy title is as a rotten chamber hang'd with cloth of arras, but 'tis not so; alas, thy reading affoords thee not to knowe the ancient and valorous power of Barbers. I could speake howe they flourished amongst the *Abants*, a fierce and warlike people, and by the Barbers' perpolike cunning as it were amending nature, and shaping their faces to more austeritie, they became more victorious, as *Plutarch* recordeth in the life of *Thesius*: and young striplings, newly fit for armes, first were brought to *Delphos*, and there offered the first fruites of their hair to *Iupiter*, next him the Barbers were serued and they cut them, and were as *Ioue's* Vises to make them fit for warre. They flourished before with the *Arabians*, the *Mysians*, the *Dacians*, the *Dalmacians*, the *Macedonians*, the *Thracians*, the *Seruians*, the *Sarmacians*, the *Valachians*, and the *Bulgarians*, as saith *Polidorous Virgil*: afterwards *Alexander* entertained into his campes Barbers, as the spurres and whetstones

of his armies. *Dionisius*, that blood-thirstie tyrant, that feared no peeres, stoode alwaies in feare of Barbers, and rather would have his hayre burnt off, than happen into the Barber's handes. Therefore in a Barber's shop (as *Plutarche* reporteth) where some few were talking of the tyrany of the tyger *Dionysius*. What (said the Barber) are you talking of King *Dionysius*, whome within these two or three daies I must shaue? When *Dionysius* heard of this, he gate the Barber secretly to be put to death, for feare of after-claps. The Barber's chaire is the verie Royall Exchange of newes, Barbers the head* of all trades. I could speake of their excellencie, for that a man's face (the principall part of him) is committed onely to Barbers. All trades adorne the life of man, but none (except Barbers) haue the life of man in their power, and to them they hold vp their throates readie. If they be happie, whom pleasure, profit and honour make happie, then the Barbers with great facilitie attaine to happines. For pleasure, if they be abroad, they are sought to of the best companions, Knights and Esquires send for them: if at home and at worke, they are in pleasing conference: if idle, they passe that time in life-delighting musique. For profite, a Barber hath liuing in all parts of England: he hath money brought in as due as rents, of those whom he neuer saw before. For honour, Kings and ruling Monarches, (to whom all men crouch with cap in hand and knee on ground) onely to Barbers sit barehead, and with bended knees. But for all this, thou sparest not to raile on Barbers, as on all others. You knowe or at the least ought to knowe that writers shoulde eschew lyes as scorpions, but your lyes that you deuised of one are the greatest parte of the matter of your Epistle, as, *My shoppe in the towne, the teethe that hange out at my windowe, my painted, may-poole,* with many others which fill vp roome in the Epistle in aboundant manner, and which are nothing else but meere lyes and fictions to yeeld the matter, whereby I

* None but Barbers meddle with the head.

perceiue howe threade-bare thou art waxen, howe barren thy inuention is, and that thy true amplifying vaine is quite dryed vppe. Repent, repent, I say, and leaue of thy lying, which without repentance is very haynous, that one lye I make of thee in this booke is presently washed away with repentance. An other lye I cannot but tell you off, which you clappe in my teeth in the very beginning of your Epistle, which nothinge greeueth mee for that I suppose it to bee committed of ignorance, that is, you tell mee that you come vpon mee with but a dicke of Dickes, but you come vppon mee with seuenteene or eighteene Dickes, whereby I see thy ignorance in the Greeke tongue, thou knowest not what a dicker is, a dicker is but ten of any thing, for it commeth of the Greeke word δεκα which is by interpretation, Ten. Thou obiectest that olde *Tooly* and I differed, I confesse it, I am a man alone, I scorne such a ragged rent-foorth speech, yet thou mayest well praye for the duall number, thou scabbed, scalde, lame, halting adjective as thou art, in all thy guiles, thou neuer hadest that guile as alone to get thee one crust of breade: no, I knowe not who had a hande with you in this seely Epistle, goe too, hee is not a minister, he hadde but small reason for it."

These Extracts are probably enough to awaken the curiosity entirely to gratify the reader's curiosity. At sig. E 2. there is an exhibition of Nash in fetters, intended, no doubt, to rebut the effect of the one of Harvey, already noticed in the preceding article: it is founded on the story of his confinement relative to the play of the "*Isle of Dogs*."

Eu. H.

*"The XV. Bookes of ✠ P. Ouidius Naso, ✠ entituled, ✠ Metamorphosis. ✠ A work very pleasant and delectable. ✠ Translated out of Latin into English ✠ Meeter, by Arthur Golding, ✠ gentleman.*

*With skill, heed, and iudgement this worke must be vsed,*
*For else to the reader it stands in small stead.*

*At London, ✠ Imprinted by Robert Walde-graue, ✠ Anno Domini,* 1587."

4to. ff. 200.

*"To the right honourable and his singular good Lord, Robert Earl of Leicester, Baron of Denbigh, Knight of the most noble Order of the Garter, &c. Arthur Golding, gent. wisheth continuance of health, with prosperous estate and felicity.*

At length my chariot wheel about the mark hath found the way,
And at their weary race's end, my breathless horses stay.
The work is brought to end, by which the author did account
(And rightly) with eternal fame above the stars to mount.
For whatsoever hath been writ of ancient time in Greek,
By sundry men dispersedly, and in the Latin eke,
Of this same dark philosophy of turned shapes, the same
Hath *Ouid* into one whole mass in this book brought in frame.
Four kind of things in this his work the Poet doth contain:
That nothing under heaven doth ay in stedfast state remain.
And next that, nothing perisheth, but that each substance takes
Another shape than that it had: of these two points he makes

The proof, by shewing through his work the wonderful ex-
change
Of gods, men, beasts, and elements, to sundry shapes right
strange;
Beginning with creation of the world, and man of slime,
And so proceeding with the turns that happen'd till his time:
Then sheweth he the soul of man from dying to be free,
By samples of the noble men, who for their virtues be
Accounted and canonised for gods by heathen men,
And by the pains of Lymbo lake, and blissful state again
Of spirits in the Elysian fields. And the that of these three
He make discourse dispersedly: yet 'specially they be
Discussed in the latter book in that oration; where
He bringeth in Pythagoras, dissuading men from fear
Of death, and preaching abstinence from flesh of living things.
But as for that opinion which Pythagoras there brings
Of souls removing out of beasts to men, and out of men
To birds and beasts, both wild and tame, both to and fro again:
It is not to be understand of that same soul, whereby
We are endued with reason and discretion from on high:
But of that soul or life the which brute beasts as well as we
Enjoy. Three sorts of life or soul (for so they termed be)
Are found in things. The first gives power to thrive, encrease,
and grow,
And this in senseless herbs and trees and shrubs itself doth
shew.
The second giveth power to move, and use of senses five,
And this remains in brutish beasts, and keepeth them alive.
Both these are mortal, as the which received of the air
By force of Phœbus, after death, do thither eft repair.
The third gives understanding, wit, and reason: and the same
Is it alonely which with us of soul doth bear the name.
And as the second doth contain the first: even so the third
Containeth both the other twain. And neither beast, nor bird,

Nor fish, nor herb, nor tree, nor shrub, nor any earthly wight
(Save only man) can of the same partake the heavenly might.
I grant that when our breath doth from our body go away,
It doth oft soon return to air, and of that air there may
Both bird and beast participate, and we of theirs likewise.
For while we live (this thing itself appeareth to our eyes)
Both they and we draw all one breath. But for to deem or say
Our noble soul (which is divine and permanent for ay)
Is common to us with the beasts, I think it nothing less
Than for to be a point of him that wisdom doth profess.
Of this I am right well assur'd, there is no christian wight,
That can by fondness be so far seduced from the right.
And finally, he doth proceed in shewing that not all
That bear the name of men, (how strong, fierce, stout, bold, hardy, tall,
How wise, fair, rich, or highly born, how much renown'd by fame,
So ere they be, although on earth of gods they bear the name,
Are for to be accounted men: but such as under awe
Of reason's rule continually do live in virtue's jaw,
And that the rest do differ nought from beasts, but rather be
Much worse than beasts, because they do abuse their own degree.
To natural philosophy the foremost three pertain,
The fourth to moral: and in all are pithy, apt, and plain
Instructions, which import the praise of virtues, and the shame
Of vices, with the due rewards of either of the same.
¶ As for example, in the tale of Daphne turn'd to Bay,*
A mirror of virginity appear unto us may,
Which yielding neither unto fear, nor force, nor flattery,
Doth purchase everlasting fame and immortality.
¶ In Phaëton's fable unto sight the Poet doth present†
The natures of ambition blind, and youthful wilfulness,

* Out of the first. † Out of the second.

The end whereof is misery, and bringeth at the last
Repentance when it is too late, that all redress is past.
And how the weakness and the want of wit in magistrate
Confoundeth both his commonweale and eke his own estate.
This fable also doth advise all parents and all such
As bring up youth to take good heed of cockering them too much.
It further doth commend the mean and willeth to beware
Of rash and hasty promises which most pernicious are
And not to be performed: and in fine it plainly shews
What sorrow to the parents and to all the kindred grows
By disobedience of the child: and in the child is meant
The disobedient subject that against his prince is bent.
The transformations of the crow and raven do declare
That clawbacks and coalcarriers eke, ought wisely to beware
Of whom, to whom, and what they speak. For sore against his will
Can any friendly heart abide to hear reported ill
The party whom he favoureth. This tale doth eke bewray
The rage of wrath and jealousy to have no kind of stay:
And that light credit to reports in no wise should be given.
For fear that men too late to just repentance should be driven.
The fable of Ocyoree by all such folk is told,
As are in searching things to come too curious and too bold.
A very good example is describ'd in Battus' tale,
For covetous people which for gain do set their tongues to sale.
¶ All such as do in flattering freaks, and hawks, and hounds, delight,
And dice, and cards, and for to spend the time both day and night,
In foul excess of chamber mark, or too much meat and drink,
Upon the piteous story of Actæon ought to think.
For these and their adherents us'd excesse are in deed
The dogs that daily do devour their followers on with speed.

* Out of the third.

Tyresias wills ignition folk in any wise to shun
To judge betwixt their betters, lest in peril they do run.
Narcissus is of scornfulness and pride a mirror clear,
Where beauty's fading vanity most plainly may appear.
And Echo in the self same tale doth kindly represent
The lewd behaviour of a bard, and his due punishment.
¶ The piteous tale of Pyramus and Thisbe doth contain*
The heady force of frantic love whose end is woe and pain.
The snares of Mars and Venus shew that time will bring to light
The secret sins that folk commit in corners or by night.
Hermaphrodite and Salmacis declare that idleness
Is chiefest nurse and cherisher of all voluptuousness,
And that voluptuous life breeds sin; which linking altogether,
Make men to be effeminate, unwieldy, weak, and lither.
¶ Rich Pieus' daughters turn'd to Pies, do openly declare,†
That none so bold to vaunt themselves as blindest bayards are.
The Muses plainly do declare again a 'tother side,
That whereas chiefest wisdom is, most mildness doth abide.
¶ Arachne may example be that folk should not contend‡
Against their betters, nor persist in error to the end.
So doth the tale of Niobee and of her children, and
The transformation of the carles that dwelt in Licia land,
Together with the fleeing off of piper Marsie's skin.
The first do also shew that long it is ere God begin
To pay us for our faults, and that he warns us oft before
To leave our folly; but at length with vengeance stricken sore,
And therefore that no wight should strive with God in word, nor thought,
Nor deed. But pride and fond desire of praise have ever wrought
Confusion to the parties which account of them do make.
For some of such a nature be that if they once do take

* Out of the fourth. † Out of the fifth. ‡ Out of the sixth.

Opinion, (be it right or wrong) they rather will agree
To die, than seem to take a foil: so stubborn are they bent.
The tale of Tereus, Philomele, and Progne doth contain,
That folk are blind in things that to their proper weale pertain,
And that the man in whom the fire of furious lust doth reign,
Doth run to mischief, like a horse that getteth loose the rein.
It also shews the cruel wreak of women in their wrath,
And that no heinous mischief long delay of vengeance hath.
And lastly that distress doth drive a man to look about,
And seek all corners of his wits, what way to wind him out.
¶ The good success of Jason in the land of Colchos; and*
The doings of Medea since, do give to understand,
That nothing is so hard, but pain and travel do it win,
For fortune ever favoureth such as boldly do begin:
That women both in helping and in hurting have no match,
When they to either bend their wits: and how that for to catch
An honest meaner under fair pretence of friendship, is
An easy matter. Also there is warning given of this,
That men should never lightly give ear to fugitives;
Nor into hands of sorcerers commit their state and lives.
It shews in fine of stepmothers the deadly hate in part,
And vengeance most unnatural that was in mother's heart.
The deeds of Theseus are a spur to prowess, and a glass
How princes' sons and noblemen their youthful years should pass.
King Minos shews that kings in hand no wrongful wars should take,
And what provision for the same they should before hand make.
King Æacus gives also their example how that kings
Should keep their promise and their leagues above all other things.
His grave description of the plague and end thereof, expres
The wrath of God on man for sin; and how that nevertheless

* Out of the seventh.

He doth us spare and multiply again for good men's sakes.
The whole discoure of Cephalus and Procris mention makes,
That married folk should warily shun the vice of jealousy,
And of suspicion should avoid all causes utterly.
Reproving by the way all such, as causeless do misdeem
The chaste and guiltless for the deeds of those that lightly seem.
¶ The story of the daughter of King Nisus setteth out
What wicked lust drives folk unto, to bring them selves about.
And of a righteous judge is given example in the same,
Who for no need nor friendship will consent to any blame.
We may perceive in Dædalus how every man by kind
Desires to be at liberty, and with an earnest mind
Doth seek to see his native soil, and how that straight degree
Doth make men wise, and sharp their wits to find their own redress.
We also learn by Icarus how good it is to be
In mean estate, and not to climb too high, but to agree
To wholesome counsel: for the hire of disobedience is
Repentance when it is too late fore-thinking things amiss.
And Partrich tells, that excellence in any thing procures
Men envy, even among those friends whom nature made assures.
Philemon and his feer are rules of godly patient life,
Of sparing thrift, and mutual love between the man and wife.
Of due obedience, of the fear of God, and of reward,
For good or evil usage shew'd to wand'ring strangers ward.
In Erisicthon doth appear a lively image both
Of wickedness and cruelty, which any wight may loth,
And of the hire that 'longs thereto. He sheweth also plain,
That whereas prodigality and gluttony doth reign,
A world of riches and of goods are ever with the least
To satisfy the appetite and eye of such a beast.
¶ In Hercules' and Acheloys' encounters is set out,†
The nature and behaviour of two wooers that be stout:

* Out of the eighth. † Out of the ninth.

Wherein the Poet covertly taunts such as being base,
Do seek by forged pedigrees to seem of noble race.
Who when they do perceive no truth upon their side to stand,
Instead of reason and of right, use force and might of hand.
This fable also signifies, that valiantness of heart,
Consisteth not in words, but deeds: and that all slight and art
Give place to prowess. Furthermore in Nessus we may see
What breach of promise cometh to, and how that such as be
Unable for to wreak their harms by force, do oft devise
To wreak themselves by policy in far more cruel wise.
And Deyanira doth declare the force of jealousy,
Deceived through too light belief and fond simplicity.
The process following painteth out true manliness of heart,
Which yieldeth neither unto death, to sorrow, grief, nor smart.
And finally it shews, that such as live in true renown
Of virtue here, have after death an everlasting crown
Of glory. Cawne and Byblis are examples contrary:
The maid of most outrageous lust, the man of chastity.
¶ The tenth book chiefly doth contain one kind of argument,*
Reproving most prodigious lusts of such as have been bent
To incest most unnatural. And in the latter end
It sheweth in Hippomenes how greatly folk offend,
That are ingrate for benefits which God or man bestow
Upon them in the time of need. Moreover, it doth shew
That beauty, (will they, will they) ay doth men in danger throw:
And that it is a foolishness to strive against the thing,
Which God before determineth to pass in time to bring.
And last of all Adonis' death doth shew, that manhood strives
Against fore-warning, though men see the peril of their lives.
¶ The death of Orphey sheweth God's just vengeance on the vile†
And wicked sort, which horribly with incest them defile.

* Out of the tenth. † Out of the eleventh.

In Midas of a coyetous wretch the image we may see,
Whose riches justly to himself a hellish torment be;
And of a fool whom neither proof nor warning can amend,
Until he feel the shame and smart that folly doth him send.
His barber represents all blabs which seem with child to be,
Until that they have blaz'd abroad the things that hear or see.
In Ceyx and Alcyone appears most constant love,
Such as between the man and wife to be it doth behove.
This Ceyx also is a light of princely courtesy
And bounty toward those whom need compelleth for to fly.
His viage also doth declare how vainly men are led
To utter peril thro' fond toys and fancies in their head.
For idols' doubtful oracles and soothsayers' prophecies
Do nothing else but make fools fain and blind their bleared eyes.
Dodalion's daughter warns to use the tongue with modesty,
And not to vaunt with such as are their betters in degree.
¶ The siege of Troy, the death of men, the razing of the city,*
And slaughter of king Priam's stock without remorse of pity,
Which in the XII and XIII books be written, do declare
How heinous wilful perjury and filthy whoredom are
In sight of God. The frantic fray between the Lapithes and
The Centaurs is a note, whereby is given to understand
The beastly rage of drunkenness. ¶ Ulysses doth express†
The image of discretion, wit, and great advisedness.
And Ajax on the other side doth represent a man,
Stout, heady, irefull, hault of mind, and such a one as can
Abide to suffer no repulse. And both of them declare
How coyetous of glory and reward men's natures are.
And finally it sheweth plain, that wisdom doth prevail
In all attempts and purposes when strength of hand doth fail.
The death of fair Polyxena doth shew a princely mind,
And firm regard of honour rare ingraft in woman-kind.

* Out of the twelfth. † Out of the XIII.

And Polymnystor king of Thrace doth shew himself to be
A glass for covetous wretched folk wherein themselves to see.
This story further witnesseth, that murther cryeth ay
For vengeance, and itself one time or other doth bewray.
The tale of giant Polypheme doth evidently prove
That nothing is so fierce and wild, which yieldeth not to love;
And in the person of the self same giant is set out,
To rude and homely wooing of a country clown and lout.
¶ The tale of Apes reproves the vice of wilful perjury,*
And willeth people to beware they use not for to lie.
Æneas going down to hell doth shew, that virtue may
In safety travel where it will, and nothing can it stay.
The length of life in Sybil doth declare it is but vain
To wish long life, sith length of life is also length of pain.
The Grecian Achemenides doth learn us how we ought
Be thankful for the benefits that any man hath wrought.
And in this Achemenides the Poet doth express
The image of exceeding fear in danger and distress.
What else are Circe's witchcrafts and inchantments, than the vile
And filthy pleasures of the flesh, which do our souls defile?
And what is else the herb Moly, than the gift of stayedness
And temperance, which doth all foul concupiscence express?
The tale of Anaxarete wills dames of high degree
To use their lovers courteously, how mean soe'er they be.
And Iphis learns inferior folks so fondly not to set
Their love on such, as are too high for their estate to get.
¶ Alemon's son declares that men do willingly obey†
What God commands, and not upon exceptions seem to stay;
For he will find the means to bring the purpose well about,
And in their most necessity dispatch them safely out
Of danger. The oration of Pythagoras implies
A sum of all the former work. What person can devise

* Out of the XIIII. † Out of the XV.

A notabler example of true love and godliness
To one's own native country-ward, than Cippus doth express?
The turning to a blazing star of Julius Cæsar shews,
That fame and immortality of virtuous doing grows.
And lastly by examples of Augustus and a few
Of other noble princes' sons the author there doth shew
That noblemen and gentlemen should strive to pass the fame
And virtues, of their ancestors, or else to match the same.

These fables out of every book I have interpreted,
To shew how they and all the rest may stand a man in stead;
Not adding over curiously the meaning of them all,
For that were labour infinite, and tediousness not small
Both unto your good lordship, and the rest that should them read,
Who well might think I did the bounds of modesty exceed
If I this one epistle should with matters overcharge,
Which scarce a book of many quires can well contain at large;
And whereas in interpreting these few, I attribute
The things to one, which heathen men to many gods imputed
Concerning mercy, wrath for sin, and other gifts of grace,
Described for example's sake in proper time and place:
Let no man marvel at the same. For tho' that they as blind
Through unbelief, and led astray thro' error even of kind,
Knew not the true eternal God, or if they did him know,
Yet did not well acknowledge him, but vainly did bestow
The honour of the maker on the creature: yet it doth
Behove all us (who rightly are instructed in the sooth)
To think and say that God alone is he that rules all things,
And worketh all in all, as Lord of lords and King of kings,
With whom there are none other gods that any sway may bear,
No fatal law to bind him by, no fortune for to fear.
For gods, and fate, and fortune are the terms of heathenness,
If men usurp them in the sense that Paynims do express.

But if we will reduce their sense to right of Christian law,
To signify these other things these terms we well may draw.
By gods we understand all such, as God hath plac'd in chief
Estate to punish sin, and for the godly folks' relief.
By fate the order which is set and stablished in things
By God's eternal will and word, which in due season brings
All matters to their falling out. Which falling out or end,
Because our curious reason is too weak to comprehend
The cause and order of the same, and doth behold it fall
(Unwares to us) by name of chance or fortune we do call.
If any man will say, these things may better learned be
Out of divine philosophy or Scripture, I agree
That nothing may in worthiness with holy writ compare.
Howbeit so far forth as things no whit impeachment are
To virtue and to godliness, but furtherers of the same,
I trust we may them safely use without desert of blame.
And yet there are (and those not of the rude and vulgar sort,
But such as have of godliness and learning good report)
To think the poets took their first occasion of these things
From Holy Writ, as from the well from whence all wisdom springs.
What man is he but would suppose the author of this book,
The first foundation of his work from Moses' writings took?
Not only in effect he doth with Genesis agree,
But also in the order of creation, save that he
Makes no distinction of the days. For what is else at all
That shapeless, rude, and poster'd heap, which chaos he doth call,
Than even that universal mass of things, which God did make
In one whole lump before that each their proper place did take.
Of which the Bible saith, that in the first beginning, God
Made heaven and earth: the earth was waste, and darkness yet abode
Upon the deep, which holy words declare unto us plain,
"That fire, air, water, and the earth did undistinct remain

" In one gross body at the first. " For God the father, that
" Made all things, framing out the world according to the plot,
" Conceived everlastingly in mind, made first of all
" Both heaven and earth uncorporal, and such as could not fall,
" As objects under sense of sight: and also air likewise,
" And emptiness: and for these twain apt terms he did devise.
" He called air darkness: for the air by kind is dark,
" And emptiness by name of depth full aptly he did mark:
" For emptiness is deep and waste by nature. Overmore
" He formed also bodiless (as other things before)
" The natures both of water and of spirit. And in fine
" The light: which being made to be a pattern most divine,
" Whereby to form the fixed stars, and wandring planets eyen,
" Which all the lights, that afterward should beautify the
heaven,
Was made by God, both bodiless, and of so pure a kind,
As that it could alonely be perceived by the mind.
To this effect are Philo's words. And certainly this same
Is it that poets in their work confused Chaos name.
Not that God's works at any time were past confusedly
Together: but because no place nor outward shape whereby
To shew them to the feeble sense of man's deceitful sight,
Was yet appointed unto things, until that by his might
And wondrous wisdom, God in time set open to the eye
The things that he before all time had everlastingly
Decreed by his providence. But let us further see
How Ovid's scantlings with the whole true pattern do agree.
The first day by his mighty word (saith Moses) God made light,
The second day the firmament, which heaven or welkin hight.
The third day he did part the earth from sea, and made it dry,
Commanding it to bear all kind of fruits abundantly.
The fourth day he did make the lights of heaven to shine from
high,
And 'stablished a law in them to rule their courses by.

The fifth day he did make the whales and fishes of the deep,
With all the birds and feathered fowls that in the air do keep.
The sixth day God made every beast, both wild and tame, and worms,
That creep on ground, according to their several kinds and forms.
And in the image of himself he formed man of clay,
To be the lord of all his works the very self same day.
This is the sum of Moses' words. And Ovid (whether it were
By following of the text aright, or that his mind did bear
Him witness that there are no gods but one) doth plain upbold
That God (although he knew it not) was he that did unfold
The former chaos, putting it in form and fashion new,
As may appear by these his words which underneath ensue:
This strife did God and nature break and set in order due.
" The earth from heaven, the sea from earth he parted orderly,
" And from the thick and foggy air he took the lightsome sky.
" In these few lines he comprehends the whole effect of that
Which God did work the first three days about this noble plat.
And then by distribution he entreateth by and by
More largely of the self same things, and paints them out to eye
With all their bounds and furniture: and whereas we do find
The term of nature join'd with God: (according to the mind
Of learned men,) by joining so, is meant none other thing,
But God the Lord of nature who did all in order bring.
The distributions being done right learnedly, anon,
To shew the other three days' works, he thus proceedeth on.
" The heavenly soil to Gods and stars and planets first he gave,
" The waters next both fresh and salt he let the fishes have,
" The subtle air to flickering fowls and birds he hath assign'd,
" The earth to beasts, both wild and tame, of sundry sorts and kind.

This partly in the outward phrase, but more in very deed,
He seems according to the sense of Scripture to proceed.
And when he comes to speak of man, he doth not vainly say
(As some have written) that he was before all time for aye,
Ne mentioneth more gods than one in making him. But this
He both in sentence and in sense his meaning doth discuss:
" Howbeit yet of all this while the creature wanting was
" Far more divine, of nobler mind, where should the residue
pass
" In depth of knowledge, reason, wit, and high capacity,
" And which of all the residue should the lord and ruler be.
" Then either he that made the world, and things in order set,
" Of heavenly seeds engender'd man: or else the earth as yet,
" Young, lusty, fresh, and in her flower, and parted from the
sky
" But late before, the seeds thereof as yet held inwardly.
" The which Prometheus tempering straight with water of the
spring,
" Did make in likeness to the gods that govern every thing.
What other thing means Ovid here, by term of heavenly seed,
Than man's immortal soul, which is divine, and comen indeed
From heaven, and was inspir'd by God, as Moses sheweth plain.
And whereas of Prometheus he seems to add a vain
Device, as tho' he meant that he had formed man of clay,
Altho' it be a tale put in for pleasure by the way:
Yet by th' interpretation of the name we well may gather,
He did include a mystery, and secret meaning rather.
This word Prometheus signifies a person sage and wise,
Of great foresight, who headily will nothing enterprise.
It was the name of one that first did images invent,
Of whom the Poets do report, that he to heaven up went,
And there stole fire, through which he made his images alive:
And therefore, that he formed men, the Paynims did contrive,

Now when the Poet read perchance, that God Almighty, by
His providence, and by his word (which everlastingly
Is as his wisdom) made the world, and also man to bear
His image, and to be the lord of all the things that were
Ent made, and that he shaped him of earth, or slimed clay:
He took occasion in the way of fabling for to say,
That wise Prometheus temp'ring earth with water of the spring,
Did form it like the gods above, that govern every thing.
Thus may Prometheus seem to be th' eternal word of God,
His wisdom and his providence, which formed man of clod.
" And where all other things behold the ground with greveling
eye,
" He gave to man a stately look replete with majesty,
" And will'd him to behold the heavens with countenance cast
on high,
" To mark and understand what things are in the starry sky."
In these same words both parts of man the Poet doth express
As in a glass, and giveth us instructions to address
Ourselves to know our own estate. As that we be not born
To follow lust, or serve the paunch like brutish beasts forlorn,
But for to lift our eyes as well of body as of mind,
To heaven, as to our native soil from whence we have by kind
Our better part; and by the sight thereof to learn to know
And knowledge him that dwelleth there: and wholly to bestow
Our care and travel to the praise and glory of his name,
Who for the sakes of mortal men created first the same.
Moreover by the golden age what other thing is meant,
Than Adam's time in Paradise, who being innocent,
Did lead a blest and happy life, until that thorough sin
He fell from God; from which time forth all sorrow did begin.
The earth accursed, for his sake did never after more
Yield food without great toil. Both heat and cold did vex him
sore.

Disease of body, care of mind, with hunger, thirst, and need;
Fear, hope, joy, grief, and trouble fell to him, and on him sped.
And this is term'd the silver age. Next which there did succeed
The brazen age, when malice first in people's hearts did breed;
Which never ceased growing till it did so far outrage,
That nothing but destruction could the heat thereof assuage.
For why? Men's stomachs waxing hard as steel against their God,
Provoked him from day to day to strike them with his rod.
Proud giants also did arise, that with presumptuous will
Heap'd wrong on wrong, and sin on sin, like huge vast lofty hills,
Whereby they strove to climb to heaven, and God from thence to draw;
In scorning of his holy word, and breaking nature's law.
For which anon ensued the flood which overflowed all
The whole round earth, and drowned quite all creatures great and small,
Excepting few that God did save as seed, whereof should grow
Another offspring. All these things the Poet here doth show
In colour, altering both the names of persons, time, and place.
For where according to the truth of Scripture in this case,
The universal flood did fall but sixteen hundred years
And six and fifty after the creation (as appears
By reckoning of the ages of the fathers) under Noy,
With whom seven other persons mo like safeguard did enjoy
Within the Ark, which at the end of one whole year did stay
Upon the hills of Armeny: the Poet following ay
The fables of the glorying Greeks (who shamelessly did take
The praise of all things to themselves) in fabling wise doth make
It happen in Deucalion's time, who reign'd in Thessaly
Eight hundred winters since Noy's flood, or thereupon well nigh,

Deucalion that in the reign of him a mighty flood did fall,
That drown'd the greater part of Greece, towns, cattle, folk, and all;
Save few that by the help of boats attained unto him,
And to the highest of the fork'd Parnassus' top did swim;
And for because that he and his were driven awhile to dwell
Among the stony hills and rocks until the water fell.
The Poets hereupon did take occasion for to fain,
That he and Pyrrha did repair mankind of stones again.
So in the sixth book afterward Amphion's harp is said
The first foundation of the walls of Thebe to have laid;
Because that by his eloquence and justice (which are meant
By true accord of harmony and musical consent)
He gather'd into Thebe town, and in due order knit
The people that dispers'd and rude in hills and rock did sit.
So Orphey in the tenth book is reported to delight
The savage beasts, and for to hold the fleeting birds from flight;
To move the senseless stones, and stay swift rivers, and to make
The trees to follow after him: and for his music's sake
To yield him shadow where he went. By which is signified
That in his doctrine such a force and sweetness was implied,
That such as were most wild, stowre, fierce, hard, witless, rude, and beast,
Against good order, were by him persuaded to relent,
And for to be conformable to live in reverend awe,
Like neighbours in a commonweal by justice under law.
Considering then of things before rehears'd, the whole effect,
I trust there is already shew'd sufficient to detect
That Poets took the ground of all their chiefest fables out
Of Scripture: which they shadowing with their glozes, went about
To turn the truth to toys and lies. And of the self-same sute
Are also these: their Phlegeton, their Styx, their blissful seats
Of spirits in the Elysian fields. Of which the former twain
Seem counterfeited of the place where damned souls remain,

Which serve all well. The thief doth seem to fetch his pedigree
From Paradise, which Scripture shows a place of bliss to be.
If Beasts then with leadings and with fables shadow'd so
The certain truth, that letteth us to pluck those visors fro
Their doings, and to bring again the darken'd truth to light,
That all men may behold them of the clearness shining bright;
The readers these earnestly admonish'd are to be,
To seek a further meaning than the letter gives to see.
The travel taneth in that behalf altho' it have some pain,
Yet maketh it double recompence with pleasure and with gain.
With pleasure, for variety and strangeness of the things,
With gain, for good instruction which the understanding brings.
And if they happening for to meet with any wanton word
Or matter lewd, according as the person doth award;
In whom the evil is described, do feel their minds thereby
Provok'd to vice and wantonness (as nature commonly
Is prone to evil), let them thus imagine in their mind:
Behold, by scent of reason, and by perfect sight I find
A panther here, whose painted coat with yellow spots like gold
And pleasant smell allure mine eyes and senses to behold.
But well I know his face is grim and fierce, which he doth
hide,
To this intent, that while I thus stand gazing on his hide,
He may devour me unbewares. Ne let them more offend
At vices in this present work, in lively colours penn'd,
Than if that in a christal glass foul images they found
Resembling folks' foul visages that stand about it round.
For sure these fables are not put in writing to th' intent,
To further or allure to vice, but rather this is meant,
That men beholding what they be when vice doth reign instead
Of virtue, should not let their lewd affections have the head;
For as there is no creature more divine than man, as long
As reason hath the sovereignty, and standeth firm and strong;

So is there none more beastly, vile, and devilish, than is he
If reason giving over, by affection ruled be,
The use of this same book therefore, is this, that every man
(Endeavouring for to know himself as nearly as he can)
(As the' he in a chariot sate well and ready should direct
His name by reason in the way of virtue, and correct
His fierce affections with the bit of temperance, last purchased
They taking bridle in the teeth like wilful jades should pace
Away, and headlong carry him to every filthy pit
Of vice, and drinking of the same, defile his soul with it
Or else all headlong hurry him upon the rocks of sin,
And overthrowing forcibly the chariot he shall in,
Far worse him tear than ever was Hippolitus, the son
Of Theseus, when he went about his father's wrath to shun:
This worthy work in which of good examples are so many
This orchard of Alcinous, in which there wants not any
Herb, tree, or fruit, that may man's use for health or pleasure
serve,
The plenteous horn of Acheloy, which justly doth deserve
To bear the name of treasury of knowledge, I present
To your good Lordship once again, not as a member rent,
Or parted from the resdue of the body any more:
But fully now accomplished, desiring you therefore
To let your noble curtesy and favour countervail
My faults, where art or eloquence on my behalf doth fail,
For sure the mark whereat I shoot, is neither wreaths of bay,
Nor name of Poet, no, nor need, but chiefly that it may
Be liked well of you, and all the wise and learned sort,
And next that every wight that shall have pleasure for to sport
Him in this garden, may as well bear wholsome fruit away,
As only on the pleasant flowers his reckless senses stay,
But why seem I these doubts to cast, as if that he who took
With favour and with gentleness, a parcel of the book,
Would not likewise accept the whole? or even as if that they,
Who do excel in wisdom and in learning: would not weigh

A wise and learned man might rightly
Ought ay to have a special care how all
My doings to their own behoof
I have great hope and confidence
The other should according to good meaning find
If otherwise, the fault is theirs,
And therefore briefly to conclude, I turn
O noble Earl of Leicester,
As long in honor, health, and wealth, as ancient Nestor's was;
Or rather as Tithonus's: that all such students
Do travail to enrich our tongue with knowledge heretofore
Not common to our vulgar speech, may daily more and more
Proceed thro' thy good furtherance and favor in the same
To all men's profit and delight, and thy eternal fame
And that (which is a greater thing) our native country may
Long time enjoy thy counsel, and thy travel to her stay.

At Berwick the 20. of April, 1567.

Your good L. most humbly to
command, Arthur Golding.

## *To the Reader.*

I would not wish the simple sort offended for to be,
When in this book the heathen names of feigned gods they see.
The true and everliving God the Paynims did not know,
Which caused them the name of gods on creatures to bestow.
For nature being once corrupt, and knowledge blinded quite,
By Adam's fall, those little seeds and sparks of heavenly light,
That did as yet remain in man, endeavouring forth to burst,
And wanting grace and power to grow to that they were at
first,

To superstition did decline, and drave the fearful mind,
Strange worships of the living God in creatures for to find:
The which by custom taking root, and growing ay to strength,
Through Satan's help possest the hearts of all the world at length.
Some worshipped all the host of heaven: some dead men's ghosts and bones:
Some wicked fiends: some worms and fowls, herbs, fishes, trees, and stones:
The fire, the air, the sea, the land, and every running brook,
Each quenchless grove, each crigged cliff, the name of goddesses took.
The night and day, the flecting hours, the seasons of the year,
And every strange and monstrous thing, for gods mistaken were.
There was no virtue, no, nor vice, there was no gift of mind
Or body, but some god thereto or goddess was assign'd.
Of health and sickness, life and death, of neediness and wealth,
Of peace and war, of love and hate, of murder, craft, and stealth,
Of bread and wine, of slothful sleep, and of their solemn games,
And every other trifling toy their gods did bear the names.
And look how every man was bent to goodness or to ill,
He did surmise his foolish gods inclining to his will.
For God perceiving man's perverse and wicked will to sin,
Did give him over to his lust to sink or swim therein.
By means whereof it came to pass (as in this book ye see)
That all their gods with whoredom, theft, or murder blotted be:
Which argues them to be no gods, but worse in effect
Than they whose open punishment their doings doth detect.
Who seeing Jove (whom heathen folk do arm with triple fire)
In shape of eagle, bull, or swan, to win his foul desire:
Or grisly Mars, their god of war, entangled in a net,
By Venus' husband, purposely to trap him, warely set:

Who seeing Saturn eating up the children he begat,
Or Venus dallying wantonly with every lusty mate?
Who seeing Juno play the scold? or Phœbus mourn and rue
For loss of her whom in his rage thro' jealous mood he slew?
Or else the subtle Mercury, that bears the charmed rod,
Conveying neat and hiding them, would take him for a god?
For if these faults in mortal men do justly merit blame,
What greater madness can there be than to impute the same
To gods, whose natures ought to be most perfect, pure, and bright,
Most virtuous, holy, chaste, and wise, most full of grace and light?
But as there is no christian man that can surmise in mind
That these or other such are gods, which are no gods by kind:
So would to God there were not now of christian men profest,
That worshipp'd in their deeds these gods whose names they do detest.
Whose laws we keep his thralls we be, and he our God indeed:
So long as Christ our God as we in christian life proceed:
But if we yield to fleshly lust, to lucre, or to wrath,
Or if the envy, gluttony, or pride the mastery hath:
Or any other kind of sin the thing the which we serve,
To be accounted for our God most justly doth deserve.
Then must we think the learned men that did these names frame,
Some further things and purposes by these devises meant.
By Jove and Juno understand all states and princely part:
By Ops and Saturn, ancient folk that are of elder sort:
By Phœbus, young and lusty brutes of hand and courage stout:
By Mars, the valiant men of war, that love to fight it out:
By Pallas, and the famous troop of all the Muses nine,
Such folk as in the sciences and virtuous arts do shine.
By Mercury, the subtle sort that use to filch and lie,
With thieves and merchants, who to gain their travails apply.

By Bacchus, all the meaner trades and handy crafts are meante
By Venus, such as of the flesh to filthy lust are bent:
By Neptune, such as keep the seas: by Phebe, maidens chaste,
And pilgrimes, such as wandringly their time in travel waste:
By Pluto, such as delve in mines, and ghosts of persons dead:
By Vulcan, smiths, and such as work in iron, tin, or lead:
By Hecate, witches, conjurors, and necromancers read,
With all such vain and devilish arts as superstition bread:
By Satyrs, Sylvans, Nymphs, and Fauns, with other such, her side,
The plain and simple country folk that every where abide;
I know these names to other things oft may and must agree;
In declaration of the which I will not tedious be,
But leave them to the reader's will to take in sundry wise,
As matter rising giveth cause constructions to devise.
Now when thou read'st of God or man, in stone, in beast, or tree,
It is a mirror for thyself thine own estate to see:
For under feigned names of gods it was the Poet's guise,
The vice and faults of all estates to taunt in covert wise;
And likewise to extol with praise such things as do deserve
Observing always comeliness from which they do not swerve:
And as the person greater is of birth, renowne, or fame,
The greater even is his lead, or fouler is his shame.
For if the states that on the earth the room of God supply,
Decline from virtue unto vice, and live disorderly,
To eagles, tigers, bulls, and bears, and other figures strange,
(Both to their people and themselves most hurtful) they do change.
And when the people give themselves to filthy life and sin
What other kind of shape thereby than filthy can they win?
So was Licaon made a wolf, and Jove became a bull
The one for using cruelty, the tother for his trull.
So was Elinor and his mates transformed into swine,
For following of their filthy lust in women and in wine.

Not that they lost their manly shape as to the outward shew;
But for that in their brutish breasts most beastly lusts did grow,
For why this lump of flesh and bones, this body is not we:
We are a thing which earthly eyes denied are to see.
Our soul is we indued by God with reason from above:
Our body is but as our house, in which we work and move:
T'one part is common to us all, which God of heaven himself:
The 'tother common with the beasts, a vile and stinking pelf.
The t'one bedeck'd with heavenly gifts, and endless: 'tother gross,
Frail, filthy, weak, and born to die, as made of earthly dross;
Now look how long this clod of clay to reason doth obey,
So long for men by just desert account ourselves we may.
But if we suffer fleshly lusts as lawless lords to reign,
Then are we beasts, we are no men, we have our name in vain.
And if we be so drown'd in vice, that feeling once be gone,
Then may it well of us be said, we are a block or stone:
This surely did the Poets mean, when in such sundry wise,
The pleasant tales of turned shapes they studied to devise;
Their purpose was to profit men, and also to delight,
And so to handle every thing as best might like the sight:
For as the image pourtray'd out in simple white and black,
(Tho well proportion'd, true, and fair) if comely colours lack,
Delighteth not the eye so much, nor yet contents the mind
So much as that which shadow'd is with colours in his kind:
Even so a plain and naked tale or story simply told,
(Altho' the matter be indeed of value more than gold)
Makes not the hearer so attent to print it in his heart,
As when the thing is well declar'd, with pleasant terms and art.
All which the Poets knew right well: and for the greater grace,
As Persian kings did never go abroad with open face,
But with some lawn of silken scarf, for reverence of their state:
Even so these following in their works the self same trade and rate,

Did under covert names and terms their doctrines so imply,
As that it is right dark and hard their meaning to espy;
But being found, it is more sweet, and makes the mind more glad,
Than if a man of tried gold a treasure gained had.
For as the body hath his joy in pleasant smells and sights,
Even so in knowledge and in arts the mind as much delights.
Whereof abundant hoards and heaps in Poets packed been,
So did that (saving unto few) they are not to be seen;
And therefore whoso doth attempt the Poet's works to read,
Must bring with him a stayed head and judgment to proceed;
For as there be most wholesome hests and precepts to be found,
So are there rocks and shallow shelves to run the ship aground.
Some naughty person seeing vice shew lovely in his hue,
Doth take occasion by and by like vices to ensue.
An other being more severe than wisdom doth require,
Beholding vice, (to outward shew) exalted in desire,
Condemneth by and by the book, and him that did it make,
And wills it to be burn'd with fire for lewd example sake.
These persons overshoot themselves, and other folks deceive,
Not able of the author's mind the meaning to conceive.
The author's purpose is to paint and set before our eyes
The lively image of the thoughts that in our stomachs rise.
Each vice and virtue seems to speak and argue to our face,
With such persuasions as they have their doings to embrace:
And if a wicked person seem his vices to exalt,
Esteem not him that wrote the work in such defaults to halt;
But rather with an upright eye consider well thy thought:
See if corrupted nature have the like within thee wrought:
Mark what affection doth persuade in every kind of matter,
Judge if that even in heinous crimes thy fancy do not flatter;
And were it not for dread of law, of dread of God above,
Most men (I fear) would do the things, that fond affections move.

Then take these works as fragrant flowers, most full of pleasant juice
The which the bee conveying home may put to wholesome use;
And which the spider sucking on, to poison may convert,
Through venom spread in all her limbs, and native in her heart.
For to the pure and godly mind are all things pure and clean,
And unto such as are corrupt the best corrupted been:
Like as the finest meats and drinks that can be made by art,
In sickly folks to nourishment of sickness to convert:
And therefore not regarding those whose diet is so fine,
That nothing can digest with them unless it be divine;
Nor such as to their proper harm do wrest and wring awry
The things that to a good intent are written pleasantly:
Thro' *Ovid's* work of turned shapes I have with painful pace
Past on, until I had attain'd the end of all my race:
And now I have him made so well acquainted with our tongue,
As that he may in English verse as in his own be sung.
Wherein altho' for pleasant stile I cannot make account
To match mine author, who in that all other doth surmount:
Yet (gentle Reader) I do trust my travel in this case
May purchase favour in thy sight my doings to embrace,
Considering what a sea of goods and jewels thou shalt find,
Not more delightful to the ear, than fruitful to the mind;
For this do learned persons deem of Ovid's present work:
That in no one of all his book the which he wrate, do lurk
Mo dark and secret mysteries, mo counsels wise and sage,
Mo good examples, mo reproofs of vice in youth and age,
Mo fine inventions to delight, mo matters clearly knit,
No not more strange variety to shew a learned wit.
The high, the low, the rich, the poor: the master and the slave:
The maid, the wife: the man, the child: the simple and the brave:

The young, the old: the good, the bad: the warrior strong and stout:
The wise, the fool: the country clown: the learned and the lout:
And every other living wight shall in this mirror see
His whole estate; thoughts, words, and deeds expressly shew'd to be.
Whereof if more particular examples thou do crave,
In reading the Epistle through thou shalt thy longing have.
Moreover thou mayst find herein descriptions of the times,
With constellations of the stars and planets in their climes;
The sites of countries, cities, hills, seas, forests, plains, and floods;
The natures both of fowls, beasts, worms, herbs, metals, stones, and woods,
And finally what ever thing is strange and delectable,
The same conveyed shall you find most featly in some fable,
And e'en as in a chain, each link within another winds,
And both with that that went before, and that that follows binds;
So every tale within this book doth seem to take his ground
Of that that was rehearst before, and enters in the bound
Of that that follows after it: and every one gives light
To other: so that whoso means to understand them right,
Must have a care as well to know the thing that went before,
As that the which he presently desires to see so sore.
Now to th' intent that none have cause hereafter to complain
Of me, as setter out of things that are but light and vain:
If any stomach be so weak as that it cannot brook
The lively setting forth of things described in this book,
I give him counsel to abstain until he be more strong,
And for to use Ulysses' seat against the Mermaid's song.
Or if he needs will hear and see, and wilfully agree
(Thro' cause misconstrued) unto vice allured for to be:
Then let him also mark the pain that doth thereof ensue,
And hold himself content with that that to his fault is due.

## *The first Book of Ovid's Metamorphosis, translated into English Meter.*

Of shapes transform'd to bodies strange, I purpose for to treat:
Ye gods, vouchsafe (for you are they that wrought this wondrous feat)
To further this mine enterprise. And from the world begun,
Grant that my verse may to my time his course directly run.
Before the sea and land were made, and heaven that all doth hide,
In all the world one only face of nature did abide,
Which Chaos hight, a huge rude heap, and nothing else but even
A heavy lump and clotted clod of seeds together driven;
Of things at strife among themselves for want of order due.
No sun as yet with lightsome beams the shapeless world did view;
No moon in growing did repair her horns with borrowed light,
Nor yet the earth amidst the air did hang by wondrous slight,
Just poysed by her proper weight. Nor winding in and out
Did Amphitrite with her arms embrace the earth about.
For where was earth, was sea and air: so was the earth unstable,
The air all dark, the sea likewise to bear a ship unable.
No kind of thing had proper shape, but each confounded other,
For in one selfsame body strove the hot and cold together;
The moist with dry, the soft with hard, the light with things of weight:
This strife did God and nature break, and set in order straight.
The earth from heaven, the sea from earth he parted orderly,
And from the thick and foggy air he took the lightsome sky:
Which when he once unfolded had, and severed from the blind
And clodded heap, he, setting each from other, did them bind
In endless friendship to agree. The fire most pure and bright,
The substance of the heaven itself, because it was so light,

Did mount aloft and set itself in highest place of all,
The second room of right to air, for lightness did befall.
The earth more gross drew down with it each weighty kind of matter,
And set itself in lowest place. Again, the waving water
Did lastly challenge for his place the utmost coast and bound
Of all the compass of the earth, to close the stedfast ground.
Now when he in this foresaid wise (what God soe'er he was)
Had broke, and into members put this rude confused mass,
Then first, because in every part the earth should equal be,
He made it like a mighty ball, in compass as we see.
And here and there he cast in seas, to which he gave a law.
To swell with every blast of wind, and every stormy flaw,
And with their waves continually to beat upon the shore
Of all the earth within their bounds inclos'd by them afore.
Moreover, springs and mighty meeres and lakes he did augment;
And flowing streams of crooked brooks in winding banks he pent;
Of which the earth doth drink up some, and some with restless race
Do seek the sea, where finding scope of larger room and space,
Instead of banks, they beat on shores. He did command the plain
And champaign grounds to stretch out wide: and vallies to remain
Ay underneath: and eke the woods to hide them decently,
With tender leaves, and stony hills to lift themselves on high.
And as two zones do cut the heaven upon the righter side,
And other twaine upon the left likewise the same divide;
The middle to outrageous heat exceeding all the rest;
E'en so likewise thro' great foresight to God it seemed best,
The earth included in the same should so divided be,
As with the number of the heaven, her zones might full agree.

Of which the middle zone in heat, the utmost twaine in cold,
Exceed so far, that there to dwell no creature dare be bold.
Between these two so great extremes, two other zones are fix'd,
Where temper'ture of heat and cold indifferently is mix'd.
Now over these doth hang the air, which as it is more flighty
Than earth or water: so again, than fire it is more weighty.
There hath he placed mists and clouds, and (for to fear men's minds,)
The thunder and the lightning eke, with cold and blust'ring winds.
But yet the maker of the world permitteth not alway
The winds to use the air at will; for at this present day,
Tho' each from other placed be in sundry coasts aside;
The violence of their monstrous blasts things scarcely can abide,
They so turmoil as tho' they would the world in pieces rend,
So cruel is those brothers' wrath as oft as they contend.
And therefore to the morning gray, the realm of Nabathie,
To Persis and to other lands and countries that do lie
Far underneath the morning star, did Eurus take his flight.
Likewise the setting of the sun, and shutting in of night
Belong to Zephyr. And the blasts of blustering Boreas reign
In Scythia, and in other lands set under Charles' wain.
And unto Auster doth belong the coast of all the South,
Who beareth showers and rotten mists continual in his mouth.
Above all these he set aloft the clear and lightsome sky,
Without all dregs of earthly filth, or grossness utterly.
The bounds of things were scarcely yet by him thus pointed out,
But there appeared in the heaven stars glist'ring all about,
Which in the same confused heap had hidden been before.
And to th' intent with lively things each region for to store:
The heavenly soil to gods and stars and planets first he gave;
The waters next both fresh and salt he let the fishes have;
The subtle air, to flick'ring fowls and birds he hath assign'd;
The earth to beasts both wild and tame of sundry sort and kind.

Howbeit yet of all this while the creature wanting was,
Far more divine, of nobler mind, which would the residue pass
In depth of knowledge, reason, wit, and high capacity,
And which of all the residue should the Lord and ruler be.
Then either he that made the world and things in order set,
Of heavenly seed ingender'd man: or else the earth, as yet
Young, lusty, fresh, and in her flowers, and parted from the sky
But late before, the seed thereof as yet held inwardly;
The which Prometheus temp'ring straight with water of the spring,
Did make in likeness to the gods that govern every thing.
And where all other beasts behold the ground with groveling eye,
He gave to man a stately look, replete with majesty;
And will'd him to behold the heaven with countenance cast on high,
To mark and understand what things were in the starry sky.
And thus the earth which late before had neither shape nor hue,
Did take the noble shape of man, and was transformed new.
Then sprang up first the golden age, which of itself main-tain'd
The truth and right of every thing unforc'd and unconstrain'd.
There was no fear of punishment, there was no threat'ning law
In brazen tables nailed up, to keep the folk in awe;
There was no man would crouch or creep to judge with cap in hand:
They lived safe without a judge in every realm and land.
The lofty pine tree was not hewn from mountains where it stood,
In seeking strange and foreign lands to rove upon the flood.
Men knew none other countries yet, than where themselves did keep;
There was no town enclosed yet with walls and ditches deep.

Of which the middle zone in heat, the utmost swaine in cold,
Exceed so far, that there to dwell no creature dare be bold.
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In seeking strange and foreign lands to rove upon the flood.
Men knew none other countries yet, than where themselves did keep;
There was no town enclosed yet with walls and ditches deep.

No horn nor trumpet was in use, no sword nor helmet worn;
The world was such that soldiers' help might easily be forborne.
The fruitful earth as yet was free, untouch'd of spade or plough,
And yet it yielded of itself of every thing enough.
And men themselves contented well with plain and simple food,
That on the earth by nature's gift without their travail stood,
Did live by respis hips and haws, by kernels, plums, and cher-
ries,
By sloes and apples, nuts and pears, and loathsome bramble
berries,
And by the acorns dropt on ground from Jove's broad tree in
field.
The spring time lasted all the year, and Zephyr with his meeld
And gentle blasts did cherish things that grew of own accord.
The ground untill'd, all kind of fruits did plenteously afford,
No muck nor tillage was bestow'd on lean and barren land,
To make the corn of better head, and ranker for to stand.
Then streams ran milk, then streams ran wine, and yellow
honey flow'd
From each green tree whereon the rays of fiery Phœbus glow'd.
But when that into Limbo once Saturnus being thrust,
The rule and charge of all the world was under Jove unjust,
And that the silver age came in more somewhat base than gold,
More precious yet than freckled brass, immediately the old
And ancient spring-time Jove abridg'd, and made thereof anon
Four seasons, winter, summer, spring, and harvest off and on;
Then first of all began the air with fervent heat to swelt;
Then icicles hung roping down; then, for the cold was felt,
Men 'gan to shroud themselves in house: their houses were the
thicks,
And bushy queaches, hollow caves, or hurdles made of sticks.
Then first of all were furrows drawn, and corn was cast in
ground,
The simple ox with sorry sighs to heavy yoke was bound.

Next after this succeeded straight the third and brazen age,
More hard of nature, somewhat bent to cruel wars and rage,
But yet not wholly past all grace. Of iron is the last,
In no part good and tractable as former ages past.
For when that of this wicked age once open'd was the vein,
Therein all mischief rushed forth, then faith and truth were fain,
And honest shame to hide their heads: for whom stept stoutly in,
Craft, treason, violence, envy, pride, and wicked lust to win.
The shipman hoist his sails to wind, whose names he did not know;
And ships that erst in tops of hills and mountains high did grow,
Did leap and dance on uncouth waves: and men began to bound
With dowles and ditches drawn in length, the free and fertile ground,
Which was as common as the air and light of sun before.
Not only corn and other fruits for sustenance and for store,
Were now exalted of the earth; but eft they 'gan to dig,
And in the bowels of the earth unsatiably to rig
For riches couch'd and hidden deep in places near to hell,
The spurs and stirrers unto vice, and foes to doing well.
Then hurtful iron came abroad, then came forth yellow gold,
More hurtful than the iron far; then came forth battle bold,
That fights with both, and shakes his sword in cruel bloody hand.
Men live by ravine and by stealth, the wand'ring guest doth stand
In danger of his host, the host in danger of his guest,
And fathers of their sons in law: yea, seldom time doth rest
Between born brothers such accord and love as ought to be;
The good-man seeks the good-wife's death, and his again seeks she:
With grisly poison step-dames fell their husbands' sons assail;
The son inquires aforehand when his father's life shall fail;

All godliness lies underfoot. And Lady Astrey, last
Of heavenly virtues, from this earth in slaughter drowned past.
And to th' intent the earth alone this should not be opprest,
And heaven above in slothful ease and careless quiet rest,
Men say that giants went about the realm of heaven to win,
To please themselves to reign as gods and lawless lords therein,
And hill on hill they heaped up aloft unto the sky,
Till God Almighty from the heaven did let his thunder fly;
The dint whereof the airy tops on high Olympus brake,
And pressed Pelion violently from under Ossa strake.
When whelmed in their wicked work those cursed caitifs lay,
The earth, their mother, took their blood, yet warm, and (as they say)
Did give it life. And for because some imps should still remain
Of that same stock, she gave it shape and limbs of men again.
This offspring eke against the gods did bear a native spright,
In slaughter and in doing wrong was all their whole delight:
Their deeds declared them of blood engendered for to be.
The which as soon as Saturn's son from heaven aloft did see,
He fetch'd a sigh, and there withal revolving in his thought
The shameful act which at a feast Lycaon late had wrought.
As yet unknown or blown abroad: he 'gan thereat to storm
And stomach like an angry Jove: and therefore to reform
Such heinous acts, he summon'd straight his court of parliament,
To which resorted all the gods that had their summons sent.
High in the welkin is a way apparent to the sight
In starry nights, which of his passing whiteness milky hight:
It is the street that to the court and princely palace leads
Of mighty Jove, whose thunder claps each living creature dreads.
On both the sides of this same way do stand in stately port
The sumptuous Houses of the Peers. For all the common sort

Dwell scattering here and there abroad: the face of all the sky
The houses of the chief estates and princes do supply.
And sure and if I may be bold to speak my fancy free,
I take this place of all the heaven the palace for to be."

&c. &c. &c.

*The end of the XV. Book of Ovid's Metamorphosis.*

Now have I brought a work to end, which neither Jove's fierce wrath,
Nor sword, nor fire, nor fretting age with all the force it hath
Are able to abolish quite. Let come that fatal hour,
Which saving of his brittle flesh, hath over me no power,
And at his pleasure make an end of mine uncertain time:
Yet shall the better part of me assured be to climb
Aloft above the starry sky. And all the world shall never
Be able for to quench my name. For look how far soever
The Roman empire by the right of conquest shall extend,
So far shall all folk read this work. And time without all end
(If Poets as by prophecy about the truth may aim)
My life shall everlastingly be lengthen'd still by fame.

Finis Libri decimi quinti.

Laus et honor soli Deo.

At London,
Imprinted by Robert Walde-grave.
1587.

## *Sonnets dedicatory to eminent Persons. By Joshua Sylvester.*

### I.

*To the right honourable the Lord High Chancellor of England, Thomas Egerton, &c.*

THE LAW.

MOST humbly shewes to thy great worthiness
(Grave Moderator of our Britain lawes)
The Muses' abject (subject of distress)
How long wrong-vext, in a not-needless-cause,
Not at the King's Bench, but the Penny-less,
By one, I Want, (the son of Simpleness;)
Unable more to greaze the scraping paws
Of his Attorney Shift, or oil the jaws
Of his (dear) Counsell, Serjeant Pensiveness;
He is compell'd *in formâ pauperis*,
To plead himself, and shew his (little) law
In the free court of thy mild courtesies.
Please it thee, therefore, an Injunction grant,
To stay the Suit between himself and Want.

For thee and thine, for ay,
So he and his shall pray.

J. S.

II.

*To the right honourable the Earl of Salisbury, Lord High Treasurer of England.*

THE CAPTAINS.

Armes yield to Art, the Trumpet to the Tongue:
Stout Ajax' prize the wise Ulysses wan:
It will not seem then that we have mis-sung,
To sing of Captaines to a Counsail-man;
Sith without Counsaile, Courage is but Rage;
Rude in resolving, rash in acting it;
In which respect those of the antique age
Feign Pallas, Goddess both of war and wit:
Therefore to Thee, whose wit so much hath sted
(In war and peace) our Princes and our State:
To Thee, whose vertue hath now triumphed
Of causeless Envie, and misgrounded Hate:
To Thee (Witt's Worthie) had it not been wrong,
Not to have sounded my War-Worthie's song?

J. S.

III.

*To the right honourable the Earle of Dorset (late) Lord High Treasurer of England.*

THE SCHISME.

Not without error and apparent wrong
To Thee, the Muses and myself (the most)
Could I omit, amid this Noble Hoast
Of learned friends to learning, and our song
To muster Thee; Thee, that hast lov'd so long

The sacred Sisters, and (sad sweetly most)
Thyselfe hast sung (under a feigned ghost*)
The tragick falls of our ambitious throng.
Therefore, in honour of thy younger art,
And of the Muses, honour'd by the same,
And to express my thankfull thoughts (in part)
This Tract I sacre unto *Sackvil's* name;
No less renown'd for numbers of thine owne,
Then for thy love, to other's labours shown.

IV.

*To the right honourable the Earle of Pembroke.*

THE DECAY.

Far be the title of this tragick page
From Thee (rare module of heroïk minds)
Whose noble bountie all the Muses binds
To honour thee; but mine doth most engage:
And yet, to thee, and to thy patronage
(For present lack of other gratefull signes)
Needs must I offer these decayed lines,
(Lyned with horrors of Isaacian rage)
Wherein to keep decorum with my Theam,
And with my fortunes (ruin'd every way)
My care-clog'd Muse (still carried down the stream)
In singing others, sighes her own decay.
In stile, in state, in hap, in hope, in all;
For vines, unpropped, on the ground do craul.

* Alluding to his Legend in *The Mirror for Magistrates.*

V.

*To the right honourable the Earle of Essex, Earle Marshall of England, &c.*

EDEN.

Great Strong-bowe's heir, no self-conceit doth cause
Mine humble wings aspire to you, unknowne:
But knowing this, that your renown alone
(As th' adamant, and as the amber drawes:
That, hardest steel: this, easie yielding strawes)
Alters the stubborn, and attracts the prone:
I have presum'd (O Honor's Paragon!)
To grave your name (which all Iberia awes)
Here on the fore-front of this little pile;
T' invite the vertuous to a sacred feast,
And chase away the vicious and the vile,
Or stop their lothsome envious tongues, at least.
If I have err'd, let my submission 'scuse:
And daign to grace my yet ungraced Muse.

VI.

*To the right honourable the Earle of Essex, &c.*

THE ARK.

From th' Ark of Hope, still tossed in distresse
On th' angry deluge of disastrous plight,
My silly dove here takes her second flight,
To view (great Lord) thy world of worthiness:
Vouchsafe (rare plant of perfect Nobleness)
Some branch of safety, whereon she may light;
Some olive leaf, that may presage me right;

A safe escape from this wet wilderness.
So, when the flood of my deep cares shall fall,
And I be landed on sweet comfort's hill;
First, my pure thoughts to heaven present I shall:
Then on thy favours meditating still,
My zealous Muse shall daily strive to frame
Some fairer trophies to thy glorious name.

## VII.

*To the right honourable Charles Lord Mount-joy, Earle of Devonshire.*

### The Imposture.

Tho' in thy Brook (great *Charles*) there swim a swan,
Whose happy, sweet, immortal tunes can raise
The vertuous greatness of thy noble praise
To higher notes than my faint numbers can;
Yet while thy Lucan doth in silence scan
Unto himselfe new meditated laies,
To finish up his sad Pharsalian fraies,
Lend ear to *Bartas* (now our country-man)
For though his English be not yet so good,
(As French-men hardly doe our tongue attain)
He hopeth yet to be well understood;
The rather, if you (worthy Lord) shall daign
His bashfulness a little to advance,
With the milde favours of your countenance.

## VIII.

*To the same right honourable the Earle of Devonshire, &c.*

### The Handy-Crafts.

The morne-fore-passage, that my Muse hath found
Under safe conduct of thy patronage,
Thro' carping censures of this curious age
(Where high conceited happy wits abound)
Makes her presume (O *Mount-joy*, most renown'd!)
To bear again in her re-pilgrimage,
The noble passport of thy tutelage,
To salve her still from sullen Envie's wound.
Let thy (true eagle) sun beholding eyes
Glance on our glow-worme's scarce discerned spark:
And while Witt's tow'ring falcons touch the skies,
Observe awhile our tender-imped lark.
Such sparks may flame, and such light larks may flie
A higher pitch, then dross-full vanity.

## IX.

*To the same right honourable Earle of Devonshire, &c.*

### The Colonies.

Renowned Scipio, though thine Ennius
Still merit best the best of thy regard:
Though (worthily) his trumpet be preferr'd
To sound the triumphs thou hast won for us;
Yet sith one pen, how-ever plenteous
(Were it the Mantuan or Meonian Bard)
Sufficeth not to give Fame's full reward
To thy great deeds, admir'd and glorious;

Though Hee, thy Homer be; Thou, his Achilles;
Both by each other happy: Thou (herein)
T' have such a trump as his immortal quill is;
He such a Theam as thy high vertue bin:
It shall (great Worthy) no dis-honour be,
That (English) Bartas hath sung (thrice) to thee.

## X.

*To the honourable, learned, and religious Gentleman, Sir Peter Young of Seton, Knight,* &c..

### The Columns.

*Young*, ancient servant of our soveraign Lord,
Grave master of thy master's minor years;
Whose prudence and whose pietie appears
In his perfection, which doth thine record:
Whose loyall truth, his royal trusts approve
By oft embassage to the greatest peers:
Whose duty and devotion he endeers
With present favours of his princely love:
In honour of these honours many-fold,
And for memorial of thy kinde regard
Of these poor orphans (pyn'd in hopeless cold)
Accept these thanks for thy firm love's reward;
Wherein (so heavens prosper what we have sung)
Through every age thou shalt live ever Young.

## XI.

*To the right vertuous (favourer of vertue, furtherer of learning) Sir Thomas Smith (of London) Knight, (late) Lord Ambassadour for his Majestie, to the Emperour of Russia.*

### Jonas.

To thee, long tost in a fell storm of state;
Cast out, and swallow'd in a gulfe of death,
On false suspect of thine unspotted faith,
And flying from thy (heav'n given) charge of late:
For much resemblance of thy troublous fate
Much like in case to that hee suffereth,
Though (in effect) thy cause far differeth,
I send my *Jonas* to congratulate
Thy (happy) rescue, and thy holy triall:
Whereby (as fire doth purifie the gold)
Thy loyalty is more notorious loyall,
And worthy th' honours which thou now dost hold.
Thus vertue's palms, oppressed, mount the more:
And, spices bruiz'd, smell sweeter than before.

J. S.

## XII.

*To the most honourable, learned, and religious Gentleman, Mr. Anthonie Bacone.*

### The Furies.

Bound by thy bounty, and mine owne desire
To tender still new tribute of my zeal
To thee, whose favour did the first repeal
My *proto-Bartas* from self-doomed fire:
Having new tuned to du Bartas' lyre,

These tragick murmurs of his furies fell,
Which (with the horrors of an earthly hell)
The sin-curst life of wretched mortals tire:
To whom, but Thee, should I present the same?
Sith, by the breath of thine encouragement
My sacred furie thou didst first inflame
To prosecute this sacred argument.
Such as it is, accept it, as a signe
Of thankfull love from him, whose all is thine.

J. S.

## XIII.

*To the same most honourable Gentleman.*

### Babylon.

Thy friendly censure of my essay
(*Du Bartas*' Furies, and his Babylon)
My faint endeavours hath so cheared on,
That both his weeks are also ours to-day.
Thy gracious hand, reprieving from decay
My fameless name doom'd to oblivion,
Hath so stirr'd up my soule's devotion,
That in my songs thy name shall live for ay.
Thy milde acceptance of my simple myte
(Pattern and Patron of all vertuous drifts)
Doth here again my gratefull Muse invite
To re-salute thee with mine humble gifts;
Indeed, no gifts, but debts to thy desert;
To whom I owe my hand, my head, my heart.

J. S.

## XIV.

*To the right honourable, the Lord Elesmore, Lord High Chancellour of England.*

Grave God-wise Nestor never did a name
(Save a just master) better speak a man
(As court and councell, with mee, witnesse can)
Then doth your owne, in this your anagram.
Should I a volume of your vertues frame,
Broad as my brest, and thicker than my span;
Could I say more, more true, more duely than
The character concluded in this same?
For pious Prudence cannot but be just:
And Justice cannot but be temperate:
And Temperance from Courage issue must,
So that your name doth your whole life relate,
So Nestor-like for gracefull, godly sage,
That nothing wants, but (what wee wish) his age.

J. S.

## XV.

*To the right honourable Sir Edward Coke, Knight, Lord Chief Justice of England,* &c.

Hardy and Happy, may you long succeed,
In all the courses of your christian zeale,
To scourge abuse; and purge the publike weale
Of vicious humours, with auspicious speed.
Hardy and Happy never more did need,
To meet with malice, and with might to deale;
And sift the drift the serpent would conceale.

How happy Heav'n you for these times decreed!
Hardy and Happy may you still proceed,
Untill you finde, confound, and suffocate;
The viperous vermin that destroy the state.
Hardy and Happy be your minde and meede
With God and men: applauded and approv'd
Of Prince and people; of all Good, belov'd.

J. S.

## XVI.

*To the right honourable Earle of Dorset.**

As th' awefull child, that long hath truanted,
Dares not return unto the schoole, alone;
For shame and feare to be there discipled
With many stripes for many faults in one:
So fares (my Lord) my long omission
Of th' humble thanks I ought have tendered,
For kinde endeavours you bestow'd upon
My right, my wrong to have recovered.
And (as in fine) hee brings his mother forth
To beg forgivenesse, or his fault to 'scuse;
So bring I here my dear *Du Bartas'* worth,
To mediate for my too faulty Muse;
Whom daign to pardon: and in gentle part
Accept this last of his, not least in art.

J. S.

* Prefixed to the *Battail of Yvry*, translated from Du Bartas.

" *Occasional Verses of Edward Lord Herbert, Baron of Cherbury and Castle Island: Deceased in August,* 1648.

" *London, printed by T. R. for Thomas Dring, at the George in Fleet-street, near Clifford's Inn,* 1665."

8vo. pp. 104.

In the enlarged addition of Lord Orford's *Noble Authors*, Mr. Park has characterised these poems as consisting " chiefly of metaphysical love-verses, ingenious, but unnatural; platonic in sentiment, but frequently gross in expression; and marked by an eccentricity which pervaded the life and character of Lord Herbert." As the volume is very scarce, I shall proceed to present a few of its most attractive portions.

*To his friend Ben Johnson, of his Horace made English.*

" 'Twas not enough, Ben Johnson, to be thought
Of English poets best; but to have brought
In greater state, to their acquaintance, one
So equal to himself and thee, that none
Might be thy second, while thy glory is
To be the *Horace* of our times and his.

*Epitaph on Sir Edward Saqueville's [Sackville's] Child, who dyed in his birth.*

Reader,

Reader, here lies a child that never cry'd,
And therefore never dy'd:
'Twas neither old nor yong,
Born to this and the other world in one:
Let us then cease to moan,
Nothing that ever dy'd hath liv'd so long.

*Epitaph of a stinking Poet.*

Here stinks a Poet, I confess,
Yet, [illegible] breath, [illegible]

*A merry rime sent to the Lady Wroth, upon the birth of my L. of Pembroke's child, born in the Spring.*

Madam, though I am one of those
That every spring use to compose;
That is—add feet unto round prose:
Yet you a farther art disclose,
Add to those feet fine dainty toes;
My Muse, therefore, no further goes,
But for her feet draws shoes and hose.
Let a fair season add a rose
While this attired we'll oppose
The tragick buskins of our foes:
While the with Madam I will chose,
All I care is—if the child grows.

*Epitaph on Sir Philip Sydney lying in St. Paul's without a Monument. To be fastened upon the Church-door.*

Reader,
Within this church Sir Philip Sidney lies!
Nor is it fit that I should more acquaint;
Lest superstition rise,
And men adore,
Souldiers, their martyr; lovers, their saint.

*In statuam ligneam Overburii.*

Carnis Overburi, non ære aut marmore, vultum;
Sed ligno Hiberno, dic, age, nonne placet?

*In diem natalitiam, vix. 6 Mar.*

Vere novo last usque redit, qua nascor, et una
Dum tempus redit, et fit numerosa dies,
Ver olim vires renovans, roburque recordens
Ætas fit tandem, tristis hyemsque mihi.

SONNET

*Made upon the Groves near Marlow Cástle.*

You well-compacted groves, whose light and shade,
Mixt equally, produce nor heat nor cold,
Either to burn the young or freeze the old;
But to one even temper being made
Upon a grave embroidering through each glade,
An airy silver and a sunny gold
So cloath the poorest, that they do behold
Themselves in riches which can never fade:
While the wind whistles, and the birds do sing,
While your twigs clip, and while the leaves do friss,

*To the C. of D.* [Qu. Countess of Dorset?]

Since in your face is so beauteous sphere,
That love's one light, not grave way severe.
All your attractive graces seem to draw,
That in their turns each of them gives the law.
Therefore though shut and virtuous desire,
Through that your native mildness may depose
Yet if I, with thoughts of hard hope project,
You can, by virtue of sweet neglect,
Convert it straight to esteem and respect,
Thus as in your rare temper we may find
An excellence so perfect in each kind,
That a fair body hath a fairer mind;
So all the beams you diversly do dart,
As well on th' understanding as the heart,
Of love and honour equal cause impart.

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The following extracts are taken from an "*Elegy for Doctor Dunn*," i. e. Donne.

Praises, like garments, then, if loose and wide,
Are subject to fall off; if gay and py'd,

To celebrate the dead, did I not need
A language by itself, which should exceed
All those which time is in, or for which I take
Those common words, which each age may make
From daily use, I find them so defil'd,
Slubber'd and blurr'd, as if they had exil'd
Truth and propriety, such as do tell
So little other things, they hardly spell
Their proper meaning, and therefore unfit
To blazon forth thy merits or thy wit.

A satire "Of Travellers from Paris" opens with an apostrophe to *Rare Ben*, and speaks of Italian comedies, wherein women play the parts of boys.

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*The Loyall Sacrifice: presented in the Lives and Deaths of those two Eminent heroick Patternes, for Valour, Discipline, and Fidelity, the generally beloved and bemoaned, Sir Charles Lucas, and Sir George Lisle, Knights. Being both shot to death at Colchester, five houres after the surrender.*

*Sen. Nascere hoc animo puer.*
*Quid facere victor debet, quid victus potest.*

*Printed in the year 1648.*

Sm. 12° pp. 100, besides Table, &c.

*"To the Reader.*

Some Elegies (candid Reader) with other indisposed pieces, have been lately published, touching this subject, whereas, here is presented to thy view the whole body of this tragick story, limned to life: The *loyal Sacrifice* of two Gentlemen of emi-

[illegible]

"Ah ampler discourse upon the argument may, perchance, come shortly to light: meane time, receive this abstract of the whole, being with that perspicuity and propriety contracted, as nothing may be to inform your knowledge, with more clearness presented: rendring a brief but exact account of all their actions, motions and ingagements: omitting only (out of the author's zeal to a choice reserve of city saints the difficulty of their passage over the river, in their remove from Kent to Ess x; occasioned by that peremptory deniall of their marching through the city. Which courtesy the army took so gratefully, as no doubt but within few weeks they mean to requite it in their entertainment by the city. Soldiers, when they have no foes to keep their hands in use, must fight with their friends.

nent rank and quality, faithful servants to a distressed Master: such as never appeared nor approved themselves more, then when his necessities importuned them most; nor at any time more active, then when hopes of rewards presented then least. You shall see them in their Educations, Actions, and Deaths, where, in the *first*, you may find them full of promising hopes; in the *second*, variety of gallant attempts: and in the *last*, their whole work crowned with a glorious evening. Which task was principally undertaken for our national vindication; that such foreign countries as in these our sad seditious times, where division is the only musicall note that sounds harmoniously in the eares of our Zimries, have thrown aspersions on our nation of being so universally disloyal; may by the portrait or draught of these, ingenuously confess, that England brings forth *Ayries* of heroick loyal spirits, at well as of inferior birds of prey.

For there is not that state nor age that can produce two persons for action more daring; nor in the carriage of their designes more discerning; nor in both more loyally concluding. It were then to be wished, that those who were authors or actors in their fall, would fall into a due consideration of their own deplorable condition; that their reflex upon their work may work in them a remorse for their injuriously inflicted wrath; to which as desire of revenge and thirst after blood gave heat; so incessant rivulets of penitentiall teares can only cool. Which done, charity will wish that the infamy of that fact may be in the same capacity of dying, as the perpetuity of these Royalists fame is with all succeeding posterities of living.

Your affectionate

PHILOCRATES.

G. W.

*To his much valued Friend, the learned Author.*

Those who as guilty did, do here arise
(From inn'cent suffring) a true sacrifice.
[Victims and martyrs both, and yet we cry
'Gainst superstition and idolatry.]
Whose sparkes from th' altar fled to heaven, and there
From'd a new *Gemini* in the regall sphere.
Are yet more blest, 'cause thou, their valour sings,
And sounds't their glories on heroick strings,
Making their flames e'erlasting, their perfume
Reach to eternity; ne'er to consume.
With time or tempest. Thy essentiall pen
To a new life restores the dead again.
That miracles were not to th' primitive age
Confin'd, 'tis plain, thou shew't at new in each page.

What Nature could not lend, and Fate denies
Thou dost bestow, [illegible]
And what our choleric chymists did calcine
To ashes in the furnace of the brain,
By th' heat thou here apply'st, it does refine
All that was ought good in them before,
Or add more lustre to it:
And this so full, as if they did walk about
With either's genius, to collect them out.
Briefly: their loyalty could never die,
Shrin'd in more glory than thy quill does give
Which who so views may smile with pitying eyes
To find all ancient suff'rers rather torn
A second time in legends, since they there
Are lamely drawn, while thou (a master here)
Giv'st beauty and proportion to the full.
And crowns those saints which hence blest martyrs flew.

B. A.

*To his much honoured Friend, the Author.*

Whose quill but thine so lively could express
The valiant deeds of Lucas and of Lisle
Whose fame surmounts the stars, and as a gem,
Eterniz'd are by thy life-giving style.
Both Valiant knights! what pity 'tis they fell
And in cold blood by base ignoble foe!
Who dar'st make death to start and turn away
In many a bloody fight and duel too
Their births their valiant acts their loyalty,
Their deaths (impos'd by villains, cowards base,
Who from them once receiv'd by courtesy
A life of almes, when in a quaking case)
Are to the life express'd in this thy Book:
A learned piece, strange kind of chymistry,

As all men must confess who therein look;
For't makes the dead to live eternally.

J. H.

## *The Loyall Sacrifice, &c.*

Noble actions having relation to persons of eminent quality, have been ever memorable to posterity. Amongst which, none more remarkable than such as have borne the fade of loyalty, and expressed their true native lustre in defence of the just privileges of their country, and conservation of a monarchical soveraignty.

Many, indeed, and those singular heroick spirits, (whose names are to this day recorded in the annals of fame) do our ancient historians present unto us; who have received no other guerdon then ingratitude, from those parts where they have best deserved. Carthage may saintly vye with an *Annibal*; Rome with an *Afrikan*; Athens with a *Phocion*. Notwithstanding all this, the memory of their surviving actions begot such a glorious emulation in their successors, as that unthankfulness their countries shew'd unto them: or superiours which unmeriting spirits darted on them, even redounded more to their honour, than if they had never suffered under the censure of a groundless popular opinion, or been crush'd by the votes of such state commanding imperialists, who maligned their rising. I shall not labour to make my large porch to my *Mindian* building; lest some critick tax me, as sometimes that Cynick did, that the ship might run out at the gate.

* Viget. de mil. discipl. l. 2. c. 4. Guic. in Hist. l. 1. c. 3. Polit. de regim. Princ. l. 3. c. 5. Gesner. de jure regal. Cent. 4. c. 7. Riv. de Ord. Princip. sect. 2. Azorb. de Magist. Civil. l. 6. Lanquinh. de aut. Monarch. et Imper. sect. 3. quæst. 2. Orsin. in suo Tract.

We are here to present unto your view and uninterested judgement, equally poized to their merits, persons of quality, and patterns of loyalty, who have acted their parts bravely upon the theatre of honour: whose names, though the memories of some men be apt to freeze in these distempered times, shall, like fresh and fragrant odours, breathe sweetness in the nostrils of those who hold fidelity to be the best cognizance for the coat of [illegible] cannot choose but collect where I should like to lay my scene, whence I unfold my story: Colchester must be the place, than which, none more memorable for continuance of siege above expectation, nor more gallant in opposing the deputed force, with constant and cheerful resolution, privileged

During which siege, it is incredible in what a [illegible] way and form of discipline, those who were designed commanders and managers of weighty action, bore themselves, not only in animating those who were for them, but ingratiating those (and that in a peaceful and graceful posture) of whose affections they stood doubtful. But to omit the relation of those particulars which deserve approvement and invitation from those who stand engaged in actions of like quality, we will make it our work to acquaint you more punctually with the descent, breeding, and condition of these eminent Gentlemen, who closed the sundry passages of their loyal lives with a glorious evening, by sacrificing their blood for the honour of their sovereign, and easing their oppressed country of an implacable tyrannick burden.

First then, for the family of Sir Charles Lucas, none that knows it, can bestow any other style upon it than of ancient worth and antiquity: a stem from whence sprung many eminent *Scions*, useful instruments to their state and country. Amongst which, this * Noble Gentleman confers such an ad-

* Not to mention that nobly accomplished, and deservingly honoured prelate Lo. Lucas, his brother, a Gentleman singularly gifted in all sorts of knowledge: together with Sir Gervas Lucas, a valiant and loyal com-

ditament upon it, as the loyalty and memory of his person shall to succeeding times highly improve it. For his education, it was generous, having his youth sufficiently seasoned in principles of knowledge, humane and divine learning, his manhood for discipline in the field. He was ever of an active disposition, accompanyed with a resolute spirit, and sutable discretion to manage it.* Strict in his commands, without a supercilious severity, though some herein have taxed him too censoriously. Free in his rewards to persons of desert and quality. Since the first beginning of these distractions, all his expresses, with what company soever he consorted, evermore tended to the advancement of loyalty, how odious and unjustifiable a thing it was to lift up an hand against the power of soverignty, under what plausive pretence or colour soever, that adulterate face of treason were disguised: being usually known to deliver himself in these words, "That he preferred the style of loyalty, before any diguity that earth could confer upon him." In his society, he was affable and pleasant; in his charge, serious and vigilant: remiss in nothing that might any way improve or expedite his dispatch in affairs of government. Those his sundry fields, martiall exploits, and brave adventures, wherein he was ever personally engaged, and wherein he usually appeared (as was generally observed) in the head of the army, were needless here to recount.† As his valour was well known, so was his native candour and clemency no less approv'd by all such as in the close of his conquest submitted themselves to his mercy. So as, in this particular, we may truly conclude, that during all his time of service, he was ever ready to afford what himself

mander: (by which notion of loyalty, true valour is justly dignified, and from perfidious rashness distinguished) sometimes Governour of Belvoir Castle.

* Albeit I am not ignorant how rigid and severe commanders be commonly less beloved by their souldiers, than those who are of more indulgent tempers.

† Reserving them for a more proper place in our discourse hereafter.

could not receive, free quarter: no, nor so much as one daye's reprieve for his better preparation against his last voyage.

This we purposely here have touched, to vindicate his clear and noble temper, from the injurious censure of those who in the freedom of their report tax him for being too violent and implacable in this kind: whereas that man breathes not who can justly accuse him in the whole current of his actions or commands, that he ever lay his impetuous hand upon a submissive captive in cold blood; or ever suffered any blood to be spilt, which he might with honour, or without prejudice to his commands, spare. But these critick spirits, who are so apt to censure and traduce the clearest actions of honour, may be properly compared to the camelion: that can assume any colour but white.

But the foe must have something to speak in his own defence; yet when he has produced all the reasons he can possibly alledge, to wind up the spider woven webb of his apology, he must appear to the whole world, and succeeding posterities after these distracted times, an actor of a cruel and bloody tragedy. In one word, never did a more virile or undaunted spirit harbour more noble compassion; holding nothing more inglorious than to dominere o're the misery of a subdued foe. So as to bestow on him any ampler character, or present him in a fuller portraiture, were to give beams to the sun: his integrity being impaled with such honour, as it far surmounts the reach of censure.*

## *Extract, p.* 82.

So far as may concern their personal worth, they shall little need to be either further displayed or distinguished: for Sir Charles, he was known to be an accomplished souldier; an

* See the account of the Lucas family, in *The Life of Margaret Duchess of Newcastle*. Reprinted at *Lee Priory*. Editor.

high prizer of his honour; a perfect master both of the ancient and modern militia; accounted as eminent in the command of horse (a service wherein he had been ever employed, and singularly improved) as the most experienced commander in Europe.

Being in a word, such a man of men, and pattern of active loyalty, as he was all, that Sir Geo. Lisle, in a gallant emulation, aimed to be; whom, as he dearly tendered, so he seriously imitated, and now in the end, nearly seconded; being reputed a most knowing and obliging commander for the infantry: and of such discipline and courage, that he led them, as in a line upon any services, through the greatest danger and difficulty. This was the ready way to make fame the foundation of a family; seeing nothing can be properly said to be ours, but what takes life from the merit or repute of those actions of ours; for whatsoever is derived to us from ours, is others, and not ours. Give me leave then, in behalf of this noble pair, to summ up all with this positive conclusion: "He shoots his shafts at the moon, who out of a malignant humour, makes it his labour to darken the splendour of goodness and honour."

It is said when his majesty heard the news of their deaths, that out of a pious compassion, and princely affection which he bore to their persons, he burst forth into tears; which that Hebrew Intelligencer interprets softness or effeminacy: as if it beseem'd no virile spirit to compassionate the loss of a friend. Whereas if that seditious Rabbi had ever repaired to those tents of Israel, whereto he sometimes incouraged the people against their sovereign, he might have seen a David (that conqueror of Goliah) shed tears for an Absolom and a Jonathan. Our best master for a Lazarus, and the approaching ruins of a Hierusalem. Nay, if ever his small portion of learning would have suffer'd him to have been versed in profane histories, he might have found Marcellus' eyes dropping tears for Syracusa. That sweet-temper'd Tytus for the miseries of Judea. Variety of examples in all stories, what singular arguments of princely compassion, eminent'st personages even in their greatest victo-

ries have expressed towards those princes, or people whom they had conquered.

But such as are not capable of sense in their pate, nor pen, may be held excused, if they fall short in their apprehension of humane suffering, nay, of common sense; they whose incompassionate hearts are so congealed, as their eyes know not how to resolve into tears, when they see real professors of valour exposed to immerited censures, especially when a good cause was the object of their resolution, partake too much of savage to retain the stile of men. Seeing, as the Comick well observed, "nothing that is humane should be estranged from humanity."

"*To the living Memories of those two heroick Knights, Sir Charles Lucas and Sir George Lisle. Whose approved Valour renown'd them living, and impal'd them dying with honour.*

AN ELEGY.

Brave loyal pair, whose active worth was such,
No pen nor pencil can perform too much
To crown your mem'ries: this it was to gaine
Fame by your prowess, though you mist your aim
At long-beleagred-famish'd Colchester;
Expecting aid that ne're approached there.
Your noble thoughts did ever set their rest
On princely ends, no private interest.
Your care was how to cure, and to restore
This phrentick state to th' wits it had before.
Your task was how your Cæsar might be shewn,
Not in a grate, but on his royal throne.
You could not hugg the time as many do,
Whose cringing garbe may work their overthrow.
You scorn'd perfidious juntos, who do make
Use of the State to whim* away the stake.

* Qu. *Editor.*

Your conscientious wayes abjur'd such men
As wish an end to treaties, God knows when:
And such sly spinning rooks, we have no doubt,
Who seek nought less than what they go about.
Your hearts were sweetly temper'd with pure zeal
To your endeared Prince and Common weale;
This made death your advantage; and struck fears
I' th' bosomes of your executioners
With such compassion, they could scarce forbear
From rinsing their death bullets with a tear.
Hear thou, insulting Senate, whose desire
Is with fresh fuel to increase a fire
In this imbroiled state! Hear what a brand
Thy quenchless rage has brought upon this land,
When Loyalty must suffer, and become
A law-convicted person by thy doom!
When awfull fury must suppress the good;
Wrath censure worth, and guilt shed guiltless blood!
When just allegiance must at bar appear,
And stand condemn'd because a Cavaliere!
Who is he then values his vading breath
At such a rate as not to court pale death,
Rather then groan in this tyrannick age,
Where Innocence's a sacrifice to rage;
Where Mercy becomes Cruelty: and Shame
Hath lost both native colour and her name?
O gallant, loyal Souls, thrice blest be you,
Who have pay'd Nature and your Cæsar's due!
From our state stalkers ye secured are,
And with a land of peace exchang'd your war.
The Lord of Hoasts will on his hoast bestow
This peacefull plot, while rebels march below.
For if rebellion safely get a shore,
It is a passage never known before."

## *" Ane Admonition to ⌘ the trew Lordis. ⌘ M. G B."*

" It may seme to your Lordschippes, that I mellyng with heigh materis of gouerning of commo welthis, do pas myne estait, beyng of sa meane qualitie, and forgettis my dewtie, geuyng counsall to the wysest of this Realme. Not the les seyng the miserie sa greit apperyng, and the calamitie sa neir approchyng, I thoght it les fault, to incur the crime of surmountyng my priuate estate, then the blame of neglecting the publik danger. Thairfor I chesid rather to vnderly the opinion of presumptioun in speiking, the of treason in silece, and specially of sic thingis, as euin seme presently to redound to the perpetuall schame of your Lordschippis, distructioun of this Royall estate, and ruyne of the hole comoun welth of Scotland. On this consideratioun I haue takin in hand at this tyme to aduertise your honours of sic thingis as I thoght to appertene baith to your Lordshippis in speciall, & in generall to the hole communitie of this Realme, in punitioun of tratouris, pacificatioun of troublis amagis your selfis, and continuatioun of peace with our nighbouris. Of the quhilk I haue takin the trauell to write: and do remit the iudgement to your discretioun, hopyng at leist, that althogh my wit and forsight shall not satisfie you, yit my gud will shall not displeis yow, of quhilk aduertisement the summe is this.

¶ First to consider how godly the actioun is quhilk you haue in hand, to wit, the defence of your King, an Innocent pupill, the stablisching of Religioun, punitioun of theifis and traitouris, and mantenance of peace & quietnes amongis your selfis and with forrane natiounis.

Item reme ber how yow haue vindicat this Realme, from the thraldome of stra geris, out of domestik tyrannie, and out of a publik dishonour in the sight of all forrane nationis, we beyng altogidder estemid a pepill murtherars of Kingis and impacient of Lawis and ingrait, in respect of the murther of the late King Hery, within the wallis of the principal towne, the greatest of the Nobilitie beyng present with the Quene for the tyme: and by your power one part of the chief Tratouris eried from amo gis the trew subiectis, quhair by stra geries wer constramid afterwart as mekle to praise your Iustice, as of before they wrangfully condempnid your Iniustice.

Item reme ber how far in doing the same you haue obliged your selfis befor the hole warld, to continew in the same vertew of Iustice, and quhat blame ye shall incur, if ye be inconstant. For all men can belief na vtherwise, if the time following be not conforme to the tyme past, that neuther honour nor commoun welth stured you vp then, but rather sum particular tending to your private commoditie.

Also remember how many gentill and honest meanis yow haue socht, in tymes past, to caus the King be acknawledgid, and the contrarie put at rest, and how vnprofitabill hath ben your honestie in treityng, your vailyeant curage in werr, your mercyfulnes in victorie, your clemencie in punisching, and facilitie in reconsiliatioun.

Quhilk thingis witnessis sufficiently, that ye estemit na man enemie that wald live in peace, vnder the Kingis authority, that ye wer neuer desirous of blude, geir, nor honour of sic as wald not, rather in making of troubill and seditioun, declair them selfis enemies to God and the Kingis Maiestie, than liue in concord and amitie with thair nightbouris vnder the correctioun of Iustice.

And sen ye can nouther bow their obstinate hight with pacience, nor mease their stubburne hartis with gentilnes, nor satisfie their inordinate desyris, vtherwyse then with the Kingis blude and youris, the distructioun of Religioun, banisching of

Iustice, & fre permissioun of crueltie and misordour, your wisdomes may easely considder quhat kind of medicine, is not only mete, but alswa necessair, for mending of sic a Maladie.

And to the effect that ye may the better co'sidder this necessitie of Medicine, remember quhat kynd of pepill thay ar, that professis thame selfis in deid, and dissemblis in worde to be enemeis to God, to Iustice, and to yow, becaus ye maintene the Kinges actioun.

Sum of them ar conseillaris of the King his fatheris slanchter, sum conueyaris of him to the schambles, that slew his Grandschir, banisched his father, and not satisfyid to haue slayne him self, murtherit the Kingis Regent, and now seikes his awin blude, that they may fulfill their crueltie and mariee being Kingis, quhilk they begonne to exercise the tyme of thair gouerning.

Vthers ar, that being alliat nor neir of kyn to the Hamiltounis, thinkis to be participant of all their prosperitie and succes.

Vthers being gyltie of King Henryis death, in the first parliament halden in the Kingis regne that now is, could well accord, that the Quene should haue bene put to death also.

And seing thay could not obtene that point, the next schift of thair impietie was to put downe the King, that he should not rest to reuenge his Fatheris death, quhilk thay thocht could not be mair easilie done, then by bringing home the Quene with sic a husband, that other for auld haitred, or for new couatice, wald desire the first degre of succession to be of his awin blude.

Sum vthers ar practisid in casting of courtis, and reuoluing of estatis, by raising of ciuile werr, and ar becum richer then euer they hopid, and becaus they haue found the practise sa gude in tyme past, now they seik all wayis to continew it, & hauing ones gustid how gude fisching it is in drumly waters, they can by no maner leaue the craft.

First, it is not honour, riches, nor authoritie that they desire, for they haue had, and als haue presendlie, & may haue in tyme to cum sic pairt of all thay thingis, as a priuat man may haue in this Realme, not being chargeable to the cou^rie, or not suspecit to ane king, as maistrit of his awin estait.

It is not the delyuerance of the Quene that thay seik, as thair doingis contrair to thair worde testifeis manifestlie, for if thay wald haue hir deliuerit, thay wald haue procurit by all meanis possibill, the Quene of Inglandis fauour & support, in quhais power the hole recouerance stode only, & not offended hir sa heichly as thay haue done, and dayle dois in participatioun of the conspiritt tressoun, to put hir maleistie not only out of hir stait, bot out of this lyfe present, not in rebelling and maintening of hir Rebellis co^trair to promeis and solempne contract of pacificatioun betuix this two Realmes, nouther yet haue bodin furth, proude and vncircumspect young men, to hery, burne, and slay, and take personeris in her Realme, and vse all misordour & cruelte, not onlie vsed in weir, but detestabill to all barbar and vile Tartaris, in slaying of presoneris and co^trair to all humanitie and iustice, kepe na promeis to miserabill estimes receiued once to thair mercy, and all this was done by co^mandiment of sic as sayis thay seik the Quenes deliuerance, and reprochit to thame by the dearis of the mischeifis, saying that thay enterit tham in danger, and supported thame not in mister, so mekle as to cum to Lawder and luik from thame, in quhilk deserting of thair Collegis, they schew cruelte ioyned with falsheid, and maist heich tressoun against the Quene, pretending in worde hir delyuerance, and stopping in warke hir recouerance, the quhilk as euery man may clerlie se thay seeht, as he that socht his wyfe drowned in the Riuer aganis the streime.

It is not the Quenis authoritie that they wald set vp in hir absence, for if that war thair intentioun, quhome can they place in it mair friendly to hir then hir onlie sone, or quhat Gouer-

suspitious, put four Lordis extend of the maist trew and vertewus in Scotland in thae tymes to attend on the Kingis grace, to wit, the Erle Merchell, the Lordis Erskyn, Ruthuen, and Borthick. The Hamiltounis being out of hope of the Kingis putting doune by the Duke of Albany, & out of credent to do him any harme by tham selfis, maid one conspyracie with certane Lordis, to put the sayd Duke out of authoritie, and take it on tham selfis, that all thingis put in thair power they might vse the King and the Realme at their awin plesure. To that effect thay tuik the Castell of Glasgow, and there maid an assembly of thair factioun, the quhilk dissolut by the haistie cummyng of the Duke of Albany with an armie, for feir of the quhilk the Erle of Arrane chief of that cumpany, fled to his wifis brother, the Lord Hume being then out of court.

The second conspiracie was after the Dukis last departyng (the foresayd Lordis separate from attending on the King) devysit be Schir Iames Hammiltoun bastard sone to the sayd Erle of Arrane, quhe conspyrit the Kinges death then being in his hous in the Abbay of Halyruidhous, quhilk conspyracie eftir many veirs revelit, the said Schir Iames suffrit deith for it. This conspyracie not beyng execute, Schair Iames perseverid in his evill intentioun, & by secret meanis in Court sought alwais that the King should not marry, that for lack of his succession, the Hamiltounis might cum to thair intentis. For the King was yong, lusty, and redy to aduenture his persoun to all hasardis, baith by sea and land, in doune putting of theifis, and punting of Iustice. The Hamiltounis lukked on quhen weirdis, throw excesse of trauell, or sum vther raikles aueture should tak him of without children, and destitute of this hope, lest he stoppit the Kingis meiyng with his Vncle the King of Ingland, quha at that tyme hauing but one daughter, was willing to haif mayid with the Kyng of Scotland, and maid him King of the hole Ile after him, & to haue entrid him in that present tyme in possessio of the Duchy of Yorke, but the

sayd Schir Iames euer hauing eye to his awin scope, hinderid this purpois by sum of the Kingis familiaris, that he had practised with by giftis, and specially by the Bischop of Sanctandros Iames Betoun, vncle to the Erle of Arranis mother, and greit vncle to Schir Iames wyfe, and raised sic suspitioun betwixt the twa Kingis, that brocht baith the realmes in greit besynes.

This purpois as sayd is put abak, the King seing that his Ambassadouris furtherit not at his plesure, deliuerid him self in persoun to ga be sey in France, and Schir Iames Hamiltoun persewering in his former intetion went with him to hinder his mariage, by all menis that he might, and to that effect, the King sleping in the Schip, without any necessitie of wynde and wedder, Schir Iames causid the mariners to turne saill of the West coist of Ingland bakwart and land in Galloway, quhair the Kyng was verray miscontent with Schir Iames and Maister Dauid Panter, principall causeris of his returnyng, as diuers that was in the Schip yit liuyng can report. And fra that time furth, the King hauing tryid out his pretence, and persaiuing his vnfaithfull dealyng euer disauouris him, and to his greit displesure fauouris opinlie the Erle of Lennox & his friendis in his absence, the quhilk Erle prete did a right and tytill to the hole Erldome of Arrane, the present Erle for that time being knawin to be bastard, as also it was in mens recent memorie how Schir Iames Hamiltoun had cruellie slayne the Erle of Lennox at Linlythgow, euin to the greit displesure of the Erle of Arrane father to Schir Iames, and vncle to the Erle of Lennox, cumming by the Kingis commandment to Linlythgow. Sa the King as said is, vnderstandyng the priuate practick of Schir Iames, in keiping him vnmaryid, haistit hym the mair earnestlie to mary, to the effect, that his successioun might put the Hamiltounis out of hope of thair intent, and him out of danger by the Hamiltounis. And albeit that Schir Iames to make himselfe clene of that suspitioun, soght many diuersis wayis to the distructioun of the Erle of Arrane his brother, yit he

could neuer conqueis the Kingis fauour, vntill finallie he was executid for tresoun, and tooke ane miserabill end conforme to his vngodly lyfe.

The King at last deceissit, and leuing a doughter of sex dayis auld, the Hamiltounis thoght all to be thairis. For then the Erle of Arrane a younge man of small wit and greit inconstancie, was set vp by sum of the nobilitie, & sum familiar seruandis of the kingis lately deceissit, for thay thoght him mair tollerabill then the Cardinall Beton, quha by ane fals instrument had takin the supreme authoritie to him self.

The Erle of Arrane namid Gouernour, by a priuait factioun, and fauourid by sa many as professit the trew Religioun of Christ, becaus he was beleift then to be of the same, howbeit he was gentill of nature, yit his friendis for the maist pairt, wer gredie baith of geir & bluid, and geuin to iniustice quhair gayne followid. Thair was in his time nothing ellis, but werr, oppressioun, & brybing of his callid brother the Bischop of Sanctandrois, sa that all the Estatis wer werie of hym, and dischargid hym of hys office, and charged with it an woman strangear.

In the begynnyng of hys gouernement the Queue and hir Mother wer keipit by him, rather lyke presoneris then Princessis, but yit that incommoditie was caus of preseruyng of the Quenis lyfe, he beleifing to mary hir on his sone. But after the Erle of Lennox had delyuerid tham out of his handis, and the Nobilitie had refusid to mary hir on his sone, howbeit he left his ferme friendis, & come to the Quene, abiurid his Religioun in the gray freiris of Striuiling, yit he could neuer cum agane to his pretendid clymming to the Crowne, quhilk he had lang soght, partly by fauour of sic of the Nobilitie as wer alliat with him, and partly by distructioun of the ancient housis that might haue put impediment to his vnreasonabill ambitio. For hauing banished the Erle of Lennox, he thoght the Erle of Angous to be the principall that might resist him, and hauing enterid in waird Schir George Dowglas, to be yit mair assurid, he

send for the said Erle of Angous in friendly maner, & put him in presoun without any iust occasioun, and wold haue beheidid thaim baith, if the arryuing of the Inghs army had not stayit his purpois, by the quhilk and feat of the murmour of the pepill, he was constrainit to delyuer tha. And seing he durst not at sic a tyme put thaim downe by tyrannie, he offerit thaim to the sword of the enemy to be slaine by thaim. And to the effect, that thay and thair freindes, hauing put aduk the Inghs horsemen, and receiuyng an vther charge, might be the mair easely slayne, thay standing in battell and fighting for him, he in the battle behind fled to tyne thaim, and sa these Nobill men as far as lay in him was slayne, and preseruid by the prouidence of God.

¶ The young Quene quhilk being in hir motheris keiping, he might not put doune, nor marry at his plesure, he consentid to offer hir to the stormes of the sea, and danger of enemeis, and sauld hir as a slaue in France, for the Duchy of Chastellarault, the quhilk he bruikis in Name onlie, as the Crowne of Scotland in fantasie, & receaulit sic price for hir as tresoun, periurie, and the sellyng of the persounis should be recompensit with. But yit the couatise of the Crowne that he had sold ceasid not heir, for befoir hir returning hame out of France, as the troubillis quhilk began anent the repressing of the Frenchemen and tyrannie againis the Religioun, how many meanis soght the Hamiltounis to haue depryuit hir of all right, and translatit the Crowne to thaim selfis, is knawin baith to Scotland and Ingland.

¶ Also after the Quenis arryuing in Scotland, sche seiking a querrell against the sayd Duike and sum vther Lordis, vnder pretence that thay had conspyrit against her, for the Religioms caus, the Duikis freindes left him all, becaus that the rest of the Lordis wald not consent to destroy the Quene, or derogat hir authoritie by any maner of way. A lytill befour the quhilk tyme, the occasioun of the Dukis conspyracie, with the Erle Bothwell to slay the Erle of Murray in Falkland, was na vther, but be-

caus the sayd Erle of Murray liuyng, thay could nouther do the said Quene harme in lir persoun, nor diminische her authoritie, nor constrane her to mary at thair plesure, & to her ytter displesure.

After that the Quene had maryit with him, quhom they estemid their auld enemie, and was with child, the gude Bischop of Sanctondrois first callid Cunningham, estemit Cowane, and at last Abbot Hamiltoun, not onlie conspyrit with the Erle Bothwell, but come with the Quene to Glasgow, & connoyit the King to the place of his murther, the Bischop being lodged as he seildom of befoir, quhair he might persaif the plesure of thar crueltie with all his sensis, and helpe the murtheraris, if mister had bene, and send four of his familiar seruandis to the execution of the murther, watching all the night, and thinking lang to haue the ioy of the cumming of the Crowne a degre neirer to the hous of Hamiltoun, and sa greit hope mellit with ambitioun inflamit his hart for the Kingis deceis, that within schort tyme he belieuid firmlie his callid brother to be King, & he (the sayd Bischop) to be to him as Curatour durvng the hole tyme of his non wit, quhilk had bene a langer teirme than Whitsonday or Martymes, for he thoght vndoubtidlie, that the Erle Bothwell should distroy the young Prince, and not suffer him prosper to reuenge his fatheris death, and precede the Erlis children in successioun of the crowne, and the young Prince onis cut of, the Bischop maid his rekning, that the Quene & the Erle Bothwel hated alredy for the slaughter of the King hir husband, and mair for the innocent, wer easie to be destroyit with consent of all estatis, and the cryme easie to the Bischop to be proued, quha knew all the secretis of the hole disseigne: or if they wald slay the Erle Bothwell and spair the Quene, thay wer in hope sche should mary Iohn Hamiltoun the Dukis sone, quhome with merie luikis and gentill countenance (as sche could weill do) sche had enterid in the pastyme of the Glaikis, and causit the rest of the Hamiltounis to fond

for fainnes. But after that the Erle Bothwell had refuse battell at Carbarry hill, and the Quene befoir the cumming of the Hamiltounis, come to the Lordis, the Hamiltounis at that tyme disapoint fosterid thair vane hope with a meris dreame, that the Quene should be punischit after her demerity, and nocht tyme in dowbtfull loy, that one that beyng rid of the Quene sche should not ber ma children to debar tham from the Crowne, and the vther, that thay might haue ane easie way to calumniat the Regent for distroying of the Quene. But seyng his hope, thay blamit opinlie the Regent, quha kept hir in stoir in despite of tham (as thay sayd) to be a stud to cast ma foillis, to hinder tham of the succession of the Crowne, yit for all that, there wold nane of tham cum to Parliament to further thair deyne with ane vnerlie vote, but lay baite to help tham selfis at liberte, to reprof all that should be done in that conuention, and to fenze fauour towardis the Quene quhome thay hated, sa as if by consent of the Lordis or vtherwise sche wer delyuerit, thay micht helpe hir to put downe the Lordis, that wold not put hir downe in fauour of tham.

This thain intentioun was opinlie schawit, quhen the Quene beyng kept in Lochlenin, by commaundement of the hole Parliament, was delyuerit by conspyracie of sum priuate men, speciallie of the Hamiltounis, for thay assemblit all thair forces to put downe the young Kyng and Lordis obedient to hym. Quhilk euill will thay schew towardis the Lordis at the Langsyde, bringyng with tham great stoir of cordis, to murther and hang tham, if thay had bene takin prisoneris and the victorie tain to the Hamiltounis, and the same euill will towardis the King in keipyng the watter of Forthe, that he should not eschaip thair cruell handis, beyng assurit if he come in the Quene of Inglandis power, that sche of hir accustomate clemencie and kyndnes of blude, wald not abandoun him to thair vnmercyfull crueltie experimentit alredy in his father. And eyng that the prouidence of God had closit the dore to all thair

wickitnes at that tyme, thay hane nocht ceisit since, to seike the ruyne of his Grace in all strange Nationis, and perceiving that thay had faire wordis of all thame, except of the Quenis Majestie of Ingland, quha understode their fals and treasonabill dealing, thay turnit their hatred agaynst her, and entrid in conspyracie with sum traitouris of Ingland, that wer als evill myndit towardis the Quenis Majestie their soueraine, as the Hamiltounis wer to the Kingis hienes of Scotland. This is nowther dremid in wardnes, nor hard throw a boir, but a trew narratine, of quhilk the memorie is lodgit in menis hartis, baith Scottis and strangeris and the veritie knawin. By the quhilk ye may vnderstand the Hamiltounis pretense this fiftie yeiris and mair.

After sa many wayis sought by thame to distroy the right successioun, and place thame in the Kinglie rowme, seyng all their practisis could not availl, and their forces wer not sufficient, they soght to augment their factioun, adioyning to thame all, that wer participant of the Kingis slaughter, and had appetit to slay the Quene of Ingland. And to the effect they might cum to their wickit purpois, thay in a manes displayit a baner, to assemble togidder all kynd of wickid men, as Papistes, renegat Protestantis, theifis, traitouris, murtereris, and opin oppressouris. As for thair adherentis in Scotland I remit not to expreme their names, nor the qualities of the conspyratouris of Ingland, for thay ar weill enough knowin to your Lordshippis. Yit one I can not ouerpas, beyng the cheif conspyratour chosin by thame to be King of Scotland and Ingland, I mene the Duike of Norfoulke, in quhilk act ye may see how the thrist of your blude blindit thame agayast thair awin vtilitie. First thay chese the principall enemie of the Religioun of Christ in this ile, accompanyit with vther fylthie Idolateris, to change the estit of the Kirk in baith Realmes by cuttyng of the twa Princes, seyng that their authoritie standing, the conspiratounis could not cum to their intet. Next they respectit in that pouple tyranne,

the vertew is that were commoun to him and thame, as arrogancie, cruelte, dissimulatioun and treasoun, for euin as thay had this lang tyme in Scotland, sought the deith of thair righteous Prince, as he in England followyng the traide of his antecessouris, diueris tymes attemptyng treasoun, wald haue put downe thir Ordris of Inglande. Heir also appeiris the Hamiltounis cruelties aganyst the Nobilitie of thair awin Nation, in seiking thair professit and perpetuall enemie of Scotland, (as his lange leiris wirnes) quha should haue spilt the rest of the noble blud of Scotland to peice, that his antecessouris could not spill in warr, by quhilk elections, beyng assurit that na Scottis hart can loue thame, sa can thay loue nane of yow, aganyst quhome thay haue vsit sa many treasounabill actis. Thay do schaw also how cruelte and auarice haue blindit thame, thay can not see, in seiking a tyranne to haue power ouer thame, beyng thay pretending neirest clame to the Crowne, should be neirest the danger. And fit for all this, could thir men be weill contentit, if by any meanis they could attane to thair intent, by spoyle & robberie, as thay did quhen at thay wer placit in supreme authoritie, or by maisdyng of you slaues, as thay did in selling of thair Queene, beyng that practise quhairin howbeit the inhumanitie was great, yit was it not in supreme degree of cruelteis, but it is na moderne tollerable nor accustomat thyng that thay seike: It is the blud first of our innocent King, quinsic as hath bene preseruit by wyld beastis, nixt the blude of all his trew seruandis and trew subiectis indifferentlie. For quhat defence can be in Nobilitie, or quhat suirtie against them that haue murthesit a Kyng, and seikis strangeris to murther ane vther Kyng, quhome sal thay spair for vertew and innocencie, that latelie executit, and yit defendis the murther of the Regent, or quha will be quersene for law, degre, or base estait, in respect of thay that conductit out of Tinidaill to slay Maister Iohn Wod, for na vther caus, but for beyng a gude seruand to the Crowne and to the Regent his Maister, and had espyit out sum of thair practisis.

¶ If this thrist of blud of these bondesmis, might be imputit to haistie heuingar, or any sudane motioun, quhilk cannis mony sumtymes to forget their dewtie, there ought yit be sum hoipe that sic a passioun ourpast, thay wald with tyme remember thame selfis, and efter power amend faultis past, or at leist absteine in tyme to cum. But their is na sic humanitie in thair nature, nor na sic pietie in their hartis, for not content with a Kingis blude, thay gaip for his Sonnis mutther, nor satisfyit to haue slayne the Regent, they keipit the mutthere in the Duikis house in Arrane. Maist like thinkyng, as if thay doncurit not the deid, thay should not be knawin as counsallouris of the deid, and wald tyne the glorie of that notabill act. And beyndes all this thay ar not onelie contentit to mantene Scottis traitouris, but alswa receifis Inglis traitouris, and settis vp a sanctuarie of treason, a refuge of Idolatrie, a receptakle of theifis and murtheraris.

And howbeit the bullerand blud of a King and a Regent about their hartis, quhair of the dum is thair appetite greit cham. litil rest, daylie and houlie makyngs new prouisioun, yit the small space of rest, quhilk they haue beside the execrioun of their crueltie, thay spend in deuysing of generall inquyetnes throw the hole countrie, for not content of it, that thay tham selfis may steale, brybe, and reif, thay set out rauches on euery side, to gnaw the pepillis banis, efter that thay haue consumit the flesche, and boundis out, one of tham, the Clangregour, ane vther the Grantie and Clauchattan, ane vther Balclench and Fairnyherst, ane vther the Iohnstounis and Armstrangis, and sic as wald be hald in the halyest amangis tham, schew playnlie the affectioun thay had to banish peace and steir vp troublis, quhen thay bendit all thair fyne wittes, to stop the Regent to go first North, and syne South, to puneis thift and oppression, and quhen they saw, that thair counsall was not authorisit, in geuyng impunitie to all misdordour, thay spend it in puttyng downe of hym that wald haue put all in gude ordour.

Thair is a kynd of theeue theifis euin odious to mair gentill theifis, quhilk callyng tham selfis great Gentilmen spoyllis trauellaris, cadgearis, and chapmen by the way, and ransonis pure men about Ediburgh for xx. schillyng the heid, quhilk vice can not procede of vengeance of enemeis, but rather of loue and plesure in wickitnes. This kynde of men dois not onlie dishonour to Nobilitie in steillyng, and to theifis in pyrspyking, but also to the hole Nationn of Scotland, gaining opinnoun to strangeris, that sum of the Scottis be of sa law courage, that men amangis them aspiring, to the biest estait of a Kingdome, haue crouchit thame selfis in the mayst lawe ordor of knaifis.

¶ Now my Lordis ye may consider, how thay that slayis sa cruellie Kingis and thair Lieutennentis, will be merciefull to you, and quhen thay sall haue put you downe, that craifis reuenge of the Kingis blude, ye may vnderstand how few dar craif Iustice of your slaughter. Ye may se how cruell thay will be in oppressio of the poore, hauyng cut of you, quhilk beyng of mayst Nobill and potent housis of this Realme, suffiris throw your sleuthfulnes euery pairt of this countrie, to be maid worse then Liddisdaill, or Annanderdaill, and onlie suffiris the pyrspykaris of Cliddisdaill, to exercise thift and reif as a craft, but nurisis and authorisis amangis you, the chief counsallaris of all misordour, as ane Edder in your bosum. Of all this ye may lay the wyte on na vther but vpon your selfis, that haue sufficient power to repres thair insolencie and proudnes, hauyng in your hand the same wand that ye hane chaistisit tham with of befoir, for ye haue your protectour the same God this yeir, that was the yeiris bypast, vnchangeabill in his eternall counsallis, constant in promeis, potent in punising, and liberall in rewarding, ye haue your trew freindis and seruandis that wer with you of befoir, ye ar delyuerit of dissimulat brethren, that had thair bodyis with you, and thair hartis with your enemeis, that subscribit with you, and tuik remissioun of your aduersaris, that

stulde with you in battell, lurkyng for occasioun to betray you, had not God bene your protectour. Ye haue a great number of new friendis alienat from tham, for thair manifest iniquitie in deid, wickidnes in worde, and tresoun in hart, ye haue of the same enemeis that ye had then sa many, as hes thair hartis herdinnit, and thair myndis bent agaynst God and lawfull ingraitis, ye haue the same action, that ye had then, accumulat with recent murther and tresoun, to prouoke the ire of the eternall agaynst tham. How far God hath blinded tham, blind men may se, that hauyng sa euill ane actioun, and sa many enemeis at hame, yit be houndyng out of small tratouris of thair wickid conspyracie, men execrable to thair awin parentis, quhome amangis vtheris thay haue dineris tymes spoylit, be houndyng out I say of sic personis, to burne, murther, reif and steill. Thay prouoke the Quenis Maiestie of Ingland, to seik vengeance of thair oppressioun agaynst her Realme and subiectis, quhilk vengeance Iustice and honour craifis of hir sa instantlie, that sche can not ceis but persew tham, thair ressettaris and mantenaris, vntill sche gif sic exempill to vtheris, that althoght thay will not respect vertew, yit for fear of punitioun thay sall be content to lyue in peace with nightbouris, quhairin her heighnes hath alredy renewit the memorie of hir experimentit liberalitie, and tender loue to this Natioun, seikyng on hir proper charges and trauell of her subiects, the punitioun of sic, as we on our charges should haue punished, I mene not onlie of our Tratouris, but also ressettaris of hir Maiesteis Tratouris, and in doing of this seikis pacificatioun amangis tham that violatid peace with hir without prouocation, seueryng the punischement of sic as ar giltie in offendyng, from the subiectis that hes not violatid the peace. And as sche kepis peace and Iustice amangis hir awin subiectis in Ingland, sa vnrequyrit sche offerid support to the same end in Scotland, and not onlie geuis remeide to our present calamiteis, but cuttis the roote of troublis to cum, and preuenis the wickid counsall of sic, as prouokis

Inglismen, and sdistis Frenchmen to cum in this Reulme, to the end, that these twa Nationis enterit in barres, the ane agains the vther, thay may saciat thair cruell hartis of blude, thair obstinat will of vengeance, thair bottomles couatise of spoyle and thift.

Thairfoir seyng God haue sa blindit your enemeis wittis, my Lordis be in gude hope that he sall also cast the spreit of feir and disperatioun in thair indurat hartis, and prosper your gude actioun, to the quhilk he confortis you with his redy helpe, exhortis you by his worde, and constrainis you by the dewtie of your estait, and necessitie of preseruyng of your lyfis and honouris. For promeis beyng neglectit, faith violatid, subscriptioun set at noght, thair is na meane way left but outher to do or suffer, and seyng that baith ar miserabill amangis sic, as should be friendis, yit better it is to slay Iustlie the to be slayne wrangfullie. For the executioun of Iustice in punising the wickid is approuid by God and man, and sleuthfulnes in defence of Iustice can not be excused of tresoun. And besydes that God schawis him sa mercyfull and liberall to you, in sending you friendis by procuiring of your enemeis, also the persounnis maist recommenit of God craifis the same, for saikles blude, oppressioun of the pure, and of the fatherles, cryis continually to the heuin for auengeance, quhilk God committis to your handis as his Lieutennentis and speciall officiaris in that pairt, and euin as he rewairdis faith and diligence in obedience of his eternall will, sa he will not neglect to punische sleuthfulnes in iust executioun of his commandementis.

¶ Thairfoir my Lordis, as ye wald that God should remember on you and your posteritie, quhen thay sall call on him in thair necessitie, remember on your King our Souerane, and on my Lordis Regentis pupillis, committit to you in tutorie by the reason of your office and estait, anent persounis that are not in age nor power to helpe tham selfis and ar recommendit specially to all Christiannis by God in his holy Scripture, and de-

fend sic innocent creaturis, as may nouther do nor speike for them seltis, from the crueltie of vnmercyfull wolfis: neglect not the occasioun, nor refuse not the help sent to you by God, but recognose thankefullie his favour towardis you that causis your enemeis to procure you helpe, neglect not the offer of friendis. In cais gif ye lat slip this occasioun, ye sall craif it in vane in your necessitie. Thinke it na les prouidence of your heuinlie father, then if he had send you ane Legioun of Angellis in your defence, and remember that he schew him selfe neuer mair freindfull and succurable, to na pepill than he hath done to you, and traist weill if ye will perseueir, in obedience and recognocence of his grace he will multiplie his benefits to you and your posteritie, and sall neuer leif you, vntil ye forget him first.

FINIS.

The Editor has thus reprinted the whole of this curious pamphlet.

## HERO AND LEANDER.*

### *The Argument of the Sixth Sestyad.*

*" Leucote flies to all the winds,*
*And from the Fates their outrage blinds,*
*That Hero and her Loves may meet.*
*Leander, with Love's complete fleet*
*Mann'd in himself, puts forth to seas,*
*When straight the ruthless Destinies,*
*With Arte ill the winds to war*
*Upon the Hellespont: their jar*
*Drowns poor Leander. Hero's eyes,*
*Wet witnesses of his surprise,*
*Her torch blows out; grief casts her down*
*Upon her love, and both doth drown,*
*In whose just ruth the God of Seas*
*Transform'd them to th' Acanthides.*

No longer could the Day nor Destinies
Delay the Night, who now did frowning rise
Into her throne; and at her humorous breasts,
Visions and Dreams lay sucking: all men's rests
Fell like the mists of death upon their eyes,
Day's too long darts so kill'd their faculties.
The winds yet, like the flowers, to cease began;
For bright Leucote, Venus' whitest swan,
That held sweet Hero dear, spread her fair wings,
Like to a field of snow, and message brings
From Venus to the Fates, t' entreat them lay
Their charge upon the winds their rage to stay,

* See p. 347, for Sestyad V.

That the stern battle of the seas might cease,
And guard Leander to his love in peace.
The Fates consent, (aye me, dissembling Fates)
They shew'd their favors to conceal their hates,
And draw Leander on, least seas too high
Should stay his too obsequious destiny:
Who like a fleering slavish parasite,
In warping profit or a traitorous sleight,
Hoops round his rotten body with devotes,
And pricks his descant face full of false notes;
Praising with open throat, and oaths as foul
As his false heart, the beauty of an owl;
Kissing his skipping hand with charmed skips,
That cannot leave, but leaps upon his lips,
Like a cock-sparrow, or a shameless quean
Sharp at a red lipp'd youth, and nought doth mean
Of all his antick shews, but doth repair
More tender fewmes, and takes a scutter'd hair
From his tame subject's shoulder; whips and calls
For every thing he lacks; creeps 'gainst the walls
With backward humbless, to give needless way:
Thus his false fate did with Leander play.

First to black Eurus flies the white Leucote,
Born 'mongst the Negores in the Levant sea;
On whose curled head the glowing sun doth rise,
And shews the sovereign will of destinies,
To have him cease his blasts, and down he lies.
Next, to the fenny Notus course he holds,
And found him leaning with his arms in folds
Upon a rock, his white hair full of showers,
And him she chargeth by the fatal powers,
To hold in his wet cheeks his cloudy voice:
To Zephyr then that doth in flowers rejoice:
To snake-foot Boreas next she did remove,
And found him tossing of his ravish'd love.

To heat his frosty bosom hid in snow,
Who with Leucote's sight did cease to blow.
Thus all were still to Hero's heart's desire,
Who with all speed did consecrate a fire
Of flaming gums, and comfortable spice,
To light her torch, which in such curious price
She held, being object to Leander's sight,
That nought but fires perfum'd must give it light.
She lov'd it so, she griev'd to see it burn,
Since it would waste and soon to ashes turn:
Yet if it burn'd not, 'twere not worth her eyes,
What made it nothing, gave it all the prize.
Sweet torch, true glass of our society;
What man does good, but he consumes thereby?
But thou wert lov'd for good, held high, given show:
Poor virtue loth'd for good, obscur'd, held low,
Do good be [illegible], be deedless good, disgrac'd:
Unless we feed on men, we let them fast.
Yet Hero with these thoughts her torch did spend.
When bees make wax, Nature doth not intend
It shall be made a torch; but we that know
The proper virtue of it, make it so,
And when 'tis made, we light it: nor did Nature
Propose on life to maids, but each such creature
Makes by her soul the best of her true state,
Which without love is rude, disconsolate,
And wants love's fire to make it mild and bright,
Till when, maids are but torches wanting light.
Thus 'gainst our grief, not cause of grief we fight,
The right of nought is glean'd, but the delight.
Up went she, but to tell how she descended,
Would God she were not dead, or my verse ended.
She was the rule of wishes, sum and end,
For all the parts that did on love depend:

Yet cast the Torch his brightness further forth;
But what shines nearest best, holds truest worth.
Leander did not through such tempests swim
To kiss the Torch, altho' it lighted him:
But all his powers in her desires awaked,
Her love and virtues cloth'd him richly naked.
Men kiss but fire that only shews pursue,
Her Torch and Hero, figure, shew, and virtue.
Now at opposed Ab'dus nought was heard
But bleating flocks, and many a bellowing herd,
Slain for the nuptials; cracks of falling woods;
Blows of broad axes; pourings out of floods.
The guilty Hellespont was mix'd and stain'd
With bloody torrent, that the shambles rain'd
Not arguments of feast, but shews that bled,
Foretelling that red night that followed.
More blood was spilt, more honors were address'd,
Than could have graced any happy feast.
Rich banquets, triumphs, every pomp employs
His sumptuous hand: no miser's nuptial joys,
Air felt continual thunder with the noise
Made in the general marriage violence:
And no man knew the cause of this expence,
But the two hapless lords, Leander's Sire,
And poor Leander, poorest where the fire
Of credulous love made him most rich surmis'd,
As short was he of that himself he priz'd,
As is an empty gallant full of form,
That thinks each look an act, each drop a storm,
That falls from his brave breathings; most brought up
In our metropolis, and hath his cup
Brought after him to feasts; and much palm bears,
For his rare judgment in th' attire he wears,
Hath seen the hot low countries, not their heat,
Observes their rampires and their buildings yet.

And for your sweet discourse with mouths is heard,
Giving instructions with his very beard,
Hath gone with an ambassador, and been
A great man's mate in travelling even to *Rhene*,
And then puts all his worth in such a face,
As he saw brave men make, and strives for grace
To get his news forth; as when you descry
A ship, with all her sail contends to fly
Out of the narrow Thames with winds unapt,
Now crosseth here, then there, then this way wapt,
And then hath one point reach'd, then alters all,
And to a crooked reach doth fall
Of half a burdbolt's shoot; keeping more ongle
Than if she danc'd upon the Ocean's toile:
So serious is his trifling company
In all his swelling ship of vacuity.
And so short of himself in his high thought,
Was our Leander in his fortunes brought:
And in his fort of love that he thought won,
But otherwise, he scorns comparison.

O sweet Leander! Thy large worth I hide
In a short grave; ill favour'd storms must chide
Thy sacred favour; I, in floods of ink
Must drown thy graces, which white papers drink,
E'en as thy beauties did the foul black seas.
I must describe the hell of thy disease,
That heaven did merit: yet I needs must see
Our painted fools and cockhorse peasantry
Still still usurp, with long lives, loves, and lust,
The seats of virtue, cutting short as dust
Her dear bought issue; ill, to worse converts,
And tramples in the blood of all deserts.

Night close and silent now goes fast before
The captains and soldiers to the shore.

On whom attended the appointed fleet
At Sestus bay, that should Leander meet,
Who falned he in another ship would pass,
Which must not be, for no one mean there was
To get his love home, but the course he took.
Forth did his beauty for his beauty look,
And saw her thro' her Torch, as you behold
Sometimes within the sun a face of gold,
Form'd in strong thoughts, by that tradition's force,
That says a God sits there and guides his course.
His sister was with him, to whom he shew'd
His guide by sea: and said, Oft have you view'd
In one heaven many stars, but never yet
In one star many heavens till now were met.
See, lovely sister, see, now Hero shines,
No heaven but her appears: each star repines,
And all are clad in clouds, as if they mourn'd,
To be by influence of earth out-burn'd.
Yet doth she shine, and teacheth virtue's train,
Still to be constant in hell's blackest reign:
Tho' even the gods themselves do so entreat them,
As they did hate, and earth, as she would eat them.

Off went his silken robe, and in he leap'd,
Whom the kind waves so licorously cleap'd,
Thick'ning for haste, one in another so,
To kiss his skin, that he might almost go
To Hero's tower, had that kind minute lasted.
But now the cruel Fates with Até hasted
To all the winds, and made them battle fight
Upon the Hellespont, for either's right
Pretended to the windy monarchy.
And forth they brake, the seas mixt with the sky,
And tost distress'd Leander, being in hell,
As high as heaven: bliss not in height doth dwell.

The destinies sate dancing on the waves,
To see the glorious winds with mutual braves
Consume each other. O true glass, to see
How ruinous ambitious statists be
To their own glories! Poor Leander cried
For help to sea-born Venus; she denied
To Boreas, that for his Atthæas' sake,
He would some pity on his hero take,
And for his own love's sake, on his desires:
But Glory never blows cold Pity's fires.
Then call'd he Neptune, who thro' all the noise,
Knew with affright his rack'd Leander's voice,
And up he rose; for haste his forehead bit
'Gainst heaven's hard crystal; his proud waves he smit
With his fork'd sceptre, that could not obey;
Much greater powers than Neptune's gave them sway.
They lov'd Leander so, in groans they brake
When they came near him; and such space did take
'Twixt one another, loth to issue on,
That in their shallow furrows earth was shewn,
And the poor lover took a little breath;
But the curs'd Fates sat spinning of his death
On every wave, and with the servile winds
Tumbled them on him. And now Hero finds
By that she felt her dear Leander's state,
She wept and pray'd for him to every fate;
And every wind that whipt her with her hair
About the face, she kiss'd and spake it fair,
Kneel'd to it, gave it drink out of her eyes
To quench his thirst: but still their cruelties
E'en her poor Torch envy'd, and rudely beat
The 'bating flame from that dear food it eat;
Dear, for it nourish'd her Leander's life,
Which, with her robe she rescued from their strife:

But silk too soft was, such hard hearts to break;
And she, dear soul, e'en as her silk, faint, weak,
Could not preserve it; out, O out it went.
Leander still call'd Neptune, that now rent
His brackish curls, and tore his wrinkled face,
Where tears in billows did each other chase,
And (burst with ruth) he hurl'd his marble mace
At the stern Fates; it wounded Lachesis
That drew Leander's thread, and could not miss
The thread itself, as it her hand did knit,
But smote it full, and quite did sunder it.
The more kind Neptune rag'd, the more he rac'd
His love's lives for't, and kill'd as he embrac'd.
Anger doth still his own mishap increase;
If any comfort live, it is in peace.
O thievish Fates, to let blood, flesh, and sense,
Build two fair temples for their excellence,
To rob it with a poison'd influence.
Tho' souls' gifts starve, the bodies are held dear
In ugliest things; hence sport preserves a bear,
But here nought serves our turns: O heaven and earth,
How most most wretched is our human birth!
And now did all the tyrannous crew depart,
Knowing there was a storm in Hero's heart,
Greater than they could make, and scorn'd their smart.
She bow'd herself so low out of her tower,
That wonder 'twas she fell not ere her hour,
With searching the lamenting waves for him;
Like a poor snail, her gentle supple limb
Hung on her turret's top, so most downright,
As she would dive beneath the darkness quite,
To find her jewel: Jewel, her Leander,
A name of all earth jewels pleas'd not her
Like his dear name; Leander, still my choice,
Come nought but my Leander: O, my voice,

Turn to Leander! Henceforth be all grounds,
Accents, and phrases, that shew all griefs' wounds,
Analiz'd in Leander. O black change!
Trumpets, do you with thunder of your clange,
Drive out this changes' horror—my voice faints
Where all joy was, now shriek out all complaints.
Thus cried she; for her mix'd soul could tell
Her love was dead: and when the morning fell
Prostrate upon the weeping earth for woe,
Blushes that bled out of her cheeks did show,
Leander brought by Neptune, bruis'd and torn,
With cliffy rains he to rocks had worn;
To filthy usuring rocks, that would have blood,
Tho' they could get of him no other good.
She saw him, and the sight was such much more
Than might have serv'd to kill her; should her store
Of giant sorrows speak? Burst, die, bleed,
And leave poor plaints to us that shall succeed.
She fell on her love's bosom, hugg'd it fast,
And with Leander's name she breath'd her last.

Neptune for pity in his arms did take them,
Flung them into the air, and did awake them
Like two sweet birds, surnam'd the *Acanthides*,
Which we call *Thistle-warps*, that near no seas
Dare ever come, but still in couples fly,
And feed on thistle tops, to testify
The hardness of their first life in their last.
The first in thorns of love, that sorrows past,
And so most beautiful their colours shew,
As none (so little) like them; her sad brow
A sable velvet feather covers quite,
E'en like the forehead cloth that in the night,
Or when they sorrow, ladies us'd to wear.
Their wings blue, red, and yellow, like the tyre

Colours, that as we construe colours, paint
Their states to life, the yellow shews their saint;
The dainty Venus left them blue, their truth;
The red and black, ensigns of death and ruth.
And this true honor from their love death springs,
They were the first that ever Poet sung.

FINIS."

## MARKHAM'S DEVOREUX.

[See *Censura Literaria*, vol. iii. p. 306.]

As MARKHAM's *Devereux* is of much rarity, and as GUILPIN seems to be unknown as a poetical writer, except by the extracts borrowed from him in *England's Parnassus*, I subjoin a preliminary Sonnet, addressed "to his deere friend Jervis Markham."

"No longer let dismembred Italie
Think scorne of our (though dull, far colder) clime;
We are not so frost-bitten in the prime,
But blest from heaven with as great wealth as shee.
With all her cities shall one (our cittie)
Compare, for all the wealth of this rich time!
Thames shall with Po in wares, swans, musicke chime.
London with subtle Venice politicke.
Shee shall drop beauties with faire Genoa,
Though barren in true love as spring the forest;
But not with glorious Florence will they say,
So farre fetch'd for her wits thinn'st bred.
To that proud hag, thou Jesus! whose replie
Whose Muse in this vaine gives them all the lye.

E. GUILPIN."

In this place perhaps might suitably be introduced

*Sir Francis Drake, his honourable Life's Commendation, a Poem, by Charles Fitz-geffrey. Printed by Jos. Barnes, 1596.*"

12°.

I TRANSCRIBE his dedicatory Sonnet; which is elegantly tender, and gracefully diffident.

*To the beauteous and vertuous Lady Elizabeth, late Wife to the highlie renowned Sir Frangis Drake, deceased.*

"Divorc'd by death, but wedded still by love,
(For love by death can never be divorc'd)
Loe! England's dragon, thy true turtle-dove,
To neck his make is now again enforc'd.
Like as the sparrow, from the castrel's ire,
Made his asylum in the wise man's fist;
So he and I (his tongue-less man) doe require
Thy sanctuarie, envie to resist.
So may heroique *Drake*, whose worth gave wings
Unto my Muse, that nere before could flie;
And taught her tune those harsh discordant strings,
A note above her rural minstrelsie,
Live in himselfe, and I in him may live,
Thine eyes to both vitalitie shall give.

Your Ladiship's vertues' devoted
CHARLES FITZ-GEFFREY."

And here might be appended—

"*The Poem of Poems, or Sion's Muse. Containing the divine Song of King Solomon, devided into eight Eclogues. By J. M.* [probably Jervis Markham.] *Printed by James Roberts for Matthew Lownes, 1596.*"

I PROCEED to transcribe parts of the author's dedication, and his address to the reader, with his friend's complimentary verses to his patroness, as all are short, and all are interesting.

"*To the sacred Virgin, divine Mistress Elizabeth Sydney, sole Daughter and Heire of the ever admired Sir Philip Sydney.*

Bound to your eternall service, divinest of all virgin creatures! In honour of your renowned grandfather, to whom my name was ever immortallie obliged, &c. daine then, deare flower of deare virginitie! with gracious aspect to smile upon mine infant Muse's devotion, &c. When mine unfeathered Muse shall be impt by your graces, shee may straine her untuned numbers to sing of you and your adored father: whom heaven holds, to make happie her habitation; earth wants, to give wonder to her age; and men wishe, to make mightie their fortunes.

Happie inough, if I please inough.

J. M.

## "To the Readers.

Rapt in admiration, Gentlemen, with the excellency of our English Poets, whose wandred spirits have made wonderfull the workes of profane lyrik, I gave myself over to the study of inchanting poesie: in which I so much the more delighted my selfe, by how much the farther I found me from attaining the celestiall secrets of her soule-pleasing arte; and in that amazement, willinglie became an eternall prentise to the Muses. At length, finding Nature an enemy to mine arte, denying mee these affections, which in others make more than immortall the most earthly imaginations, I betooke mee to divinitie; in which, labouring my sonne-burnte conceits, I found poesie which I so much reverenced, created but a hand-maide to attend divinitie; and that as poesie gave grace to vulgar subj[illegible] so divinitie gave glorie to the best part of a poet's invention.

## "To his deare Mistris, Mistris Elizabeth Sydney.

All the world's glorie, and the earth's delight!
Created for to teach philosophie,
That there's a greater essence of more might
Than grandam Nature's old-taught deitie.
Looke on those lines, deere issues of a king,
The Song of Songs, that lent invention rise;
Which great Jehovah's querister did sing
Unto the spheaerie organ of the skies.
Learne not, but learne by this celestiall bride
To entertaine espoused happines;
Let not thy virgin taper ever bide
The mid-day sunne, to light true holines,
For though the world and all things fade away,
Thy vertues and this song shall nere decay.

# Biographiana.

## 12. *Dr. John Sharp, Archbishop of St. Andrews, barbarously murdered, May 3, 1679.*

A SCOTS Writer of the *History of the Sufferings of the Church of Scotland*, under the year 1666, writes thus:

"But were the sums exacted at this time; and the Collector of the Parliamentary fines, the formerly a person of a broken fortune, came to buy an estate, and to build a sumptuous house. Our managers thought to have divided these spoils among themselves. Each party when in power look'd on them all as their own: first Middleton and his dependents, who imposed them; and then Lauderdale and his party, who uplifted them. Nevertheless, both missed their aim, and Bishop Sharp outwitted them both; and within a little they were by the King's order applied to the payment of the army, which we shall hear was raised at his instance.

"When things are thus tending very fast towards confusion in the country, the Primate puts up to Court, and matches his hand in bringing matters to an open rupture. The High Commission was now dissolved; and in room of that, some other method must be fallen upon to advance his odious designs. No way was now left but that of violence, which was not disagreeable to his haughty and proud temper. Accordingly he proposeth a standing army in Scotland to bear down Presbyterians. The King is prevailed on to fall in with his proposals, and gives orders to levy an army for guarding the Prelates, executing arbitrary commands,

and supporting the fanatics. Thomas Dalziell of Binns is made General; a man naturally rude and fierce, who had this heightened by his breeding and service in Muscovy, where he had seen little but the utmost tyranny and slavery, &c.

"Mean while the Council are importuned by the Bishops to do something further in order to corrupt the youth. Accordingly upon the 8th of June I find this act in their books: *i. e.* that no scholars be admitted to Colleges or Universities, at least none be received to degrees, without first taking the oath of allegiance.

"No instances of these, or the like oaths being imposed in Scotland, but when Prelacy was in the Church.

"Unto this encroachment upon Universities I may add another upon Royal Burghs. Upon the 13th of Sept. the Council send a mission to the town of Air, signifying it is their pleasure that Provost Cunningham be continued this year also, as he was by their order the last; and it is signified to the town that obedience is expected. The Letter is signed *St. Andrews*, who always almost now presides in the Council.

"A Letter is sent down from the King to the Council, dated Oct. 1, no question procured by Bishop Sharp, if not drawn up by him. It is in all its contents almost inserted in the rigorous proclamation they published the 11th of the same month, intitled—*A Proclamation for procuring obedience to ecclesiasticall authority.*

"After the defeat of the Rebels at Pentland Hills, Bishop Sharp the President of the Council pushed violently the prosecution and execution of the Prisoners. And indeed his blood-thirsty temper at this time made him very odious. I am well informed that after some of them were condemned, and a few executed, a Letter came down from the King, discharging any more lives. This Letter came to the Primate as President, and ought by him to have been communicated to the Council: but the blood-thirsty man kept it up, till as many as he had a mind should die were dispatched. This foul act of his he was very justly twitted with by the persons who some years after took away his life; and when he cried pitifully for mercy, he was told, that as he never shewed mercy to others, so he was to expect none from them.

"This base breach of trust was of a piece with another step he took about this time, when the bounty people were rising in the South and West. He wrote up a letter to Lauderdale or Rothes, to be communicated to the King, wherein he signified that all went well in Scotland, and that every one was in his duty except the few Fanatics, who were in arms, whom he feared not. At the same time he wrote another letter to another Nobleman at Court, wherein he incited all the wrongs, scarce any were faithful to the King, and they were all sold. Both of the letters of the same date were read to the King, who now saw his dishonesty and double face; which he could never believe before, although he had several hints given him of it. After this I am told the King never gave him that credit he had with him before; and treated him very little [illegible]

"In 1681 the Primate had the impudence to say openly in Council, that his Majesty's government was by far in greater hazard from Presbyterians than Papists, and that it was his opinion the Council ought more narrowly to look to Presbyterian meetings, in which they smelt very stark, altho' the great danger lay there."

In the case of Samuel Keimer, who had been among the French Prophets, published London 1713, p. 56.

"In the year when Sir Richard Beachcroft was Lord Mayor, James Cunningham, Laird of Barnes, grandson to the Archbishop of St. Andrews in Scotland, who was murdered by twenty ruffians, a Scots prophet, came up to London, and was ordered to go to St. Paul's Cathedral, being told by the Spirit he should there prophesy. Accordingly he went the 6th of the 5th month, with several believers; and among the rest I went. No sooner had the Priest ended his sermon, and gave the blessing, as it is called, to the people, than up starts Jam. Cunningham, who was in a pew behind, himself under agitations, and with a very loud voice distinctly utters the following warning, which was taken down in writing by some believers, who placed themselves conveniently for that purpose.

*" Thus saith the Lord to the inhabitants of this city, Repent, repent, and turn from the evil of your doings," &c.*

One of the vergers fetches him out—the mob carried him before the Lord Mayor at Skinner's Hall, who bound him over to the quarter sessions," &c.

This Cunningham, as I have been told, was in his mother's womb in the coach out of which his grandfather was pluck'd, the same time he was murdered; and was a man well read; a good scholar; had been a traveller; of a sober life; and though a great prophet among us, yet took up arms for the person called the Pretender against K. George; was at the battle of Preston, and carried to Chester, and there died in prison.*

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13. *Dr. Hugh Williams, father of Sir William Williams, Speaker of the House of Commons, and ancestor of Sir Watkin Williams Wynne, died* 1670.

This Hugh was 2d son of William Williams of Chwaren Back, in Anglesey, Gent. by Margaret the daughter of John Owen of Llaenfaethly his wife, and was born at Chwaen in the parish of Llantrisant. He was one of Bishop Dolben's Chaplains; but was Rector of Llantrisant long before, being installed to it by Bishop Bailey the 8th of May, 1626. In Bishop Dolben's time he was first made Canon of Bangor, Jan. 4, 1632. He had the Prebend of Vaynol in St. Asaph Church, Oct. 2, 1633; and died at Nantenog, in the parish of Llantrisant, and was buried in the church there.*

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14. *Dr. Humphrey Henchman, Bishop of London, died in Oct.* 1675.

Bishop Humphries corrects A. Wood as to his birth place. He says he was born at Burton Latimer in Northamptonshire, in the house of Owen Owens, Rector of that place; his mother being sister to Mr. Owen's 2d wife, and daughter to Robert Grifith of Caernarvon, Esq.*

* Kennett's MSS.

## EXTRACTS FROM GEORGE WITHER'S IMPROVEMENT OF IMPRISONMENT, &c. 1661.

*(See p. 357, supra.)*

THE religious endurance of Wither, while a prisoner in Newgate, is thus strongly attested.

It seems hard usage (therefore) to be thrown
Into a jail: of all that was mine own
In my old age despoil'd; shut up alone;
Where, sick or well, attended on by none,
I must in longest night the hazards take
Of what may happen, sleeping or awake.
Not impudent enough to beg or borrow,
Nor having certainty of bread to-morrow,
If charity should fail: which is a case
Much worse than oft befalleth in this place
To thieves and murtherers:—yet this is not
Here mention'd, as repining at my lot;
For whereas I am only lodged there,
Where murtherers and thieves confined are,
The Son of GOD, who for my ransome dy'd,
Was 'twixt a thief and murtherer crucified.
And in my present sufferings I am eas'd,
By being well assur'd that GOD is pleas'd
With what befals: and that I shall at last
Be fill'd with sweetness by what had a taste

Of bitterness at first: and that, to them
Who me and my endeavours now contemn,
Things may hereafter profitable be,
Which are, at present, mischievous to me.

In the following lines he refers to an epigram before his *Vox Vulgi*, intended for the inspection of the Earl of Clarendon, then Lord Chancellor, but which was seized with his other papers, and not restored to him.

That Epigram did evidently shew
My Book designed for the private view
Of *Clarendon*, (suppos'd so wise and just,
That him the king is pleased to intrust
E'en with his conscience) to receive his doom
Before that forth in publick it should come.
Because that I was hopeful it might bring,
By means of him, some notions to the king.
Whereof his wisdom would have made some use
To further what shall to his weal conduce;
And if that Epigram concealed be,
It both dishonours him, and injures me.

At the close of this poem he delivers his political test and moral creed, as it respected human privileges and divine authority.

——Oblig'd is every one
To do what in his place is to be done,
That God's will (so far forth as power is given)
May here be done on earth as 'tis in heaven.
A safe condition they are always in,
Who trust not in their merits, hate their sin,
And their endeavours labour to improve
In faith and meekness, patience, hope, and love.

For privileges of the human nature
More sacred are, than those of any creature
Beneath the GODHEAD: and to all mankind
He is a traytor, who hath ought design'd
Against that interest; and therefore I
Vow, in defence thereof, to live and die.
I know the world; she also knows her own;
And we shall both, ere long, be better known:
Meanwhile, this my imprisonment, to me
Will my *teipsum nosce* prove to be.
This also, and what's formerly exprest
Of me, and of this age, will be a test.
Now I'le retire unto myself, and sing—
To GOD be glory, and GOD save the King!

After two metrical meditations, while in Newgate, there follows an "Antidote against Fear, composed upon the Citizens being unexpectedly in arms, Sept. 28, 1661, at night." It thus begins—

GOD keep all safe abroad! I'm in my bed,
And see no danger yet, or cause of dread.
EMANUEL my Protector is become;
He keeps all panick fears out of this room;
And, though the devil and my foes together
Confederated, they can bring none hither.

He proceeds in asserting the fortitude produced by integrity, much in the strain of a well known Ode of Horace.

He, that's a pious and an honest liver,
Needs not the Moor's bow, nor the Parthian's quiver;
Nor to be singly, much less double guarded:
For Innocence is by itself well warded.

He soon after heightens his antidote against the fear of man, by making it consist in the Fear of God, and the Love of God.

The love of God with filial fear begins,
And with a detestation of all sins.
The knowledge of our natural estate
In us desires to cure it will create.
The love of God in Christ, then, being known,
(And what, when we incurable were grown,
He hath done for us) will more love beget,
If we no false suggestions do admit:
That love will also daily stronger grow,
If we God's nature truly learn to know.
And if we love Him, we shall then believe Him,
In all his attributes due glory give him.
We then shall do, and not disputing stand
Of that which he forbids, or doth command:
But love him so, as having understood
That all his works and his commands are good;
So love Him, that we love his whole creation,
Nought hating, but what's his abomination.

He thus concludes this morally and spiritually animated exhortation.

Let us, in this our visitation-day,
Give ear unto God's voice whilst yet we may;
Not like brute beasts pursuing one another,
But, linking fast in charity together,
Be reconcil'd to God, with *loving awe*—
For that sums up the Gospel and the Law.
Do this---and if of ought you fearful be,
Let all that you can fear, fall upon me.

I pass over several intermediate pieces, to close my present paper and this article with the leading stanzas from "a penitential Hymn, composed by occasion of a dream, about midnight, Oct. 19, 1661." Its piety is truly christian.

My God! Thou didst awake me,
This night, out of a sad and fearful Dream,
That sensible did make me
Of sins, which heretofore small sins did seem.
And ere I perfect heed could take
Whether I slept or was awake,
He that is watching ev'ry hour
Whom he may mischief and devour,
Sought how he might thereby advantage make:
Rebuke him—for my dear Redeemer's sake!

Permit Thou no transgression,
Whereof I heretofore have guilty been,
Nor great nor small omission,
Which I forgotten have, or overseen,
(Either through want of penitence
Or of confessing my offence)
To rise against me, great or small;
For, Lord! I do repent them all:
And likewise (be it more or less)
Renounce all trust in my own righteousness.

Oh God! most kind, most holy!
Remember not the errours of my life:
Call not to mind my folly,
To add a new affliction to my grief.
World, flesh, and devil, my foes are;
And much more than my strength can bear;

On me they have already cast,
Unless that Thou compassion hast.
Oh! throw my sins out of thy sight therefore,
That they may not be seen or heard of more.

My soul doth now abhor them:—
Thine only Son hath, with his precious blood,
Made satisfaction for them.
Thou didst accept it:—I believe it good.
And therefore tho' they sometimes make
My heart to tremble and to ake,
My soul is confident—they pard'ned are,
As if they ne're committed were.
Confirm it so—that, sleeping and awake,
Sweet rest in thee I may for ever take.

Dear God of my salvation!
Preserve me, by thy love and mighty pow'r,
From perilous temptation,
In weal and woe, and at my dying hour.
Me let Thy guardian angels keep,
When I do wake, and while I sleep,
From shame without, and fear within,
From evil thoughts and actual sin;
That friends and foes, and every one may see—
No man in vain doth put their trust in Thee!*

¶

* The Editor begs to add the testimony of his own admiration of these affecting passages. He indulges a faint hope that the Poet's fame may still rise again to the mark it had attained, while his youthful genius was yet in blossom.—Let the reader peruse the *Fidelia*, of which a new edition has appeared in 12mo. within these few days.

*To the Editor of Restituta.*

SIR,

ENTHUSIASTICALLY admiring the strains of our elder bards, it would be impossible for me not to reap peculiar gratification from the perusal of your very interesting work, the "RESTITUTA," in which so many of their productions are rescued from the obscurity in which they have so long and undeservedly laid, and are brought to light. I know not, Sir, whether you ever accept of contributions to this elegant and justly esteemed publication, or whether you reserve entirely to yourself the task (if such it can be called) of filling its pages; but, grateful for the pleasure they have afforded me, and desirous of evincing my obligation, I have ventured to transcribe a few extracts from a little poem which I picked up by chance on a stall of old books in London, thinking it might have escaped your research.

The title page of this little volume runs thus:—

"*The ⌘ Court Concert, ⌘ or, a ⌘ sincere Sorrow for Sin, faithfully ⌘ traversed, ⌘ expressing the Dignity of a ⌘ true Penitent. ⌘*

"*Drawn in little by one, whose manifold misfortunes abroad have rendered him necessitated to seek for shelter here, by dedicating himself and this said small Poem. ⌘ By H. A. Gent. ⌘*

"*Printed for the Author.*"

No date or printer's name.—B. L.

The Author appears not to have determined whom he should dedicate his book to, previous to the printing of it, for at the head of the epistle dedicatory is printed

" *To the honoured*

[then underneath is *written*, in black letter, probably by the Author himself]

" Edmund Prideaux, Esq.

" Sir,

[then follows the epistle, *printed*, the whole of which I shall transcribe, as it gives some account of the author.]

" The author's condition being at present on a level, and the basis of his former fortune overthrown, to get clear of the dilemma, and prevent his future interment in the ruins, humbly takes leave to dedicate this small poem (the offspring of a pendyless Muse) to your kind acceptance; having nothing in this iron age, wherewithal to support him, but a feeble quill. He knows it is not practicable to trade for wealth in the Poet's territories; he might as well depend on the wheel of fortune for a benefit, which only turns to the advantage of her favourites, than fish for pearl in the Muses' Helicon, where are only wrecks, and no riches: he has only play'd a little about the brink; which, if not well done, is submitted to correction: but, believing the spirit of goodness and true humility resides in your generous breast, as a rich gem in a noble cascate, he is encourag'd to lay this aforesaid brat at your hospitable gate; for they whose estimate of men and things proceed not from a blind and popular applause, live up most near the example of our Saviour, who, when on earth, declin'd the conversation of a proud Tetrarch, for that of a poor leper, and valu'd more

the holy acts of an humble fisher, than all the great and heroick deeds of an haughty Cæsar.

I am your honour's
most dutiful servant,
HENRY ANDERSON."

The Poem opens with the following lines.

"Deluding world, which hath so long amus'd,
And with false shapes my dreaming soul abus'd:
Tyrannick court, where simple mortals buy,
With life and fortune, splendid slavery;
Henceforth adieu; my goodly stock of years,
Laid out for that, I now lament with tears.
Monarchs, who with amazing splendour glare,
And favourites, who their reflections are;
Both shine, 'tis true, but tis like glass they do;
Brittle as that, and made of ashes too:
The hour is set, wherein they must disown
The Royal Pomp, the Treasure, and the Throne:
The dazzling lustre of majestic state
Shall be extinguish'd by the hand of Fate:
Highness must stoop into the hollow grave,
And keep sad court in a cold dampish cave.
Beauty and jovial youth decays apace;
Age still and sickness oft doth both deface:
The favourite, whom all adore and fear,
Whose strength doth so unshakeable appear,
Is but a tower built on flitting sands,
No longer than the tempest sleepeth, stands:
Nor can the calm of fortune long insure;
Or monarch's favour crazy man secure:
We moulder of ourselves, and soon, or late,
We must resign beloved life to fate.

From stately palaces we must remove,
The narrow lodging of a grave to prove:
Leave the fair train, and the light-guilded room,
To lye alone, benighted in the tomb.
God only is immortal: man not so;
Life to be paid, upon demand, we owe.
The rigid laws of fate with none dispence,
From the least beggar to the greatest prince.
The crooked scythe, that no distinction knows,
Monarchs, and slaves, indifferently mows.
One day we'd pity those we now admire,
When after all the glory they acquire;
When after all the conquests they have made,
Fierce Death their lawrels in the dust hath laid."

The Poet then goes on to shew, that God alone should engross the whole of our love; and that, while we revere kings, we must not forget to pay homage to God, whose vicegerents they are. Setting forth then the folly of seeking the smiles of Princes, so difficult to be obtained, and so easily changed into frowns, and shewing how little is necessary to find favour with God, even simple innocence alone, the Author thus encourages us to repair to his court.

"His bounty, like his treasure's, unconfin'd,
By giving, still to give the more inclin'd.
Come, then, and crowd into his Royal Court,
And to the source of Goodness all resort.
Love Him, whose goodness words cannot express;
And whose all-flowing bounty is not less.
Lift up your reason then, and have a care,
No foolish worldly baubles enter there:
With such precaution you'll acquire his grace,
And purchase in his glorious Court a place.

Where you will bless the day you first awoke,
The happy time in which your slumber broke:
Crowds of all blessings will your heart invade,
And your fresh blooming joys will never fade."

Descanting upon the security which we should thus be placed in, and contrasting it with the fear which ever reigns in the courts of princes, where

"An angry word, a slight, a gloomy frown,
Will be enough to cast a courtier down."

And after again shewing the easiness of God's service, the Poet continues—

"Of monarchs, he to Him is great alone,
Who to himself becomes a little one.
The only greatness which poor man can have,
Is to be here his Great Redeemer's slave.
That king that doth not heav'n's just King obey,
A traitor is himself to majesty.
The simple shepherd, who with chaste desires,
And cheerful innocence to heav'n aspires:
The honest, painful labourer, who sweats
From morn to night, to get the bread he eats;
If he serves heaven, is indeed more great
Than kings, with all their pride and purple state.
Thrice brave those monarchs who had dar'd to fly
From all the alluring charms of majesty;
* * * * * *
Thrice blest are those, who fled from being great,
From courts, to suffer cottages retreat:
Heav'n kindly doth their humble thoughts defeat;
For greatness, while they strive to shun, they meet.
They are made great, and [far?] more glorious kings,
By being just, than by all earthly things.

Ah! how we win, in losing for our God;
While heav'n is gain'd for a poor sorry clod
Of earth: when for a short grief, here endur'd,
We are of everlasting joys assur'd:
Since for one pleasure, we refuse our sence,
We shall have millions for our recompence.
Poor abus'd men, unlucky flock, that stray
Without the shepherd, void of the right way.
Unthinking souls, that perish with delight,
Which all the threats of heaven cannot affright.
For sure *those pains*, which doth on sin attend,
Pain which begins, but never must have end:
The immaterial fire that burneth still,
But to their great misfortune cannot kill:
The Devil's dungeons, [and] all sorts of pain,
Which human fortitude cannot sustain,
Might (one would think) men's brutish courage shake,
And in our souls a noble fear awake."

"And if this fear will not prevent us from committing sin, at least let the love of Jesus dissuade us from it," says the Poet. He then contrasts the law of Jesus with the laws of the world.

"— i' th' world, a hundred laws there be,
Void of all sense, but full of tyranny;
Where foppish form our liberty restrains,
And cripples us with false fantastic chains:
You must pretend to love whom you detest;
Fawn on the great one when by him opprest;
With sneering praise guild o're his blackest crimes,
And all those humours which debauch the times:
Mask your displeasure with a smiling face,
And swear you're highly pleas'd with your disgrace:
Triumph in shew, when you are overthrown,
And all your discontents and griefs disown;

Cutting off quite (with base uneasy art)
The honest commerce of the mouth and heart.
O shameful slavery of poor mankind,
Unworthy of a man, or christian mind;
Instead of Christ, whom we should always own,
False tyranny and passion we enthrone;
Cringing to those that from all virtue run,
To serve a thousand masters in their turn.
The crowded way of vice cou'd never show
Such pleasure, *which* true virtue doth bestow:
From innocence, a native joy accrues;
But wracking sorrow, always guilt pursues:
The ill man's never quiet, nor content;
The good is full of cheer, though penitent;
His inward calm upon his brow appears,
And halcyon like, no blust'ring storm he fears.
Him* all the turns of Fate's prepar'd to find,
Meets frowns and favours with an equal mind.
If sickness warns him of approaching death;
Or fortune robs him of his worldly wealth,
It cannot his unshaken courage move,
Who, above earth, hath plac'd in heav'n his love:
His health, his riches, and his sole delight,
Is sure to serve his God with all his might;
And that great Master faithfully to trace,
Whose death was triumph, pleasure a disgrace:"

Here the Poet breaks out into a rapturous eulogium of the cross, and Christ's sufferings, which I shall not transcribe, as it is unworthy of the subject. He then enumerates the mercies of God towards him, and his ingratitude, lamenting his folly in having so long courted the great.

"For what avails a mitre, or a crown,
Or all that here a man can call his own?

* Sic.

Those whom our fawning flatterers call great;
Whom baser mankind prostrate at their feet,*
In the divine, eternal glass appear,
As little as the meanest mortal here.—
When the eye in darkness sets,† and life's fire
With the ice of death, in sorrow doth expire:
What matters gold, by some men so ador'd?
What pleasure will a starry crown afford?
This garb ill fits a pale and lifeless head,
And that bright metal shines not to the dead;
Corruption then will not forbear its prey,
For fear of dead and helpless majesty;
Nor will the lustre which amaz'd poor man,
Dazzle the legions of bold vermin then:
Alas! there's no distinction in the grave
Between the greatest king, [and?] meanest slave.
All flesh is there unto one chang'd destin'd,
And leaves all worldly goods and fame behind.
But different fates the righteous souls attend,
From theirs that here doth make a wicked end.
Those of the good to heav'n's great King repair,
The unknown pleasures of his court to share,
In peace and glorious triumph to enjoy
The fruit of their laborious victory.
But those who lodg'd in bodies did defy,
With [unrepented crimes] the Deity,‡

* This line should run thus perhaps:

Who prostrate baser mankind at their feet.

† [When sets the eye in darkness?]

‡ This line, in the copy I have of the *Court Convert*, has been cut off in the binding; the tops of some of the letters however remain, and I can almost with certainty decipher the three words not enclosed in brackets; the others appearing to correspond with the marks remaining, and with the distance between the words which could be ascertained, I have ventured to supply the deficiency.

Condemned to chains, and hopeless of relief,
Die to all bliss, but ever live to grief.
It is a doleful scene to see base man
Provoke his patient Maker all he can;
Shun happiness, so easy to be won,
And take a world of pains to be undone;
Even employ his whole life long to buy
A wretched right to endless misery."

I shall here close my extracts from this little Poem, which finishes with an expression of the Author's gratitude to the Saviour for having delivered him from the court and the world, and declaring his readiness to relinquish every thing, even life, for the service of God.

The passages which I have selected from this little Poem are the only ones which appeared to me to possess any merit; and in transcribing them I have scrupulously adhered to the text, enclosing in brackets, with a note of interrogation, such amendments as seemed necessary from misprints.

I had almost forgotten to mention the size of the volume in question: it is an 18mo. and contains twenty-three pages, besides the title page, and one for the epistle dedicatory. The first page of the poem, however, is marked 9, and from that the pages are numbered in regular succession to 32, when the poem ends. You will probably smile, Sir, at my particularity in stating these trifling circumstances, but I thought it better to run the risk of writing *more* than was necessary, than to omit any thing which might be desired by writing *less*.

Who the Author of the *Court Convert* and his Patron were, I know not but by their names.

*Two Bookes of Epigrammes and Epitaphs. Dedicated to two top branches of Gentry: Sir Charles Shirley, Baronet, and William Davenport, Esquire. Written by Thomas Bancroft.*

*London: printed by I. Okes, for Matthew Walbancke, and are to be sold at his shop in Grayes-Inne-gate.* 1639.

8vo.

EXTRACTS FROM THE FIRST BOOK OF EPIGRAMS,

*Dedication to Sir Charles Shirley, Baronet.*

"This verse (whose Author was so near you bred)
Seems to run straight to you for patronage,
As to a brave bud, that hath promised
The fruit of honour in maturer age:
Deign then these leaves to sweeten with your spring's
Faire growth, and listen whilst a black-bird sings.

II.

*To the Reader.*

Reader, till *Martial* thou hast well survey'd,
Or *Owen's* wit with *Johnson's* learning weigh'd,
Forbear with thankeless censure to accuse
My writ of errour, or condemn my Muse.

III.

*To the Same.*

Though Epigrams be but a curter kind
Of satyrs, striking on as sharpe a string,
To dysticks or tetrasticks do not bind
My free-borne Muse, for youth would have his swing.

IV.

*To his Booke.*

Deare issue, some thy name that view'd,
Did from rash premises conclude,
That, through suffusion of thy gall,
Thy parts would prove ictericall;
And that (wrapt up in sheets unclean)
With scurrile rhymes and jests obscene,
Thou would'st prophane a good man's ear:
But, as thou art to virtue dear,
Such lewd licentious tricks defy,
And cheat such censures honestly.

V.

*On the Spheares.*

What are those ever-turning heavenly spheares,
But wheels, that from our cradles to our urns,
Wind up our threads of life, that hourely weares?
And they that soonest dye have happiest turnes.

## VI.

### *On several Countries.*

In several figures several regions are
Cast and describ'd, some round, some angular:
So Ireland's form is oval: Britain takes
The threat'ning semblance of a sharp'ned axe,
Where-with large France seems hewn into a square:
And to an oxe's hyde we Spain compare:
But Nature well brave Italy doth shew,
Like a swift leg, that far with Fame doth go.

## VII.

### *On cracking of Nuts.*

Much cracking hurts the teeth, but to the tongue
The bragging humour does a deeper wrong.

## VIII.

### *On Thomas Randall.*

Who know not this brave sparke of Phœbus? Whose
Both life and learning might detraction pose,
Save only that he drank too greedily
O' th' Muses spring, and left the Sisters dry;
Who smiling therefore, gave the Fates command
His body to convert to pearly sand,
And strew it in their Fountain, there to shine
Like his clear thoughts, and make their draught divine.

IX.

*To a Glazier shrewdly married.*

Of glass and lead, woman and weighty care,
Thou hast enough, and some perhaps to spare;
Yet break thou wilt, nor can thy brittle trade
Long hold, now *quarrels* are so rashly made.

X.

*Of the Earth.*

Those that make earth a living monster, whose
Breath moves the ocean, when it ebbs and flows,
Whose warts are rugged hills, whose wrinkles vales,
Whose ribs are rocks, and bowels, minerals,
What will they have so vast a creature eat,
Sith sea too salt, and aire's too windy meat?

XI.

*A drunken Brabler.*

Who only in his cups will fight, is like
A clock that must be oyl'd well, ere it strike.

XII.

*An Epitaph on his Father and Mother, buried near together in Swarston Church.*

Here lies a pair of peerless friends,
Whose goodness, like a precious chain,

Adorn'd their souls in lives and ends;
Whom when detraction self would staine,
She drops her tears instead of gall,
And helps to mourn their funerall.

## XIII.

### *To James Shirley.*

James, thou and I did spend some precious years
At Katherine-Hall; since then, we sometime feel
In our poetick braines, as plaine appears,
A whirling trick, then caught from Katherine's wheel.

## XIV.

### *Usurer.*

He puts forth money as the hangman sowes
His fatal hempe-seed, that with curses grows:
So grows his damn'd wealth in the Devil's name,
That doth in Hell the harvest-home proclaim;
For which deep reason my poor Muse prefers
This suite, that Poets ne're prove usurers.

## XV.

### *An Epitaph on Mistress Anne Knyveton.*

Here hidden lies dear treasure under ground,
Blest Innocence, with budding virtue crown'd;

That like a taper on some altar fir'd,
Shone fairly forth, and sweetly so expir'd.
Expecting here, in darksome shade of night,
A rising sun, that brings eternal light.

## XVI.

### *Another, on the Same.*

Gentle friends, with tears forbear
To drown a wither'd flower here,
That, in spring of nature's pride,
Drank the morning dew and dy'd.
Death may teach you here to live,
And a friendly call doth give
To this humble house of mine:
Here's his inn, and this the sign.

## XVII.

### *To Thomas Pegge, Gentleman.*

Methinks I may to sugar and to wine
Our loves compare, which kind discourses mixt:
Since when, that heart that totally was mine,
Hath in your bosom's paradise been fixt.
What wonder then my friendship's force doth last
Firm to your goodness? you have *pegg'd* it fast.

## XVIII.

*To an Eunuch.*

Thou still art wrestling, yet the fall dost get,
As ships that want their ballast, over-set.

## XIX.

*Against Drunkenness.*

Of all soule-sicknesses that mortals have,
This falls the heaviest, quenching many a brave
Young spark, yet kindling lust's unhallow'd fire.
Sweet friends, that to the two-topt mount aspire,
Of noble art and honour, to the ditch
Of base contempt, tumble this loathed witch,
That worse than Circe, with a cup doth sack
The fort of reason, and sound senses crack.
For who, not frantick, would diseases buy
At a lame rate, or thirst for poverty?"

## EXTRACTS
## FROM LACHRYMÆ LACHRYMARUM, 1613.

*Upon the unseasonable times that have followed the unseasonable death of my sweete master, Prince Henry, by J. Hall.*

" Fond vulgar, canst thou thinke it strange to find,
So watery water, and so wastefull winde?
What other face could nature's age become,
In looking on great Henry's herse and toome?
The world's whole frame, his part in mourning beares:
The windes are sighes: the raine is heaven's teares:
And if these teares be rife, and sighes be strong,
Such sighs, such teares, to these sad times belong.
These show'rs have drown'd all hearts: these sighs did make
The church, the world, with griefs, with tears to shake.
Weep on, ye heav'ns; and sigh as ye begon:
Men's sighes and teares are slight, and quickly done.

*Of the Rainbowe, that was reported to be seen in the night, over St. James's, before the Prince's death; and of the unseasonable winter since, by J. Hall.*

Was ever mighty Rainbowe seen?
Did ever winter mourne in greene?
Had that long Bowe been bent by day,
That chased all our clouds away:
But now that it by night appeares,
It tells the deluge of our teares.
No marvell rainbowes shine by night,
When suns yshorne do lose their light.

Iris was wont to be of old
Heaven's messenger to earthly mold;
And now she came, to bring us down
Sad newes of Henry's better crowne.
And as the Easterne star did tell
The Persian sages of that cell,
Where Sion's King was borne, and lay;
And over that same house did stay:
So did this westerne breeze descry
Where Henry prince of men should die.
Lo there this arch of heavenly state
Rais'd to the triumph of his fate;
Yet, rais'd in dark of night to showe
His glory should be with our woe.
And now, for that men's mourning weed,
Reports a griefe, not felt indeed;
The winter weeps, and mournes indeed,
Though clothed in a summer weed.

*To Master Joshua Sylvester.*

I dare confesse, of Muses more than nine,
Nor list, nor can I envi none but thine.
She's drench't alone in Sion's sacred spring,
Her Maker's praise hath sweetly chose to sing,
And reacheth neerest th' Angels' notes above,
Nor lists to sing, or tales, or wars, or love.
One while I finde her in her nimble flight,
Cutting the brazen spheares of heaven bright,
Thence rushing downe through native's closet dore,
She ransacks all her Grandame's secret store,
And diving to the darknesse of the deepe,
Sees there what wealth the waves in prison keep,

And, what shee sees above, below, between,*
Shee showes and sings to other's ears and eyes.
'Tis true; thy Muse another's steps doth presse.
The more's her paine; nor is her praise the lesse.
Freedome gives scope unto the roving thought,
Which by restraint is curb'd. Who wonders ought
That feete unfett'red, walken far, or fast,
Which pent with chaines, more want their wonted haste.
Thou follow'st *Bartasse's* diviner straine;
And sing'st his numbers in his native veine.
*Bartas* was some French angel, girt with bayes,
And thou a *Bartas* art, in English layes.
Whether is more? mee seems the sooth to sayn,
One Bartas speakes in tongues, in nations twain.

JOS. HALL.

Other poems by Bishop Hall occur in *Carmen Funebre Caroli Horni*, 1596, and in funeral verses upon the death of Sir Edward Lewkenor and his Lady, 1606. An encomiastic epigram by him is prefixed to Greenham's works, 1601; and verses *In Autorem* before Bishop Bedell's *Tale of the Powder Plot.*

¶

* Qu. the transcript here? *Editor.*

## VERSES PREFIXED TO

*" The Wil of Wit, Wit's Wil, or Wil's Wit, chuse you whether. Containing five discourses, the effects whereof follow. Reade and iudge. Newly corrected and amended; being the fift time imprinted. Compiled by Nicholas Breton, Gentleman.*

*Non hà, che non sà.*

*London, printed by Thomas Creede,* 1606."

4to.

*Ad Lectorem, de Authore.*

What shall I say of gold, more than 'tis gold?
Or call the diamond more than precious?
Or praise the man with praises manifold,
When of himselfe himselfe is vertuous?
Wit is but Wit, yet such his wit and will,
As proves ill good, or makes good to be ill.

Why, what's his wit? proved, and aske his will.
Why, what's his will? reade on, and learne of Wit.
Both good I gesse, yet each a severall ill.
This may seeme strange to those that heare of it.
Nay, nere a whit: for vertue, many waies,
Is made a vice,—yet vertue hath her praise.

Wherefore, O Breton! worthy is thy worke
Of commendations, worthy to the worth:
Sith captious wittes in every corner lurke,
A bold attempt it is to set them forth
A forme of wit—and that of such a sort
As none offends—for all is said in sport.

And such a sport, as serves for other kinds,
Both young and old, for learning, armes, and love.
For ladies' humors, mirth with none he findes,
With some extreames their patient mindes to prove.
Well, BRETON! write in hand, thou hast the thing,
As when it comes, love, wealth, and fame will bring.

W. S.

The three following are taken from this Tract.

*A Song betweene Wit and Will.*

*Wit.* What art thou, Will? *W.* A babe of nature's broode.
W. Who was thy syre? W. Sweet lust, as lovers say.
W. Thy mother who? W. Wilde, lustie, wanton blood.
W. When wert thou born? W. In merrie moneth of May.
W. And where brought up? W. In schoole of little skill.
W. What learn'dst thou there? W. Love is my lesson still.

*The Song between Miserie and Care.*

*Mis.* What art thou, Care? *C.* A secret skil unseene.
M. Who was thy syre? C. Sound Wisdome. M. Mother who?
C. Devise. M. And who thy nurse? C. Delight, I weene.
M. When wert thou born? C. In harvest. M. What to do?
C. To worke. M. With whom? C. With Wit and honest Will.
M. What worke? C. In paine—to gleane the good from ill.

*The Song of Care.*

Come, all the world, submit yourselves to Care,
And him acknowledge for your chiefest king;

With whom no king or keisar may compare,
Who beares so great a sway in every thing.
At home, abroad, in peace, and eche in warre,
Care chiefly stands, to either make or marre.

The court he keepes, is in a wise conceit,
His house a head, where reason rules the wit;
His seate, the heart, that hateth all deceit;
His bed, the braine, that feeles no frantick fit:
His diet is the cates of sweete content,
Thus is his life in heavenly pleasure spent.

His kingdome is the whole world round about;
Sorrow his sword, to such as do rebell:
His counsaile, wisdom, that decides each doubt;
His skill, foresight of things to come to tell:
His chief delight is studies of devise,
To keepe his subjects out of miseries.

Oh, courteous king! oh, high and mightie Care!
What shall I write in honour of thy name?
But to the world, by due desert declare
Thy royall state, and thy immortal fame.
Then so I end, as I at first begun,
Care is the king of kings, when all is done.

" *The Garden of Prudence, wherein is contained a patheticall Discourse and godly Meditation, most briefiie touching the vanities of the World, the calamities of Hell, and the felicities of Heaven. You shall also find planted in the same divers sweet and pleasant Flowers, most necessarie and comfortable both for body and soule.*

" *Printed at London by Richard Johnes, at the signe of the Rose and Crowne, next above S. Andrewes Church in Holborne, 1595.*"

8vo. 5 sheets.

THIS mixture of prose and rhyme is inscribed to Anne Countesse of Warwick, by Bartholomew Chappell: the man, as Ritson* thinks probable, who had some poetical altercation with Thomas Camel, who was himself engaged in a concurring controversy with Churchyard, the old court-poet. From an inspection of the strange metrical jingle which took place between the above parties, I doubt whether " Goodman *Gefferay Chappell* of Whipstable" was more than a fabricated designation; and, if a real one, I doubt again, whether it was likely to apply to *Bartholomew Chappell*, who published this little moral work forty-three years afterward.

The title-page of his volume will sufficiently convey the nature of Chappell's publication. His preface invites the reader to mark, with all diligence, the sweet

* See *Bibliographia Poetica*, p. 157.

flowers which he shall find to adorn this little garden, and regard not the slender workmanship of the unskilful gardener; but weigh in the balance of deep discretion the singular virtues and divine operations both of the plants, herbs, and flowers, inserted in the same. After twenty-eight pages of verse, there follows "a prayer to eschewe worldly vanities:" another, "to escape the calamities of hell:" and a third, "to attaine heavenly felicities." These are followed by sentences selected from Scripture, from the Fathers, and from the Grecian and Roman philosophers, forming the most valuable portion of this scarce relique; which is considered by its author as unique. The commentators on Shakspeare may add to their notes on *Romeo and Juliet*, that "*griping grief*" occurs more than once among the metre, of which a few lines may furnish a sufficient sample.

"The roaring sea doth fret and fume;
her waves she flings above the land;
She shewes all things are out of tune,
she cries — 'God's day is nigh at hand.'
The earth of late hath shakt herself,
as wearie of her sinfull burne;*
Which is ourselves with worldly pelfe;
but oh! thereby we are forlorne.
Of late she swallowed in her gulfe
twelve thousand out of London towne,
By sudden plague,† like ravening wolfe,
Yet are our hearts not once pluckt down.
* * * * * *

* A contraction for *burden*.

† In the year 1594.

O man? to thee now must I call,
the end where first I did begin,
That joyes, that blisse, that paine and thrall,
may keep thy soule and mind from sin.
Thy heart will melt, on them to thinke,
if any grace in thee remaine;
And from all filthy sinfull sinke
thy heart and hand thou wilt refraine.
When grisly death doth thee assault,
it is too late for to amend:
Wherefore in time confess thy fault,
and God to please see thou intend.
For when this life is gone and past,
there is no cure for any sinne;
Then as we are, so shall we last,
in joy or paine, as we begin."

¶

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"*Hebdomada Sacra: a Weekes Devotion: or seven poeticall Meditations upon the second Chapter of St. Matthewes Gospel. Written by Roger Cocks.*

"*At London, imprinted by Felix Kingston, for Henry Seile, and are to be sold at his shop in St. Pauls church-yard, at the signe of the Tyger's head,* 1630."

Small 8vo. 78 pages.

THIS little volume is dedicated to

*"The right honorable James, Lord Strange.*

Poetry, noble Lord, in these loose times,
Wherein men rather love than loath their crimes,
If hand in hand with Piety she goe,
(Though without blushing she her face may show)
Finds but cold welcome. Such things only take
As flatter Greatnesse, or fond Fancie make
A baud to base delight: yet graver eyes
No sacred lines, though rudely drawne, despise;
And such are yours. Upon this worke of mine
Vouchsafe to let them fall, or rather shine;
With kind acceptance do but daigne to grace it,
And Envie shall want power to deface it."

From a short address to the reader, it appears that the author, though no profest poet, was a profest preacher.* For this he probably was well fitted; nor for the poetic character was he unqualified, as the following lines may attest, in his first canto intituled Sunday's meditation.

"If in two kingdoms, suppose Spaine and France,
Which long in hostile manner did advance

* Reader, my fortunes are so meanely friended,
I come into thy presence uncommended:
Nor would I have thee for encouraging looke,
Or frontispiece, farre better than the booke.
My veine is not so high to be commended,
Nor yet to low but it may be defended
By one sole Patron. Some that carp, will gather
This is no poem, but a sermon rather:
But let them know who thus severely note it,
No profest Poet, but a Preacher wrote it.

Armes against armes; [if] one king's eldest sonne
Marries the other's daughter, warres are done;
And they which earst contended eagerly,
Now meet in love, and feast in royalty.
So stood the case with us: by fair pretence
Malicious Satan made man to commence
A warre with God, a warre that would have wrought
His endlesse ruin, had not mercie sought
A meanes to settle peace—the only Son
Of the Almightie, when he did put on
That veile of flesh, did by it fast combine
Our humane nature to his owne divine,
And made a reconcilement, which no power
Can breake or time weare out, though every howre
Satan attempt new practises, and Hell
Spit out her rankest venome, to expell
Man from his Maker's favour; but her spite
Falls on her head redoubled, while delight
Crownes our desires: such happy union 'gan
The blest Messias make 'twixt God and man."

¶

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*To the Editor of Restituta.*

"SIR,

THE following short Poem, being perhaps not possessed by many of the literati, may, from its uncommon merit, receive a place in the interesting pages of RESTITUTA.

In the commencement of the sixteenth century, when literature was beginning to emerge from barba-

rism, it is not surprising that many excellent works of writers of that period should, merely from their *appearance* of uncouthness, be rejected by the modern searcher after refined phraseology: the enclosed sweet little Poem, however, though produced in an age when ruggedness and asperity were the chief characteristics of the language, abounds in versification full of smoothness and harmony, where the soul of the Poet bursts into wild and beautiful exuberance, and breathes occasionally sentiments of grandeur, simplicity, and nature.

This Poem was written by WILLIAM DUNBAR; and, as he himself tells us, was completed on the 9th of May, 1503, and is esteemed the most excellent of all his pieces. It is called THE THRISSIL AND THE ROSE, and was occasioned by the nuptials of James IV. of Scotland, and Margaret Tudor, eldest daughter of Henry VII. of England; an event of great political importance, as it has been productive of the union of the crowns, the union of the kingdoms, and the cause of the protestant succession.

Dunbar was born about 1465, and died about 1530. He wrote several excellent poems for that age, as the *Friers of Berwick*, &c. He seems to rank on an equality with Chaucer.

## THE THRISSIL AND THE ROSE.

I.

" Quhen Merche wes with variand windis past,
And Appryll had with hir silvir shouris,

Tane leif at nature, with ane orient blast,
And lusty May, that muddir is of flowis,
Had made the birdis to begyn their houris
Amang the tendir odouris, reid and quhyt,
Quhois harmony to heir it was delyt.

II.

In bed at morrow, sleiping as I lay,
Methocht Aurora with her cristall ene,
In at the window lukit by the day,
And halsit me, with visage paile and grene;
On quhois hand a lark sang fra the splene,
Awalk luvaris out of your slomering,
Se how the lusty morrow dois upspring.

III.

Methocht fresche May befoir my bed upstude,
In weid depaynt of mony diverse hew,
Sober, benyng, and full of mansuetude,
In bright atteir of flowris forgit new,
Hevinly of color, quhyt, reid, brown, and blew,
Balmit in dew, and guilt with Phebus bemys;
Quhyl all the house illumynit of her lemys.

IV.

Slugart, scho said, awalk, annone, for schame,
And in my honor sumthing thow go wryt;
The lark hes done, the mirry day proclame,
To rais up luvaris with comfort and delyt,
Yet nocht incress thy curage to indyt,
Quhois hairt sumtyme hes glaid and blissfull bene
Sangis to mak under the levis grene.

V.

Quhairto, quoth I, sall I uprys at thorrow,
For in this May few birdis herd I sing?
Thay haif moir cause to weip and plane their sorrow;
Thy air it is nocht holsum nor benyng;
Lord Eolus dois in thy sessone ring:
So busteous are the blastis of his horne,
Amang thy bewis to walk I haif forborne.

VI.

With that this lady sobirly did smyll,
And said, Uprise, and do thy observance;
Thou did promys, in May is lusty quhyle,
For to discryve the floure of most pleasance.
Go, se the birdis, how thay sing and dance,
Illumynit our with orient skyis bricht,
Anamyllit richely with new asur bricht.

VII.

Quhen this was said, departit scho this quene,
And enterit in a lusty gardyng gent;
And then, methocht, full hestely besene,
In serk and mantill after her I went,
Into this garth most dulce and redolent,
Of herb and flour, and tendir plantis sweit,
And grene levis doing of dew down fleit.

VIII.

The purpour sone, with tendir bemys reid,
In orient bricht as angell did appeir,
Throw goldin skyis putting up his heid,
Quhois gilt tressis schone so wondir clair,
That all the world tuke comfort, fer and neir,
To luke upone his freache and blisfull face,
Doing all sable fra the Hevynis chace.

IX.

And as the blissfull soone of cherarchy
The foulis sung throu comfort of the lycht;
The burdis did with oppin vocis cry
To luvaris so, Away, thow duly nicht,
And welcome day, that comfortis every wicht.
Hail May, hail Flora, hail Aurora schene,
Hail princes Nature, hail Venus, Luvis quene.

X.

Dame Nature gave an inhibitioun thair
To fers Neptunus, and Eolus the bauld,
Nocht to perturb the wattir nor the air,
And that no schouris and no blastis cawld
Effray suld flouris nor fowlis on the fauld:
Scho bad eik Juno, goddes of the sky,
That scho the hevin suld keip annone and dry.

XI.

Scho ordaind eik that every bird and beist
Before her Hienes suld annone compeir,
And every flour of vertew, most and leist,
And every herb be feild, baith fer and neir,
As they had wont in May, fro yeir to yeir,
To hir thair maker to mak obedience
Full law inclynand with all due reverens.

XII.

With that annone scho send the swyift ro,
To bring in beistis of all condition;
The restles swallow commandit scho also
To fetch all foull of sundrie and gretr renown;
And to gar flouris compeir of all fassoun,
Full craftely conjurit scho the yarrow,
Quhilk did forth swirk as swift as ony arrow.

XIII.

All present were in twynkling of an ee,
Baith beist, and bird, and flour, befoir the Queene.
At first the Lyone, gretast of degré,
Was callit thair; and he most fair to sene,
With a full hardy countenance and kene,
Befoir Dame Nature came, and did inclyne,
With visage bauld, and courage leonyne.

XIV.

This awfull beist, full terrible of cheir,
Persing of luke, and stout of countenance,
Rycht strong of corpes, of fassoun fair, but fair,
Lusty of shaip, lycht of deliverance,
Reid of his cullour, as the ruby glance,
In field of gold he stude full mychtely,
With floure-de-lycis circulit lutely.

XV.

This lady lifuit up his cluvis cleir,
And leit him listly lene upone hir kné,
And crownit him with dyademe full deir,
Of raydous stonis, most ryall for to sé:
Saying, The King of Beistis mak I thé,
And the protectour cheif in wodds and schawis,
To thy leigis go furth, and keip the lawis.

XVI.

Exerce justice with mercy and conscience,
And lat no small beist suffir skaith na scornis
Of greit beistis, that bene of moir puisence,
Do law alyke to aipis and unicornis,
And let no bowgle with his busteous hornis
The meik pluch-ox oppress, for all his pryd,
Bot in the yok go peciable him beyd.

XVII.

Quhen this was said, with noyis and sound of joy
All kynd of beistis into thair degré
At onis cryit laud, *Vive le Roy*,
And till his feet fell with humilité;
And all thay maid him homage and fewté;
And he did thame ressaif with princely laitis,
Quhois noble yre is *Protein Prostratis*.

XVIII.

Syne crownit scho the Egle King of Fowlis,
And as steill dartis scherpit scho his pennis,
And bad him be als just to awppis and owlis,
As unto pakokkis, papingais, or crenis,
And mak ae law for wicht fowlis and for wrennis,
And lat no fowle of rawyne do effray,
Nor birdis devoir, bot his awin pray.

XIX.

Then callit scho all flouris that grew on field,
Discryving all thair fassioums and effeirs;
Upon the awfull THRISTILL scho beheld,
And saw him keipit with a busche of speirs;
Considering him so able for the weiris,
A radius crowne of rubies she him gaif,
And said, In feild go furth, and fend the laif.

XX.

And sen thou art a King, thou be discreit;
Herb without vertew thow hald nocht of pryce
As herb of vertew and of odor sweit;
And lat no nettil vyle, and full af vyce,
Hir fallow to the gudly flour-de-lyce;
Nor lat no wyld weid full of churlishness
Compeir her till the lillies nobilnes.

XXII.

Nor hald no flour in sic deuty
As the fresche Rose, of cullor reid and quhyt:
For gif thou dois, hurt is thyne honesty;
Considdering that no flour is so perfyt,
So full of vertew, pleasis, and delyt,
So full of blissfull angelik bewty,
Imperial, birth, honour, and dignite.

XXII.

Than to the Rose ecbo turnit hir visage,
And said, O lusty dochtir, most benyng,
Aboif the lilly lustare of lynage,
Fro the stok ryall rysing freshe and ying,
But ony spot or macull doing spring;
Cum, blosme of joy, with jemmis to be crownd,
For our the lave thy bewty is renownd.

XXIII.

A costly crown, with clarifeid stonis brisht,
This cumly Quene did on hir heid incluse,
Quhyll all the land illumynit of the lycht;
Quhairfoir methocht the flouris did rejose,
Crying at anis, Haill, be thou richest Rose,
Haill, hairbis Empryce, haill, freschest Quene of flouris,
To the be glory and honour at all howris.

XXIV.

Than all the birdis sang with voce on hicht,
Quhois mirthfull soun wes marvellus to heir;
The mavys sang, Haill, Rose, most riche and richt,
That dois upflureis under Phebus' spheir!
Haill, plant of youth, haill, Princis dochtir deir,
Haill, blosome breking out of the blud ryall,
Quhois pretius vertew is imperiall.

XXV.

The merle scho sang, Haill, Rose of most delyt,
Haill, of all fluris quene and soverane,
The lark scho sang, Haill, Rose both reid and quhyt,
Most pleasand flour, of michty coullors twain,
The nichtingaill sang, Haill, Naturis suffrerane,
In bewty, nurtour, and every nobilnes,
In riche array, renown, and gentilness.

XXVI.

The common voce upraise of burdis small
Upon this wys, O blissit be the hour
That thou wes chosin to be our principall;
Welcome to be our Princes of honour,
Our perle, our plesans, and our paramour,
Our peace, our play, our plane felicité,
Chryst thé conserf frome all adversité.

XXVII.

Than all the burdis sang with sic a shout,
That I anone awoik quhair that I lay,
And with a braid I turnit me about
To see this court, bot all wer went away:
Then up I leinyt, halflings in affrey,
And thus I wret, as ye haif hard to sorrow,
Of lusty May upone the nynt morrow."*

I am, Sir, &c.

SCOTUS.

* Ramsay has given this a more poetical and beautiful conclusion:

"Callt to my Muse, and for my subject chois
To sing the Royall Thrissill and the Rose."—SCOTUS.

*The Editor cannot perceive this superior beauty of Ramsay*, which his Correspondent supposes. Dunbar's poetry does indeed exhibit Scotch genius in plentiful colours. *Editor.*

*The thirteen Bookes of Aeneidos. The first twelve being the work of the divine Poet, Virgil Maro, and the thirteenth, the supplement of Maphæus Vegius. Translated into English Verse, to the first third part of the tenth Booke, by Thomas Phaer, Esquire: and the residue finished, and now newly set forth for the delight of such as are studious in poetrie: by Thomas Twyne, Doctor in Physicke.*

*London, printed by Tho. Creede, dwelling in the Old Change, at the signe of the Eagle and Childe, neare Old Fish-streete.*

4°. Sig. X 3. Dated from Lewes, 26 Oct. 1583.

*"To the Right Worshipfull Master Robert Sackuil, Esquire, most worthie son and hair apparent to the Right Honorable Sir Thomas Sackuil, Knight, Lord Buckhurst.*

The regard of your manifold courtesies, whereof you cease not every day to give experiment, not only generally, so as all men take notice thereof, but particularly bestowed upon my poor self not unknown unto many, and which without great note of ingratitude I cannot conceal, hath often times driven me, and yet doth, to devise the means, whereby in duty and service, I might someway seem to be thankfull. But finding mine ability evermore inferior to my good meaning, and myself every day farther overladen with the debt of your benefits, I have almost given over to strive with you in good turns, contenting myself now, since I am much already, to be more, if it may be, and altogether beholden unto you. Whereunto, neither hath the respect of mine own private commodity only, so far

induced me, as I must needs, and that truly acknowledge, rather the singular gifts of virtue and nature, which are sufficient to induce any to love and honour those that are absent and unknown, as much the more eminent in you, as wisdom and learning have taught you to know, you were not born only for your self, but to deserve well of your country, parents, and welwillers. Of which last sort, as I will not profess myself the least willing, but rather yield unto none in respect of dutifull devotion, so must I not forget the worthy mention of your honorable parents, unto whom for great causes, and also to your whole race of *Sackvils*, for private respects, all manner ways I owe my self: so that in honoring them, I must needs love you; and in loving them, so honor you, as the rare hope, and only expected Imp of so noble roots, and heir of so ancient a family. Then, for as much as it may not be, that the dedication of the work of *Æneidos*, now at the latter hand, can bring any addition of credit unto you, but rather be the more acceptable under the title of your worshipful patronage, most humbly, with my self, I present the same unto your good liking. Trusting, that as *Virgil* and *Maphæus* of themselves, shall be welcome unto you, so they never the worse for the company of my poor name; but rather my name for the presence of so worthy writers the better accepted, as of one that of duty intermitteth not to solicit the Almighty for the advancement of your good estate unto all felicity here on earth, and also hereafter in the everlasting kingdom. At my house in *Lewis*, this first of January, 1584.

Your worship's most bounden and willing

THOMAS TWINE.

## *To the gentle and courteous Readers.*

Marvel not, gentle Readers, nor be not moved, that I have rashly attempted to set upon the residue of *Virgil*, after *M. Phaer*. The manifold examples that commonly are alledged, to deter men from finishing such works as have been left unperfect by notable artificers in all sciences, would not make me afraid: howbeit perchance they may be laid in my dish. I know there be many young gentlemen and others, whose gift this way so much excelleth my poor ability, that there is no comparison between them. But peradventure either they lack good will, which I assure you aboundeth in me for my simple skill, or else leisure, whereof I have more at this present than I would gladly wish: or else they pinch courtesy like women, and one looketh upon another who shall begin. But I who have been brought up in the University, and meetly trained in other places, have learned it to be good manners, to be doing with that which is before me. Wherein though I be upbraided of some for over rash sauciness, what remedy? I trust I have attained the poet's meaning, though my verse be far from fineness. And I know that it is an easier matter to find fault withall than to mend it. For in other poems and ditties of pleasure, it is of less difficulty to bring a man's own sense to his own rhyme, than in this kind of translation to enforce his rhyme to the necessity of another man's meaning. Which they cannot well judge of, that never came where it grew. And whereas there is now made an accession of *Maphæus* XIII. Book, for that the same author judged Virgil's conceit not to be perfected in the former XII. I have not done it upon occasion of any dream, as *Gawin Douglas* did in Scottish, but moved with the worthiness of the work, and the nearness of the argument, verse and style unto Virgil, wherein, as judge, the writer hath declared himself an happy imitator. Craving for my good meaning and travel, but only friendly acceptance,

whereby ye shall bind me as occasion shall be offered, to attempt great matters, as well for profit as pleasure, if God prolong my dayes with happy success. And to the end ye may be assured where my poor translation ensueth *M. Phares*, I have caused the printer to set this note [¶] in the margin, within a few leaves after the beginning of the tenth book, whereof I thought it good not to leave thee unadmonished. And so fare ye well heartily, most friendly Readers.

THOMAS TWINE.

*The Arguments of the thirteen Books of Æneidos, expressed in Verse.*

1. Æneas, in the first, to Liby land arriveth well.
2. The fall of Troy, and woefull dole, the second Book doth tell.
3. The third of wand'rings speaks, and father dead, and hill full low.
4. In fourth, Queen Dido burns, and flames of raging love doth show.
5. The fifth declareth plays, and how the fleet with fire was caught.
6. The sixth doth speak of ghosts, and how deep Pluto's reign was sought.
7. The seventh Book, Aeneas brings unto his fatal land.
8. The eighth prepareth war, and power how foes for to withstand.
9. The ninth of battles tells, and yet the Captain is away.
10. Aeneas' grevous wrath Mezentius, in the tenth, doth slay.
11. The eleventh in unequall fight Camilla casts to ground.
12. The twelfth with heavenly weapons gives to Turnus mortal wound.
13. The thirteenth weds Æneas' wife, and brings him to eternal life.

*Beginning of the first Book of the Aeneidos of Virgil.*

I that my slender oaten pipe in verse was wont to sound,
Of woods, and next to that I taught for husbandmen the ground,
How fruit unto their greedy lust they might constrain to bring
A work of thanks: Io, now of Mars, and dreadful wars I sing,
Of arms, and of the man of Troy, that first by fatal flight
Did thence arrive to Lavine land, that now Italia hight.
But shaken sore with many a storm by seas and land ytost,
And all for Juno's endless wrath that wrought to have him lost,
And sundrywise great in wars he bode, ere he the walls could frame
Of mighty Rome, and bring the gods t' advance the Roman name.
Now, Muse, direct my song to tell for what offence and why,
What ailed so the Queen of Gods to drive thus cruelly,
This noble prince of virtue mild, from place to place to toil,
Such pains to take? may heavenly minds so sore in rancour boil?

There was a town of ancient time, Carthage of old it hight,
Against Italy and Tyber's mouth lay loof at seas aright:
Both rich in wealth and sharp in war, the people it held of Tyre:
This town above all towns to raise was Juno's most desire:
For sooth her seat at Samos isle, and here her arms she set,
Her chair, and here she minds to make (if all gods do not let)
An empire, all the world to rule: but heard she had before
From fates they should rise a stock, by whom their towers should all be torn,
That fiercest wide should bear the rule, so fierce in war to fell:
This lady and destroy they should, so fortune turns the wheel.
For dread of that, and calling eft the old war to her mind,
That she at Troy had done before, for Greeks her friends so kind:

Ne from her heart the causes old of wrath and sore disdain
Was shaked yet, but in her breast high spight did still remain.
How Paris Venus' beauty prais'd, and hers esteem'd at nought
Sh' abhors the stock and Ganimede, whom Jove to heaven had wrought.
Thus flamed in her mood, she cast through all the seas to throw
The silly poor remain of Troy that Greeks had laid so low.
And them that wild Achilles' wrath had spar'd alive at last;
From Italy she thought to keep, till destinies should be past.
And many a year they wander'd wide in seas, and sundry place,
So huge a work of weight it was, to build of Rome the line.
Scant from the sight of Sicil isle, their sails in merry sway
Went under wind, and thro' the seas, and salt foam made their way.
When Juno her bethought again of her immortal wound
Unto herself. And shall I thus be conquer'd, and confound?
And shall I leave it thus, quoth she? shall yet this Trojan king
For all my work to Italy this people safely bring?
I trow the destiny wills it so, but did not Pallas burn
A fleet of Greeks, and in the seas them all did overturn
For one man's sin, and for the fault of Ajax made to fall?
She threw the fires of mighty Jove from skies among them all,
And drown'd their ships, and he himself with whirlwind set a fire,
All smoaking on the rocks she kest his carcase to expire.
But I, that Queen of Gods am call'd, and sister of Jove in throne,
And eke his wife, how long I war with this poor stock alone?
So many a year? and who shall now adore Juno's godhead know,
Or shortly upon mine altars who due honours will bestow?
Thus rolling in her burning breast she straight to Aeolie lied,
Into the country of cloudy skies where blust'ring winds abide.
King Aeolus the wrestling winds in caves he locks full low:
In prison strong the storms he keeps, forbidden abroad to blow.

They for disdain with murmur great at every mouth do rage,
But he aloft with grace in hand their force doth all assuage.
If he so did not, lands and seas and skies they would so sweep
Within awhile, that all were gone. Therefore in dungeons deep
Almighty Jove did close them up, and hills hath over set,
And made a king, and should know when to loose them, when
to let.
Whom to entreat this Juno came, and thus to him she spake:
King Aeolus, for unto thee the great god hath betake
And given thee leave to lift the floods and calm to make them
still:
On Tyrrhene sea there sails a fleet that bears me no good will.
To Italy they mind to pass, a new Troy there to build;
Let out thy winds, and all their ships do drown with waters
wild;
Disperse them all to sundry shores, or whelm them down with
deep.
Of goodly ladies seven, and seven about me I do keep,
Whereof the fairest of them all that call'd is Deiopey,
Shall be thine own for evermore, my mind if thou obey,
And of a godly son, quoth she, she shall thee make a sire.
To that said Aeolus: O Queen, what needs all this desire?
Command me, dame, I must obey, my duty it is of right.
By you this kingdom first I gat, and grace of Jove on height.
You make me sit among the gods at banquets, this ye know:
You gave me might these stormy winds to strain, or make to
blow.
He turn'd his sword when this was said, and through the hill
he pusht
And at that gap with throngs at once the winds forth out they
rusht.
The whirlwinds to the land went out, and then to seas they
flew,
Both east and west, and from the sands the waves aloft they
threw.

The stormy south against the cliffs the waters drive so high,
That tables all began to crack, and men for dread to cry.
Anon was ta'en from Troyans' eyes both sight and light of sun;
And on the sea the grim dark night to close all in begun.
The thunders roar'd, and lightning leapt full oft on every side;
There was no man but present death before his face espied.
Aeneas then in every limb with cold began to quake,
With hands upthrown to heaven aloft his moan thus gan he make:

O ten times treble blessed men, that in their parents' sight,
Before the lofty walls of Troy did lose their lives in fight!
O, Diomedes, valiant Lord, and guide of Greeks most stouty
Could I not of thy force have fall'n, and shed my life right out
In Troyan fields? where Hector fierce lith under Achilles' lance,
King Sarpedon and many a lord, how bluffd was their chance,
Whose bodies with their arms and shields in Simois' waters sinks.

As he thus spake, the northern blasts his sails brake to the brinks,
Unto the skies the waves them lift, their oars being all to torne:
Away goeth helm, and with the surge the ship side down is borne:
In come the seas, and high as hills some hang in floods above,
Some down the gaping water sends against the sands to shove.
There three at once the southern wind into the rocks hath cast,
(So they call stones that in the seas like altars lie full fast;)
And three the eastern wind also, that (pity it is to think)
Out of the deep into the shoals, and quick sands made to sink.
And one that men of Lycia land, and trusty Orentes held,
Afore his face there fell a sea that made the poop to yield;
And headlong down the master falls, and thrice the keel aground
The water whirl'd, and at the last the wild sea swallow'd round.

Then might you see both here and there men with their armour swim,
The robes and painted pomp of Troy lay floating on the main;
And now the ships where Ilioneo, and where Achates strong,
And whereas Abas went, and where Aletheus living long,
The weather had won, and thro' the ribs the seas came wonderous fast;
When suddenly the God Neptune upstart him all aghast,
With wonder how so great a rage should hap to him amidst,
And forth his noble face he put the waters to behold.
There saw he how Aeneas' ships through all the seas be spread,
And Troyan folks ydrown'd with flood, and storms fallen on his head.
Anon the craft thereof he knew, and Juno his sister's ire,
Straight by their names he calls the winds, who then begin anew:
Are you so bold, you blasts, quoth he, without my licence leave
The lands and skies and seas also with such a storm to steer?
I will be quite: but first it best the floods to set in stay,
And after this for your deeds to be sure I shall you pay.
In haste be gone, go tell your king, the seas is not his charge,
But unto me that lot befell with mace three-forked large.
Not here, but in his caves of wind, the court go bid him keep;
There let him, if he list, you blasts, exclame in prison deep.
This spoken, with a thought he rankes the swelling seas to sway,
And sun to shine, and clouds to flee, that did the skies oppress.
The Mermaids there-withall appears, and Triton floats above,
And with his fork they all the ships from rocks do softly move.
Then lets he loose the perlous sands, that ships away may slide,
And on the sea full smooth his chair with wheels he made to ride.
And like as in a people stout, when chance-ith to betide
The multitude to make a fray of wit full often wide,
That stones and weapons flies abroad, and what comes first to hand,
Some sad man cometh, that for his rights ydrid of all the land,

Anon they cease, and silence make, and down they lay their
rage,
To hark at him, and he with speech their mood minds doth
asswage.
So fell this deadly fray at sea, when Neptune had control'd
The waters wild, and thro' the seas his chair abroad had roll'd,
The men of Troy unto the shore, that next was in their sight,
Made haste to draw, and on the coast of Africa they light.
Far in the shore there lith an isle, and there besides a bay,
Where from the channel deep the haven go'th in and out alway.
On either side the reaches high, to heaven up climb to grow,
And under them the still sea lith, for there no breath can blow.
But green wood like a garland grows, and hides them all with
shade,
And in the midst a pleasant cave there stands of nature made,
Wherein sits the Nymphs among the springs in seats of moss and
stone,
When ships are in, no cables need, nor anchors need they none.
Then from the ship to walk a-land Aeneas longed sore,
And those of all the number seven, and brought with him to
shore.
There by a bank their sweaty limbs of salt sea did they stretch,
And first Achates from the flint a spark of fire did fetch,
Which he receiv'd in matter meet, and dry leaves laid about,
Then victuals out they laid a-land, with seas well near
tynn'd;
And corn to dry they set, and some with stones they bruised
hard,
There whilst Aeneas up the rock was gone to walk on high,
To see where any ships of his astray he might espy,
If Caicus auns upon the sail, or Capis haps to show,
No boat in sight, but on the shore three harts there stood grow,
And after them the herd behind along the valley fed,
He stayed, and of his bow and bolts Achates straight him sped.

The chief that highest bare them heads, adown with darts he cast,
And to the woods he follow'd then with like pursuit the rest.
He left them not till seven of them were fall'n with bodies great,
To match the number of his ships that now had need of meat.
Then to the haven he doth the flesh among his men divide,
And pipes of wine departed eke that was aboard that tide,
Which good Acestes had them given when they from Sicil went,
And then to chear their heavy hearts with these words he him bent.
O mates, quoth he, that many a woe have bidden and borne ere this,
Worse have I seen, and this also shall end when God's will is.
Through Scilla rage (you wot) and through the roaring rocks we past;
Though Cyclops' shore was full of fear, yet came we through at last.
Pluck up your hearts, and drive from thence both thought and fear away,
To think on this may pleasure be perhaps another day.
With pains and many a danger sore by sundry chance we wend,
To come to Italia, where we trust to find our resting end;
And where the destnies have decreed Troy's kingdom eft to rise,
Behold, and harden now yourselves, take ease when ease applies.
Thus spake he, though but in his heart huge cares him had oppresst,
Dissembling hope with outward eyes, full heavy was his breast.
Then all bestir'd them to the prey, the banquets gan begin,
The skins from off the flesh they pluckt, and eke th' entrails within.

Some cut their shares, and making yel on broaches 'gan to
broil;
Some blew the fire to burn, and some their cauldrons set to boil.
Good cheer they made, and fed them fast as on the grass they
sat,
With wine and victuals of the best, and red deer good and fat.
When meat was done and hunger beat, and trenchers up were
take,
Great search and talking for their friends that were behind they
make.
In hope and dread of them they stand, and whether alive they
be,
Or what is else of them become, or shall they them ever see.
But chiefly good Aeneas did the case full sore lament
Of stout Orontes and Amicus whom the seas had hent;
And otherwhiles he sighed sore for Licus' piteous fall,
And mighty Gias and Cloanthus mourn'd he most of all.
And now an end thereof there was, when Jove himself on
high
Beheld the seas where ships do sail, and broad lands under
sky,
And from the tops of heavens above he cast his eyes adown,
And stay'd to look on Afric land, and who there bear the
crown.
And unto him, as to and fro his careful mind he cast,
Came Venus in, and sad she was, unlike her custom past;
With tears about her eyes so bright she thus began to plain:
O king, quoth she, that over us all, both gods and men dost
reign,
For evermore, and with thy dints of lightning makest a fright,
What hath my son Aeneas wrought or spoken against thy
might?
What hath the simple Trojans done? that after torments all,
From Italy to keep them of the world is made too small?

Sometime ye said there should arise, when years were coming about,
The men of Rome that of the line of Troy should be so stout,
That seas and lands should to their rule both far and nigh suppress,
What makes, O mighty father, now your will away to dress?
In hope thereof, ywis, I tooke the fall of Troy so light;
And thought amends should now be made, and pleasure pain is quite;
But now I see the same mischance the poor men yet to chase.
What end thereof shall we await at your almighty grace?
Antenor through the midst of Greece had fortune safe to steal,
And to Lyburnus' kingdom came as destiny list to deal:
Even to the midst thereof, and head whereof Tymauus springs,
Where issues nine the sea makes in, for noise the mountain rings.
Yet for the men of Troy to dwell, a city built he there,
Padua by name, and gave them laws and arms of Troy to bear;
Now li'th he there in pleasant rest, no wight him doth disease,
But we your stock, whom to the stars of heaven admit you please,
Our ships destroy'd, (I abhor to think) and for the cruel spight
Of one alone, we be betray'd and spoiled of our right:
Ne to the coasts of Italy for ought we can attain.
Is this the father's love we find? so 'stablish you my reign?
The maker of the gods and men to her all sweetly smiles,
With count'nance such as from the skies the storms and clouds exiles,
And sweetly kost his daughter dear, and there withall he speaks:
Fear not, quoth he, thy men's good hap, for none their fortune breaks,
Thy kingdom prosper shall, and eke the walls I thee behight,
Thou shalt see rise in Lavine land, and grow full great of might.

And thou thy son Aeneas stout to heaven shalt bring at last,
Among the gods be sure of this, my mind is fixed fast;
And now to thee disclose I shall (for woe I see thee doubt)
The long discourse of destinies that years shall bring about.
Great war in Italy have he shall, ere he the people wild
May undertread, and learn to live, and then the city build.
That summers three, ere he shall sit as king, them shall renew,
And winters three, before he can the Rutyls all subdue.
Then shall Ascanius, now a child, whose name Yulus hight,
(Was Ylus call'd, when Troy's estate and kingdom stood upright)
Till space of thirty years expire his kingdom shall obtain,
And he from Lavine land shall translate the old state of the reign,
And strongly fortify the town of Alba long shall he,
Where whole three hundred years the stock of Hector kings shall be,
Till Ilia Queen, with child by Mars, two twins to light shall bring,
Whom wolves shall nurse, and proud thereof he grows that shall be king.
He Romulus shall take the rule, and up the walls shall frame
Of mighty Rome, and Romans all shall call them of his name.
No end to their estate I set, ne terms of time or place,
But endless shall their empire grow, and Juno's cruel grace,
That now with fear the ground beneath turmoils, and eke the skies,
Shall leave her wrath, and work with me, and take more sad advice,
To love the Romans, lords of peace, and people clad in gown,
Let it be so: let time roll on, and set forth their renown.
Then shall be born of Trojan blood the Emperor Cæsar bright,
Whose empire through the seas shall stretch, and fame to heaven upright.

And Julius, his name it is of mighty Iule deriv'd:
Him laden fell of eastern spoils by him in wars achiev'd,
In heaven thou shalt bestow full glad, and vows men shall him
hight:
Then down go'th war, men shall be mild, in arms shall not
delight.
Then truth and right and Roman gods shall sit with laws in
hand;
The gates of war with bolts and bars of hard steel fast shall
stand.
And there within on armour heapes sits Battle rage, and wails
With brazen chains an hundred bound, his wrestling not avail.
Thus much he said, and down anon the son of May he sent,
That new Carthage, and all the coasts of Afric should be bent
The Trojans to receive a land, lest Dido there the Queen
Might from her shore expell them off, ere she the cause had
seen.
And down he flies him through the skies, with wings as swift
as wind,
And off the land of Lyby stood, and did his fathers mind.
With that the Moors laid down their rage (as God did bid)
and eke
The Queen herself 'gan turn, and to the Trojans waxed meek.
But good Aeneas all that night his mind about he tost,
And in the morning went him out to search and see the coast,
To learn what land they were come to, what people dwelt
thereon;
If men or savage beasts it hold, for till'd he could see none;
This would he know, and to his men the truth of all to tell.
There whilst within a water cave his ships he made to dwell,
Whom trees and woods with shadows thick, and eke the rocks
doth hide.
Then forth he go'th, and took but one Achates by his side;
And lances two they bare in hand of metal sharpe and light;
And as they went amid the wood he met his mother right,

Most like a maid in maiden's weed, she maiden's armour bears,
As doth Harpalicee the Queen that horses wild outwears:
So light of foot, that Heber stream so swift she leaves behind,
For hunter like her bow she bare, her locks went with the wind:
Behind her back, and tuckt she was, that naked was her knee.
She call'd to them and said, Good sirs, I pray you, did you see
To stray this way as ye have come, my sisters any one?
With quiver bound, that in the chase of some wild beast are gone?
Or with a cry pursu'th apace the foamy boar to pain.
So Venus said, and Venus' son her answer'd thus again:
None of thy sisters have I seen nor heard, I thee assure:
O maid, what shall I make of thee, thy face I see so pure?
Not mortal like, no like mankind thy voice doth sound, I guess!
Some goddess thou art, and Phœbus bright thy brother is, doubtless,
Or of the noble Nymphs thou com'st; of grace we thee beseech,
Whatever thou art, and help our need, and now vouchsafe to teach
What land is this? what coast of haven be we come under here?
Where neither man nor place we know, so stray'd we have in fear,
Out of our course we have been cast with winds and floods were shake;
Afore thine altars many a beast to offer I undertake.
As for mine altars, quoth she tho', no such estate I bear,
The manner is of virgins here this short array to wear:
In purple weed we use to walk with quiver light ybound;
The realm of Afric here thou sest, and men of Tyrus ground:
Here is the city of Agenor, fierce be the lands about;
Queen Dido rules and wears the crown, from Tyrus she came out,

And lately from her brother fled, the cause is long to leste:
The story long, but touch I will the chief, and leave it there.
Sicheus was her husband tho', the richest man of ground
In all that coast, and deep, good heart, in love with him was drown'd.
For her to him her father gave a virgin yet untwight,
And to her brother came the crown of Tyrus then by right.
Pigmalion, a sinful wretch of all that ever reign'd,
Whom covetise did blind so sore, and rage of fury strain'd,
That unaware, with privy knife, before the altars pure,
He slew Sicheus, and of his sister's love he thought him sure.
And long he kept the deed in close, and she, good soul, full tid,
The crafty thief made wondrous means and tales her mind to glad.
But in a dream, unburied yet, her husband came t' appear
With visage pale, and wondrous hues, full deadly was his cheer,
And told her all, and wide his wound disclosing, shew'd his breast,
How he before the altars was for what intent oppress,
And bade her flee the wicked soil, ere worse might her befal,
And treasure under ground he shew'd to help her there-withal:
Both gold and silver, plenty great unknown till then, and so
This Dido did, and made her friends, and ordain'd forth to go.
Then such as for his wicked life the cruel tyrant hates;
Or been afraid of him for ought, them gets out of the gates
In ships that ready lay by chance, the gold with them they pack'd;
They spoil'd also Pigmalion: this was a woman's act.
Then past they forth, and here they came, where now thou shalt espy
The hugy walls of new Carthage, that now they rear so high.
They bought the soil, and Birsa it call'd, when first they did begin,
As much as with a bull hide cut they could enclose within.

But what are you, fain would I know, or what coast come ye fro?
Where would you be? Demanding thus, he answer'd her unto,
With sighing deep, and from his breast heavy his tale he set.
O lady mine, quoth he, to tell if nothing did me let,
And oft our pains ye list to hear the stories out at large,
The day were short, and ere an end, the sun would him discharge.
Of ancient Troy (if every Troy beside your ears hath past)
Of thence be we: by sundry seas and coasts we have been cast,
And now the tempest hath us brought to Lyby land by chance.
My name Aeneas clepid is: my country goods, t' advance,
In ships I bring: unto the stars well blazed is my fame;
Of Italy I seek the land, and Jove's offspring I am.
A Trojan fleet I took to sea with twenty vessels wide;
My mother goddess taught my way, as dest'ny did me guide.
Now seven thereof do scant remain, the rest with weathers gone,
And I unknown, in wilderness here walk, and comfort none.
From Asia and from Europa quite thus driven I am. With that
She could no longer bide him speak, but brake his tale thereat.
Whatever thou art, quoth she, so well I wot the gods above
Doth love thee much to save thy life, to this place to remove.
Go forth to yonder palace streight, assay the Queen to see,
For safe thy company a-land be set, believe thou me.
And safe thy ships are come to shore, with Northern wind at will,
Unless my cunning fails me now, whom wont I was to skill.
Behold the flock of six and six, that yonder cheerly flies
Of Swans, whom late an Eagle fierce did chace through all the skies;
Now toward land, or on the land, they seem their course to keep,
And as for joy of danger past, their wings aloft they sweep.

With mirth and noise; right so thy men and all thy ships arow
Be come to haven, or near the haven in safeguard, this I know.
Now get thee forth, and where the way thee leads, hold on thy pace.
Scant had she said, and therewithal she turn'd aside her face,
As red as rose she 'gan to shine, and from her heavenly hair
The flavour sprang, as nectar sweet; down fell her kirtle there,
And like a goddess right she fled. When he his mother wist,
He follow'd fast and call'd, Alas, what mean you, thus to list
In feigned shapes, so oft to me beguiling to appear?
Why hand in hand embrace we not, and jointly speak and hear?
Thus plaining sore, he still his pace unto the city holds;
But Venus, as they went, a weed about them both she folds
Of mist and cloud and air so thick, that no man should them spy,
Ne do them harm, nor interrupt, nor ask them who nor why.
Herself by sky to Paphos yee'd, where stands her honor seats,
And temple rich, and of incense a hundred altar's sweets;
And where of flowers and garlands fresh her floor is alway spread.
They in that while went on their way whereto the path them led:
And now come up they were the hill that near the city lies,
From whence the towers and castles all been subject to their eyes."

&c. &c. &c.

If the reader thinks this extract too long, let him recollect, that an ample specimen from a very rare book, which contains one of the earliest English translations of Virgil, is valuable for its information and curiosity, if not for its amusement. The Editor feels

confident that every English Archaiologist of real scholarship will thank him for these profuse transcripts from GOLDING's *Ovid*, and PHAER's *Virgil*.

## CONCLUSION OF THE VOLUME.

ON arriving at the close of a Second Volume, perhaps a few parting words will be expected from the Editor. Will a retrospect of its contents justify the expectations he has held out? The severe and the unreasonable will say, No. With unchastized calls on the labour and talents of others, they require what has neither been professed, nor can be performed. For what is done, they have no praise to bestow; for what is omitted, they abound in reproach. The author is a slave, who has voluntarily bent the knee to their pleasure; and they resolve in the insolence of their power to shew him the weight of their rod.

The fool who hopes from them commendation for his toils, deserves the contumely to which he exposes himself.

But will the scholar, to whose expanded mind all the stores of intellect, past as well as present, are precious, lend himself to the cry of these censurers? Will he not rather encourage the growing size of this humble undertaking with some gentle impulse of the fostering breath of praise?

If he be more learned than rich; if he shall have spent his time in reading rather than in collecting, the

will thank the Editor for the communication of stores, which were hitherto inaccessible to him. He will not think an entire reprint of a beautiful poem of Marlow, nor will he deem affecting extracts from Wither, or specimens of Tho. Heywood, John Davies, Lord Herbert, R. Chamberlain, John Hall, or Thomas Jordan —either useless or uninteresting. The time will come, when this furniture for a curious library will be better valued: and the Editor will look with the calm confidence so well expressed by Bishop Kennett, in the Preface to his *Historical Chronicle*, for a due estimate of his labours.

March 24, 1815.

END OF VOL. II.

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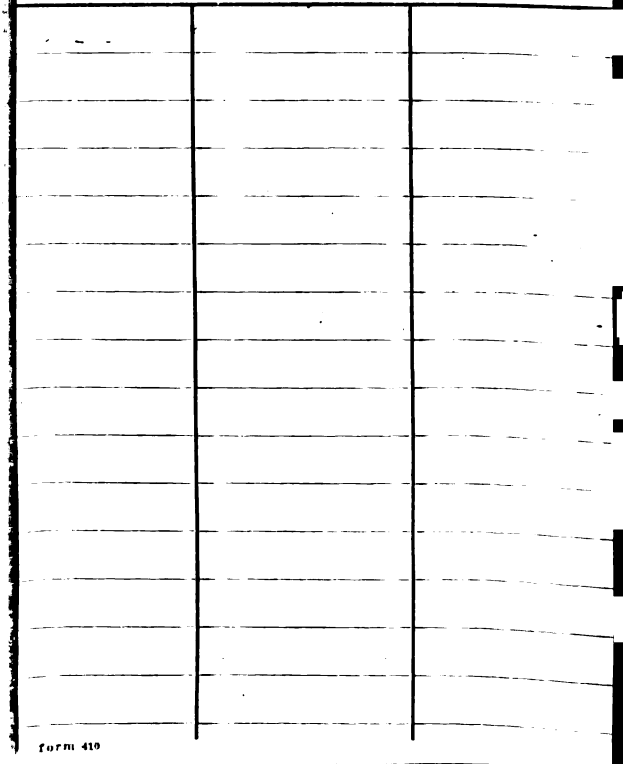

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